HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2128.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

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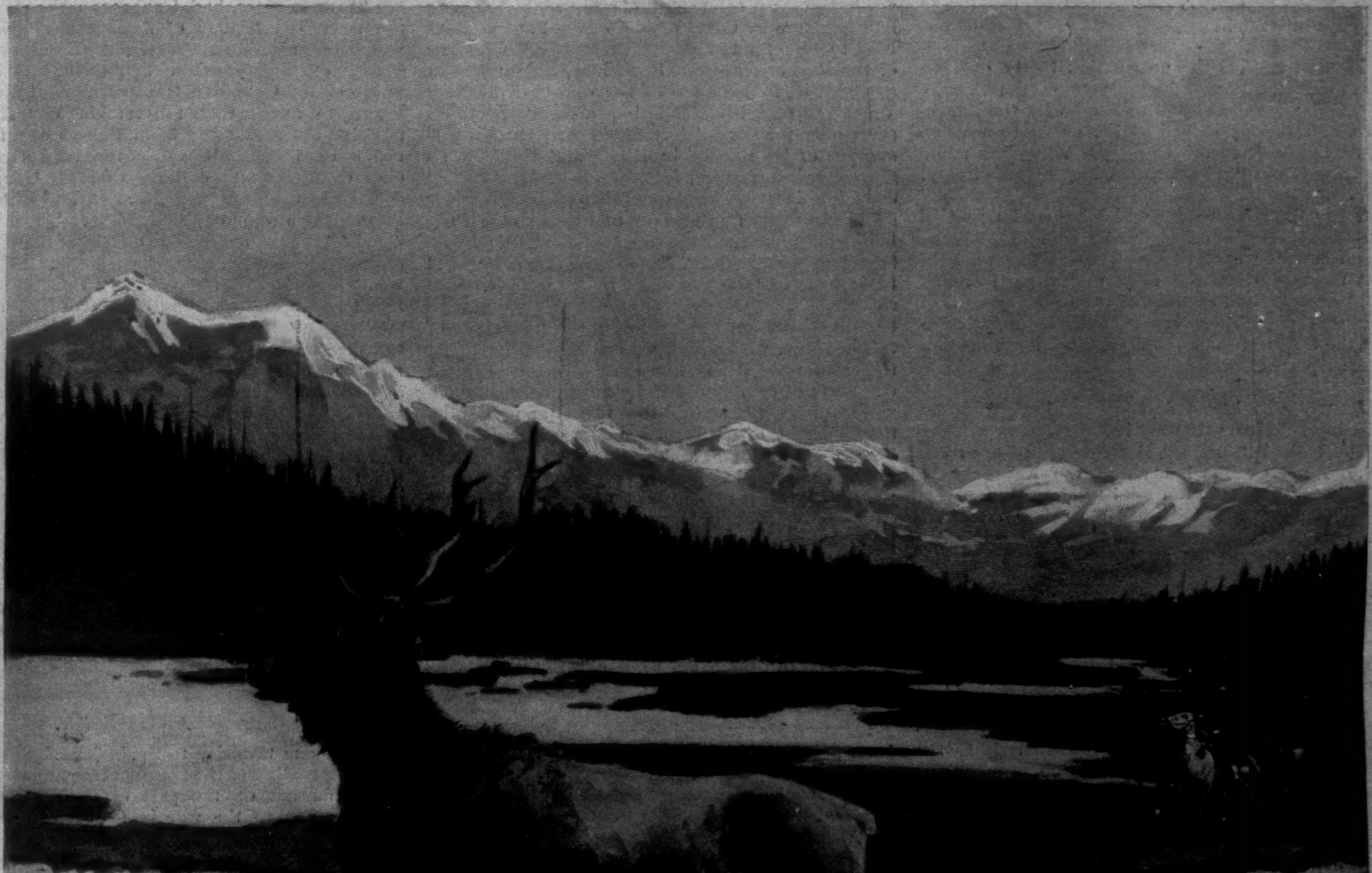

A WOUNDED BULL ELK.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(THIRTY-TWO PAGES AND ILLUMINATED COVER)

New York City, October 2, 1897.

**Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.**
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.
*Subscriptions may begin with any Number.*

**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.**
**New York City: Franklin Square.**
**London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.**

**Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.**

It is rumored that another arbitration treaty between this country and Great Britain is in process of negotiation. This may be true, and it is to be hoped that it is.

Hawaii ratified the annexation treaty on September 10 by a unanimous vote of the Senate. The Senate seems to be in accord with the Executive, and the act of ratification ought to have no great influence in this country. Already a mass-meeting of natives has protested against the treaty.

The yellow-fever scare which last week pervaded the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama has somewhat abated. New cases have arisen, but most of them are mild, and there is much hope expressed on account of the near approach of cold weather. There seems to be no foundation for the fright at some of the places where infection was suspected.

Another anti-trust decision has been made by a Federal Judge, this time it is by Judge Foster of the United States District Court, sitting at Topeka, Kansas. He holds that the Kansas City Live-Stock Exchange is an illegal trust, and his decision appears to be broad enough to cover all exchanges. Some of his economic remarks appear also to be silly enough to cover him with shame.

President McKinley has that kindly side for convicted criminals which is so often characteristic of the official mind that it is accountable for much of the lynching that takes place in the country. Having set at liberty embezzlers and other criminals, he has now commuted the death-sentence of one C. Lee Addington to imprisonment for life. In 1895 Addington rode to the house of Oscar Hodges, in the Choctaw Nation, and shot him down in cold blood.

Mexico has had its lynching party, and it turns out a particularly unfortunate affair, because Police-Inspector Velasquez and the police of the city of Mexico were guilty of the murder. The man killed was stabbed in jail on September 17. His name was Arnulto Arroyo, and he was arrested on the 16th for striking President Diaz. A feature of the event that is deserving of especial study in Ohio, Indiana, and some Southern States is that more than twenty lynchers, including the Inspector of Police, have been arrested, and they are likely to be punished, President Diaz being firmly resolved to bring the guilty to justice. Velasquez has confessed and is a suicide.

There is much consternation in Greece over the settlement of the terms of peace between Turkey and the European powers. The King feels that he has been betrayed, and the people feel that a crushing burden has been placed upon them. Liberal England is crying out against Lord Salisbury through the voice of its prophet, Mr. Gladstone, who says:

> "The pain, shame, and mischief of the last two years in the Eastern policy transcend entirely the powers of any language I could use concerning them. The sum is this:
>
> "Firstly—A hundred thousand Armenians have been slaughtered, with no security against a repetition, and with greater profit to the assassins.
>
> "Secondly—Turkey is stronger than at any time since the Crimean war.
>
> "Thirdly—Greece is weaker than at any time since she became a kingdom.
>
> "Fourthly—All this is due to the European concert—that is, the mutual hatred and distrust of the powers."

Bering Sea and the seals have again made their appearance in the news. Lord Salisbury has finally officially consented that a commission shall inquire into seal life, and the effects of pelagic sealing under the present arrangement upon the probability of the herd's extinction. That he would consent to this has been known for some time. He makes no comment upon Mr. Sherman's letter of instructions to Mr. Hay, the unfortunate premature publication of which aroused so much feeling in England, nor does he comment on the merits of the controversy. He contents himself with yielding a point which he refused to consider until it was clear that the United States government was angry. But Mr. Chamberlain, as head of the Colonial Office, does undertake to answer Mr. Sherman in a letter to the Foreign Office. From the inadequate abstract of this letter which has been published in the American newspapers it appears that Mr. Chamberlain has made certain statements that raise the question of good faith, and certain arguments that were foreclosed by the submission of the case to arbitration. We trust that some American newspaper will obtain the whole document. It will be interesting, and, in view of the facts in the case which are known, it cannot injure the American case on its merits.

Silver men are encouraged, and the price of silver has gone up, on account of an incomprehensible letter written by the Governor of the Bank of England to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The bank had evidently been appealed to, in response to the efforts of Senator Wolcott and his wandering associates, "to do something for silver." It may keep a certain percentage of its reserve in silver, and therefore its Governor informed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach last July that it would keep one-fifth in silver if silver should be again minted free in France, and if the bank could purchase it at a satisfactory price. As Secretary Gage says, "Almost any one else would be willing to take the risks under such circumstances." The bank has simply been playing with the silverites after the fashion of the politicians of this country, with which we are all familiar. At the same time it has, like the politicians, injured the cause of sound money by encouraging the silver men. We have said that the letter written by the Governor of the bank is incomprehensible, because the bank is not seeking the votes of the silver men, as our politicians were. It may be, however, that it is willing to increase the value of silver securities, like those of Mexico, if it can do so cheaply and by simply hoodwinking France and the United States. A vigorous protest has been made against the bank's attitude by the other banks of London, and a mass-meeting was held on the subject on September 22, and a letter has been sent to the bank and to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In the mean time a large quantity of gold is coming to the United States.

Sheriff Martin and some of his deputies have been arrested for the shooting that took place at Lattimer, Pennsylvania, on September 10. A careful and, we believe, correct account of this unhappy affair will be found on another page of this issue of the Weekly. The writer happened to be in the vicinity when the shooting occurred. It appears from this account that the Weekly's view of the affair was absolutely correct. The mob was composed of rioters who were ready to commit violence, and who came from and were part of a riotous movement that had already committed violence. That the strikers are absolutely lawless has been abundantly proved since the shooting. The sheriff and his deputies were in the discharge of their legal duty, and were endeavoring to enforce the law, and they judged, as they had a right to judge, that the time had come for the employment of the last resort for the maintenance of order and the suppression of riot.

If they were wrong in the exercise of this discretion, it is for the law-breakers and their friends to prove it. So far the proof strengthens the presumption that the deputies were right in firing. The story which was originated by some local clergymen and by some newspapers, aided by demagogues who naturally seek votes in the slums, to the effect that the deputies fired at the men while they were fleeing is disposed of by our account of the affair. Under all the circumstances it is the duty of all who believe in law and who desire the preservation of order to act and talk on the presumption that the deputies did their duty. It is unfortunate, especially, that rioting and law-breaking should be encouraged by the arrest of the sheriff and his deputies. If they had to be arrested, the service of the warrants should have been postponed until the excitement had subsided, at least until the miners and their "Amazons" had ceased driving men from work with clubs and stones. They are all responsible men, we understand, and have too great a stake in the community to run away.

Attorney-General McKenna has at last decided the question submitted to him by Secretary Gage as to the meaning of the twenty-second section of the Dingley bill. This section changed the language of existing law, and seemed to provide that all dutiable imported goods coming into this country from contiguous countries should pay ten per cent. duty in addition to the regular duty. The change was surreptitiously made in Conference Committee, neither House having previously adopted it, or even considered it. It also repealed, apparently, the old standing provision that goods coming in foreign vessels should pay the discriminating duty of ten per cent., except the ships of a country exempted by treaty. This discriminating duty was an old device in pretended aid of American shipping; but exemptions had been heretofore permitted by act of Congress as well as by treaty. When Messrs. Dingley and Allison were asked on the floor of the two Houses if any change in the old law was intended, they answered that none had been intended.

But no sooner had Congress adjourned than the so-called friends of American shipping, of whose organization Arthur Sewall, Bryan's associate on last year's ticket, together with the rivals of the Canadian transcontinental railroads, began to assert that the section was intended to drive business away from those roads to their rivals by taxing all goods imported from foreign countries and coming through Canada an additional ten per cent. Mr. Elkins boasted that he was the author of the swindle. The shipping people's organ explained the intention of the cheat. Mr. Reed acknowledged that the section was "slipped in" unobserved. Senator Chandler made the same humiliating confession; and, strangest of all, Mr. Dingley forgot the assurances that he gave on the floor of the House, and undertook to explain why the Conference Committee had adopted the amendment. The point was officially raised. Ex-Secretary Carlisle appeared for a Maine railroad which Speaker Reed's negligence had apparently injured, and made the point that the ten per cent. duty was in aid of American shipping only, and that therefore it applied only to goods coming to a Canadian port in ships not exempted, and thence shipped through Canada to the United States. This point is sustained by the Attorney-General, and the country is thus saved from the disgrace that the Sewall people and Senator Elkins intended to inflict upon it, although the matter will probably come up later in Congress, and perhaps in the courts.

## SPAIN AND CUBA.

That our minister to Spain has signalized his presentation at the Spanish court by delivering an ultimatum on the part of the United States with respect to the war in Cuba is improbable. That he has been authorized to fix the date, or has fixed the date, at which the island must be "pacified" as the end of next month is wildly improbable. The season for active operations by unacclimated troops in Cuba is just now beginning. The end of October could scarcely witness more than the beginning of a campaign. A declaration that the war must be concluded at that time by Spanish victory would be accepted in Spain and everywhere else as a declaration of war against Spain by the United States. It is most unlikely that after making such a communication to the Spanish government General Woodford would be permitted to make another, or to remain in Spain otherwise than as a tourist.

But, on the other hand, it is entirely probable that he has been charged with a communication to the Spanish government. What the general purport of that communication was likely to be it requires no special information to conjecture. It was undoubtedly a despatch in the line of our general policy with regard to Spain and Cuba, and information upon that policy is accessible to everybody.

We are not left, however, to this general consideration for an assurance of the continuity of our Cuban policy. The administration of President McKinley is in effect constrained to follow the policy of President Cleveland by the satisfaction which that policy gave to the solid and sober citizens of both parties. The "correct and friendly attitude of the government of the United States" has been repeatedly acknowledged by Spain. But in his message of last December President Cleveland gave distinct notice that "it could not be expected that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States would be indefinitely maintained." He concluded his review of the subject by reminding Congress "that the time may arrive when a correct policy and care for our interests, as well as a regard for the interests of other nations and their citizens, joined by considerations of humanity and a desire to see a rich and fertile country intimately related to us saved from complete devastation, will constrain our government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved."

This is an expression of the traditional policy of our government, for the same admonition had been delivered by President GRANT twenty-two years before, during the progress of a former Cuban rebellion. Although in each case the admonition was addressed to Congress, it was a notification to Spain that when her government of Cuba became intolerable to Cuba's nearest neighbor, both as a matter of business and as a matter of humanity, we reserved the right to put a stop to the wanton effusion of blood and the wanton devastation of territory. It is safe to say that any further bloodshed and devastation will be wanton, because it will be hopeless. Cuba, it is clear to all mankind, will never be of any further value to Spain as a Spanish possession. All that the Spaniards can hope for is "to make a solitude and call it peace." The recent reports indicate that they cannot hope even for that. If General WOODFORD has been instructed to inform the government of Spain that after one more fruitless campaign the government of the United States would take "such action as would subserve the interests involved" and save what is left of Cuba, the people of the United States will support the government in issuing such instructions. The opinion of mankind will support it also, and will agree that American forbearance with the Spanish attempt to suppress the Cuban rebellion by destroying Cuba has ceased to be a virtue.

## A NEW INTERNATIONAL LITERARY JOURNAL.

IT is our privilege to announce the early appearance of a weekly journal which will be entitled *Literature*, and will be published in England by the proprietors of the London *Times*, and in America by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. Its first number will be issued in London and New York toward the end of October.

The admirable distinctness and singleness of purpose that mark this new periodical find expression in its title. Literature, and literature alone, is to be its theme. The aim of its publishers will be to make it essentially the organ of the literary classes in the widest sense of the term, impartial and authoritative in its literary criticism, and a comprehensive and trustworthy medium of literary intelligence. An earnest and an honest attempt will be made to deal with the best literature of every country on its literary merits alone, without prejudice, without national prepossessions. To English and to American works a certain prominence will almost inevitably be given; but this natural preference will not exclude reviews of the more important of the volumes issuing from the publishing centres on the continent of Europe.

Though *Literature* will consist mainly of reviews of books, it will invite correspondence on and will itself deal with any literary subject of permanent or of current interest to the writing, publishing, or reading world. The rule of anonymity will be generally observed in its reviews, though not with unvarying strictness; and a refreshing novelty is suggested in the statement that every endeavor will be made to find room for the proper expression of adverse views over the signature of any correspondent. It is proposed to publish weekly, or as often as the occasion may arise, a bibliography of some topic of the time, in order to furnish the reader with a list of all the works which can be consulted on the subject. The record of new publications will be made as complete as possible, but in the selection of books for review the editor will be guided solely by his judgment of their literary value. This seems to be, or should seem to be, a matter of course, but, in point of fact, it is a noteworthy innovation, for the practice of indiscriminately reviewing, or, at any rate, noticing, every book which issues from the press is one which, by the stimulus it affords to the production of worthless work, is tending seriously to the degradation of literary standards and to the confusion and disgust of readers. Instead of giving to books which are unworthy of any notice at all the help of even a scathing criticism, *Literature* will apply to them the far more effective treatment of neglect. On the other hand, it is hoped that every important work may be reviewed within three weeks after its publication.

Evidently *Literature*, by virtue of its definite and undeviating aim, has a field all its own—a very useful and (the WEEKLY cordially hopes and sincerely believes) a liberal field to work in and to prosper in. And not less evidently it has that indispensable thing—the positive character which appears to be a prime condition of success in the equipment of a publication not less, or scarcely less, than in the career of an individual. Now opportunity and character comprise two-thirds of the elements of success.

The selection of Mr. H. D. TRAILL as editor of *Literature* finds its warrant in the broad critical faculty and masculine sanity of judgment which characterize that well-known writer.

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## TRUE NON-PARTISANSHIP.

FAULT has been found with Mr. SETH LOW for saying in his letter accepting a non-partisan nomination, "I am a Republican, and I expect to remain one." But a moment's candid reflection should convince any fair-minded man that this averment of party affiliation in the connection in which it was made did not only not clash with the non-partisan character of the movement of which Mr. Low accepted the leadership, but rather served to elucidate and to emphasize its true nature. Mr. Low followed up that averment by saying: "But I am completely in sympathy with the purpose of the Citizens' Union to secure a Mayor for the great city who shall be 'free from all partisan obligations.' Such a Mayor, if elected, I shall certainly be. In making appointments it shall be my endeavor to fill every place with an eye single to the public good. The patronage of the city shall not be used, so far as it is in the Mayor's power to prevent it, for the purpose of either strengthening or weakening one party or another, or any fraction of any party. I shall try to make an administration that will be honest, broad-minded, efficient, and businesslike, and considerate of the interests of every citizen."

A clearer and more accurate definition of what non-partisan municipal government is can hardly be given. It is not required that the man at the head of such a government should not belong to any party as to national and State politics. It is only required that he should not permit any considerations of party interest to interfere with the administration of the municipal business, with which national and State politics have nothing to do. It is not required that he should appoint to the municipal offices only men who have no party affiliations. It is only required that no man should be appointed to municipal office *on account* of his party affiliations, and that he who is appointed notwithstanding his party affiliations shall consider it his duty to serve the city alone, without regard to the interests of any political party. This is true non-partisan government, and it is just this that has found in Mr. Low's letter of acceptance a very apt and striking illustration.

We hear it said by some otherwise well-disposed and respectable persons that such truly non-partisan municipal government is practically impossible. The only plausible reason given for this despondent view is that party spirit is very strong among people generally, and that in voting for municipal officers a large majority of the citizens will be controlled by it almost in spite of themselves. Here two questions are to be considered. The first is, ought it to be so? And the second, is it so?

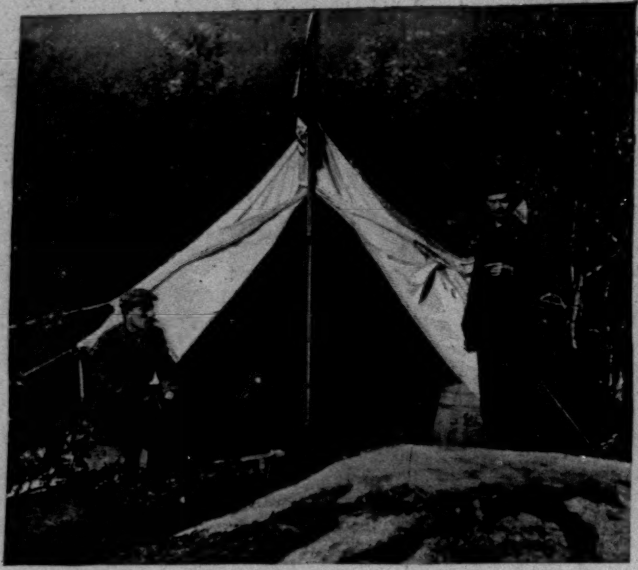
As to the first question, whether it ought to be so, it may be said that the problem of good government in our large municipalities is one of the most important problems before the American people, and also that our large municipalities have, with the exception of occasional short periods following spasmodic uprisings of the moral sense of the communities concerned, been generally very bad. It may further be said that those scandalous governments have been carried on by rings of corrupt and greedy politicians put and kept in power by political organizations pretending to serve this or that national party. Nay, it will even be admitted by every candid observer that municipal administrations issuing from the spasmodic moral uprisings before mentioned have succeeded in giving the communities concerned really good government only in the same measure as they kept clear of the control of party organizations. Thus our actual experience is that partisan municipal government has, on the whole, proved a disastrous and disgraceful failure, and this for the very reason that municipal interests were controlled by political party organizations which had wholly different interests in view, and used the municipal governments as pastures for their hosts. The question, therefore, whether this ought to continue, and whether citizens ought to cultivate a party spirit which will insure its continuance, is simply whether the citizens of our great municipalities should desire to be fleeced by corrupt and rapacious rings of politicians rather than have their interests honestly taken care of for their own sake.

The second question—whether party spirit among our citizens is so strong as to make truly non-partisan municipal government impossible—may also be answered by the light of actual experience. In the first place, can a municipal department be administered in the genuine non-partisan spirit? We have one, the Street-Cleaning Department, before our eyes, which has been and is being so administered. Nobody denies this; nor will anybody deny that this is the most successfully administered department in the city of New York. Nor will any candid observer deny that it could not possibly have been so successfully administered had its working force been in any sense under the control of any political organization bound to take care of its adherents, instead of being controlled by a man who held himself bound to take care of the public interest without regard to the interests of any party organization. Now, is there any reason in the world why, for instance, the Department of Public Works could not be satisfactorily administered in the same truly non-partisan spirit? And so with all the other departments. The only thing necessary is that men be put in control of them that are animated with the same purpose and have the same power of resistance. As it *has* been done in one case, why should it be impossible to do it in another or in all?

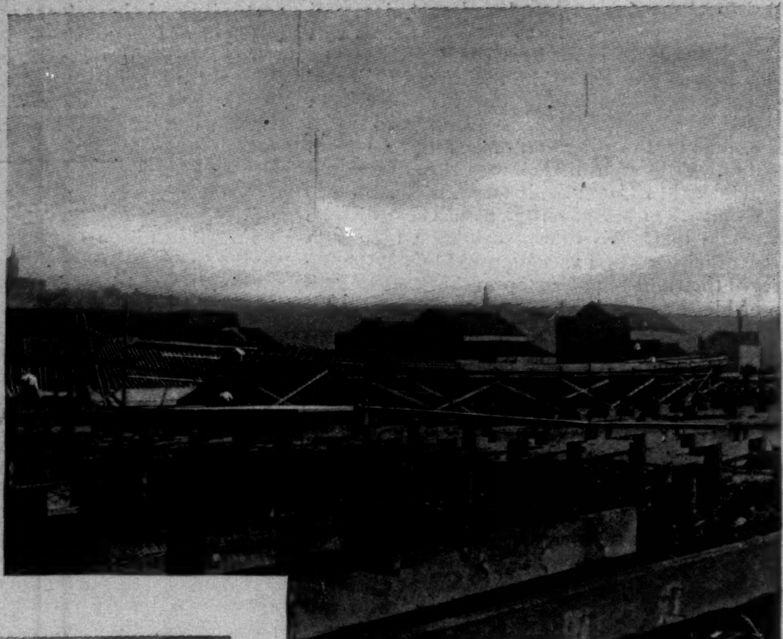
In the second place, is party spirit really so rampant among our people as to make non-partisan municipal government impracticable? That it is the ruling motive of a good many people in their political action cannot be denied. But is it the ruling motive of people also with regard to matters outside of its natural sphere to such an extent that every effort to make the citizens see their true interests as to municipal affairs would appear hopeless? To affirm this would be equivalent to saying that the great majority of our people lack not only public spirit, but also ordinary intelligence. Have we not very encouraging signs to the contrary before us? The present movement for non-partisan municipal government in Greater New York differs from the anti-Tammany uprising of 1894 in some essential points. There was then an exposure of revolting abuses exciting the popular mind to a rare degree. That excitement made the disregard of party relations uncommonly easy in the fight against a common enemy. Such conditions do not at present exist. Tammany having in the main been out of power for nearly three years, the anti-Tammany furor has cooled down for want of inflammatory material to feed upon. The STRONG administration, with its virtues and failings, has even had the effect of putting many people in a critical mood. And yet, under circumstances apparently less favorable than those existing three years ago, the present non-partisan movement is not only far clearer in its purposes, and for this reason far stronger in its staying power, but also apparently no less strong in its numerical support. And certainly nine in ten of the untold thousands actively promoting or following it are, as to national and State politics, as decided party men as they ever were. The frantic cries and the desperate waving of party flags, with which the political machines have labored to stop that movement, only prove that it is irresistibly advancing, and that the necessity of separating municipal from national and State politics is being recognized by a constantly growing number of party men.

What reason is there, in the face of all this, for saying that non-partisan municipal government is impossible because people generally will always be controlled in municipal elections by party politics? The non-partisan principle for municipal affairs having been adopted by so many citizens in a state of mind of normal coolness, why should we despair of seeing it adopted by a great many more, and at last by a large majority? Indeed, if those dismal pessimists who at heart are convinced of the necessity of non-partisan municipal government, instead of sagely and lazily shaking their heads as to the possibility of it, would resolutely and vigorously do their part in pushing forward popular education with regard to it, that end would certainly be reached in the near future. The most singularly illogical position in this respect is taken by some of the sound-money Democrats in New York, who, loudly professing to be in favor of good municipal government, still insist that the Mayor should be "a Democrat," while at the same time they know, or at least ought to know, that they cannot elect a Mayor for the reason that he is a Democrat without again exposing municipal government to the deleterious influences of organization politics; and while they also ought to know that under existing circumstances they cannot co-operate in electing a Democrat without combining, for the sake of office, with those elements of the Democratic party coalition with which will cost them, as sound-money Democrats, their moral standing, their very identity, the public confidence, and their chances of future usefulness.

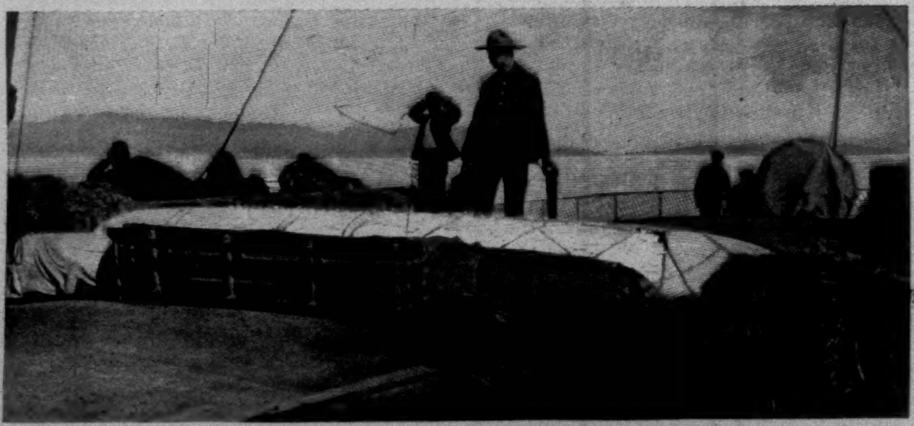
CARL SCHURZ.



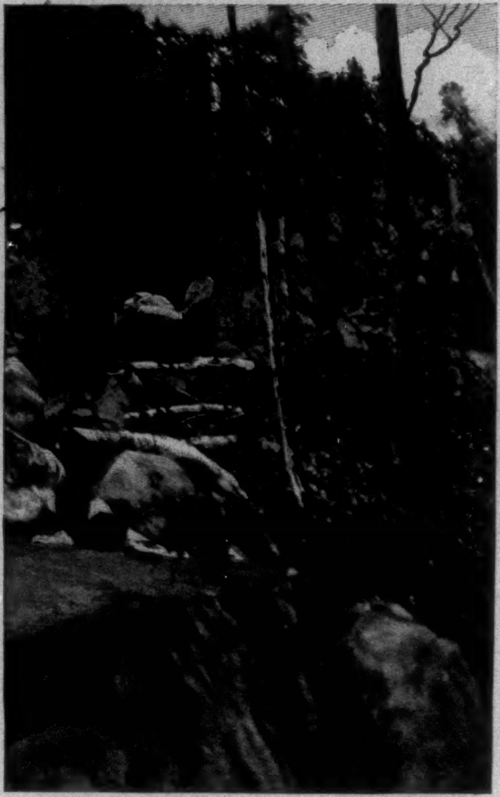
SKAGWAY—OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.



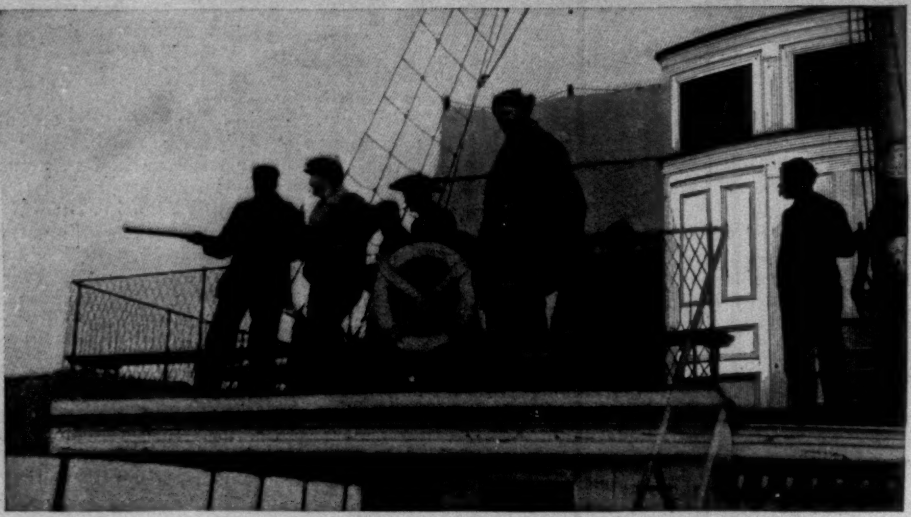
SEATTLE—BUILDING STEAMBOATS FOR THE YUKON.



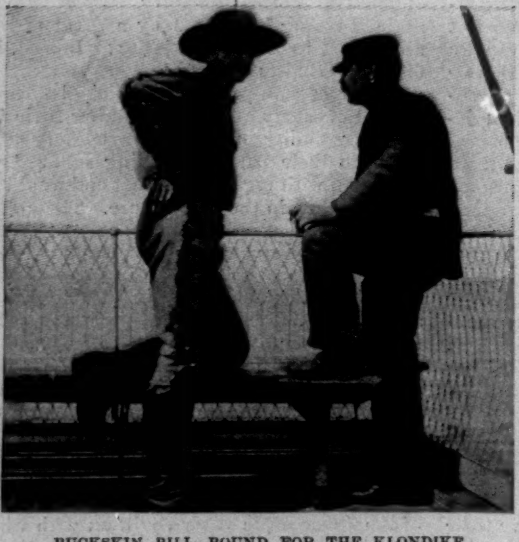
ON THE DECK OF THE "ISLANDER."
Tappan Adney, the "Weekly's" Special Correspondent, looking for Material.



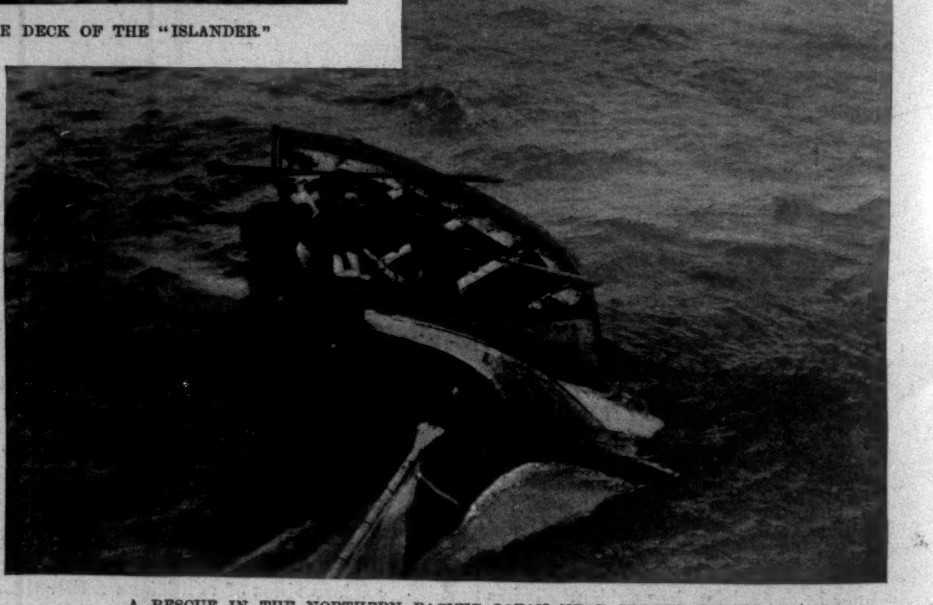
A TYPICAL PORTION OF THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.



MR. ADNEY TRYING TO SHOOT A WHALE FROM THE DECK OF THE "ISLANDER."



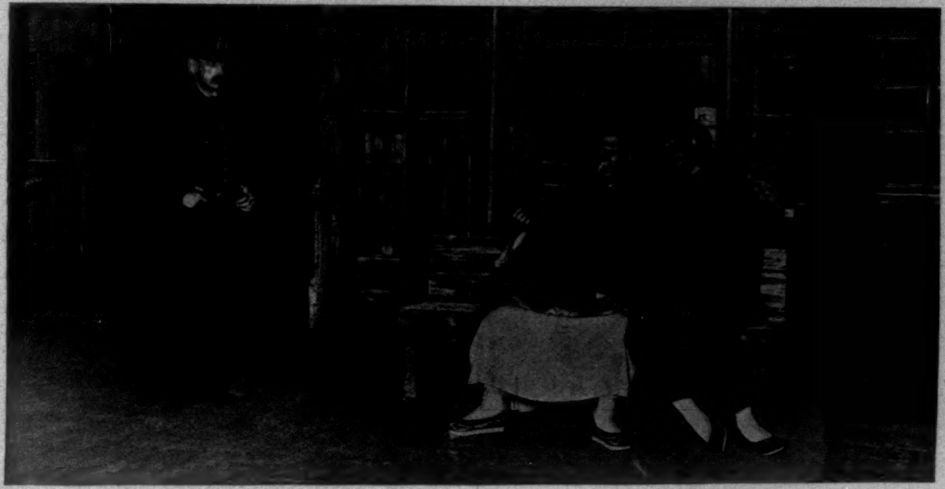
BUCKSKIN BILL—BOUND FOR THE KLONDIKE.



A RESCUE IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC OCEAN NEAR ELDRED ISLAND.
The "Islander's" Boat taking off Four Survivors of a Crew of Eight from a capsized Sail-boat.

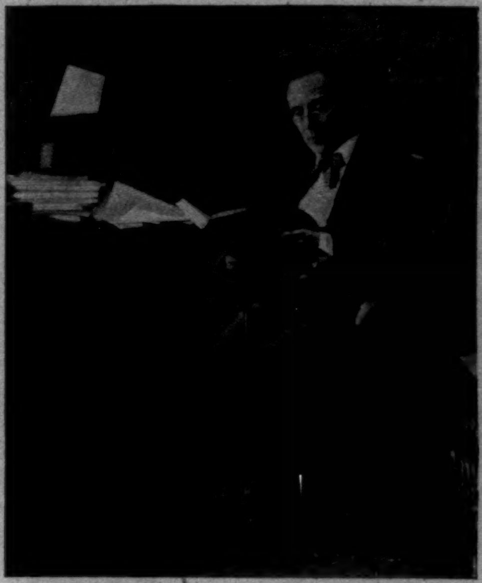
ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.—[See "This Busy World," Page 971.]
From Photographs by Captain A. H. Lee, R.A., who made the Trip to Skagway with the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

WING SHEE CASTS HOO CHEE'S HOROSCOPE FOR THE NEW YEAR.



WING SHEE DECEIVES THE POLICE BY CONVERSING WITH THE SLAIN CHIM FANG.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."
Chester Bailey Fernald's new Chinese Play, as performed at Hammerstein's Olympia.



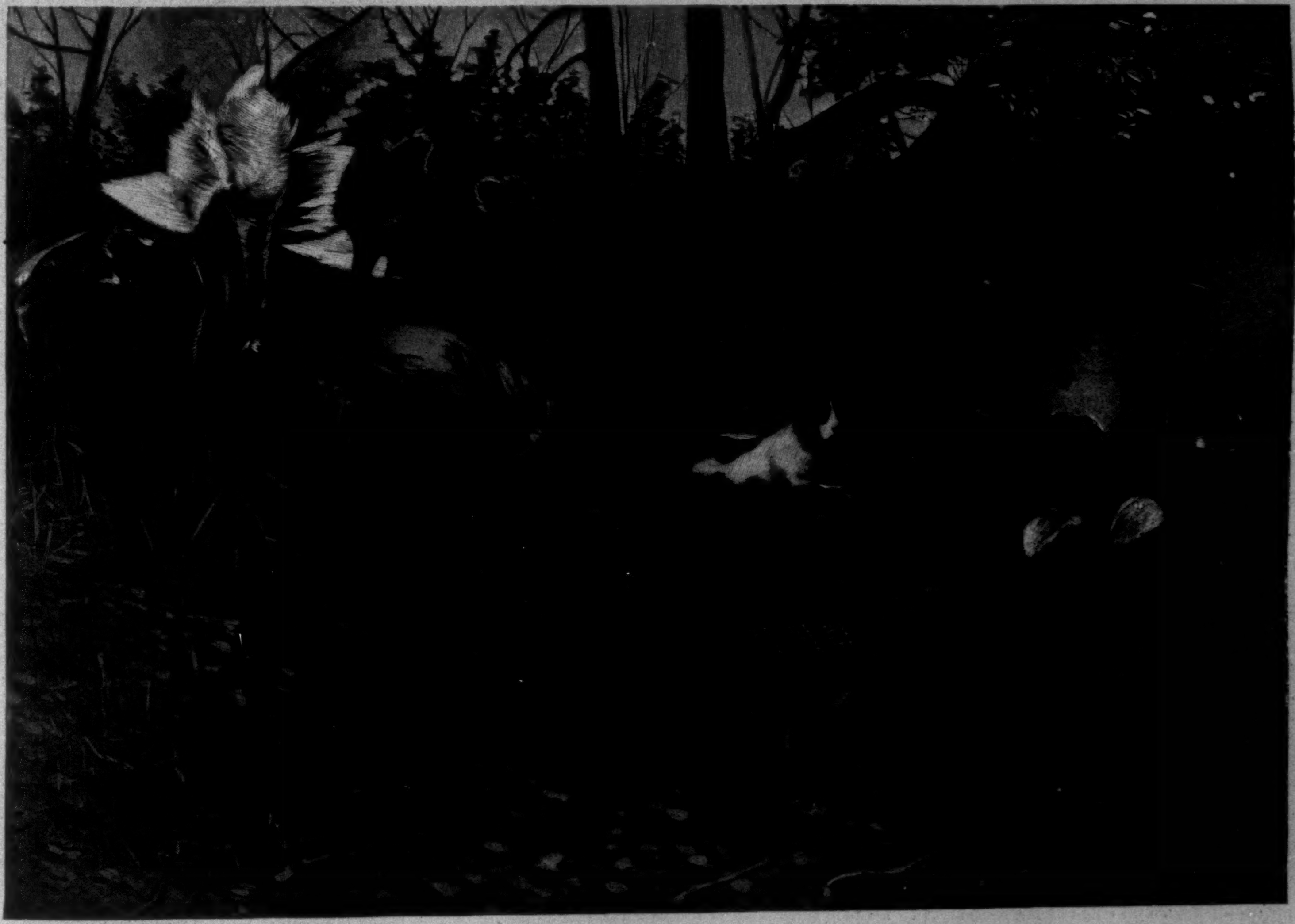
SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE."

## THE DRAMA.

*A Bachelor's Romance*, by Martha Morton. Produced at the Garden Theatre, September 20.

*The Cat and the Cherub*, by Chester Bailey Fernald. Produced at Hammerstein's Olympia, September 20.

EDITORS and literary critics can hardly be said heretofore to have been quite thoroughly acclimated on the American stage. If Martha Morton succeeds in making them serviceable stock figures, along with the ingénue, the prodigal, and the rest, as they have already been made to do service in Germany, I shall at least be glad to recognize her spirit for variety. An editor and literary critic in one person is the hero of her last production, *A Bachelor's Romance*. That is to say, Sol Smith Russell is the editor and literary critic, or the editor and literary critic is he. He, at any rate, is the hero, and that probably is what chiefly concerns Mr. Russell and Miss Morton, as well as the audiences thus far at the Garden Theatre. Real editors and critics might fancy they saw signs of the Augustan times of the Duke of Buckingham and of Sheridan once more; but it appears principally, as the *Bachelor's Romance* unfolds, that the bachelor—that is, Mr. Russell—happens to be a critic principally because Martha Morton, in sympathy with her be it spoken, happens to like the paraphernalia of newspaper offices and sanctums. The machinery of the piece, involving as it does also a great prize-story competition, seemed familiar and plausible enough to her audience, thanks to the exploitations of the newspapers, and thanks probably to Miss Morton's own renown, not so many years ago, as the writer of a prize drama. In London, where Mr. John Hare is the



"THE WET BOOT."—DRAWN BY HY. S. WATSON.

bachelor of the romance, these things may be different; but in Miss Morton's hands it is safe to suppose that they will be differentiated easily.

Adaptability, facility, are really Miss Morton's characteristic dramatic gifts. Whether it is John Hare, or Sol Smith Russell, or her own fancy that dictates her composition, she does it cheerfully and unabashed. The result at least has the effect of spontaneity. Some day when there is also real skill of construction it may be something definitely good.

The story of the *Bachelor's Romance* obviously suggests Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*, and is also substantially the plot of *A Little Rebel*, by the late Mrs. Hungerford—the late Mrs. Hungerford sounds so much better than "The Duchess." Neither one style nor the other appears on the bill of the play, however, possibly with reason, though I for one can confess to halting at book-stalls long enough, in certain moods, to have skimmed at least one of her pseudo Grace's effusions. The story in the two plays and the novel mentioned is, at any rate, common enough. The Bachelor—editor or professor, as the case may be—is obliged, more or less inconveniently, to submit to the society of an ingenuous young girl—type-writer or ward, as the case may be. In the late Mr. Bunner's *The Midge*, the bachelor, this time a doctor, who, like Miss Morton's editor, lives right here in Washington Square, surrenders his charge to her young lover, though the fellow is no better than he should be. On the stage, of course, such renunciation must not go unrewarded. David Holmes, the editor and literary critic of the *Review*, gives up his ward Sylvia to the young man who loves her; but the young man does not continue to love her, and she never really loved him. David may thus be said to have his cake and eat it too. Annie Russell as Sylvia charmingly takes the part of the cake, so to speak; indeed, a particularly well-flavored slice of it. Sol Smith Russell, though, as I have said, it hardly appears why he should be an editor more than any other poor relation, exhibits all his accustomed drollery and dry humor, which for many years have been supposed to appeal more to other communities than to mercurial Gotham. What he does he does quietly and well, and Gotham apparently has liked it well enough to give occasion for at least two speeches on successive nights after the dancing-lesson in the second act.

The other persons in the play, though, as in most of Miss Morton's plays, they have not really any constructive business in the drama, serve gracefully enough as padding. Mr. William Samson as David's secretary makes a telling character part, and wins applause in the pathetic scene where he learns that his story is the bad one of the competition. Mr. Sidney Booth, who wins the prize, sufficiently indicates the mischief wrought by his success. Blanche Walsh as a woman of society, and Fanny Addison Pitt, as well as most of the others, are in their several ways effective to see and to hear. Annie Russell takes the part of Sylvia only during the New York engagement.

The secret of Miss Morton's success may be summed up in the freshness of her business and dialogue, and perhaps the novelty of her backgrounds. This time, the atmosphere being literary, such authors as Dr. Johnson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir John Suckling, and Macaulay are either quoted or mentioned, and the effect is as literary probably as the stage need care to be.

Tragedy in the music-halls is one of the singularities we owe to the current taste for vaudeville. *The Cat and the Cherub*, by Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, at Hammerstein's, is as much a tragedy as two murders, a kidnapping, and a villain who keeps an opium-den can make it. It follows an olio entertainment at the Olympia, and connects itself thus with vaudeville. The conjunction bade fair last Monday evening to play havoc with the dramatic critic's point of view, not to mention the point of view of the ordinary spectator, who, I suppose, cares little about such things so long as he can see at all what a playwright would be at. Last Monday possibly he came near not seeing, and that was the critical difficulty.

Mr. Fernald has made over for the stage one of his Chinese stories, which first found an audience in a magazine. A similar story, it is understood, has already been a dramatic success in San Francisco as *The First Born*, which Mr. Charles Frohman expects to produce here later, and on account of which he threatens to issue an injunction against the first born, *alias* the cherub, as also the cat, at Hammerstein's. Be the question of primogeniture as it may, the public is likely to have at least an interesting comparison out of the matter, and owes the first step to Messrs. Fernald and Hammerstein. It was certainly interesting to see Chinatown made the *mise en scène* for a serious play, with real Chinese supernumeraries, and even real Chinese in the audience. Æsthetic justice may in this way avenge the Chinaman's political wrongs. That the trouble with *The Cat and the Cherub* was neither æsthetic nor political, but critical, was due to Mr. Fernald's ingenuous attitude, dramatically speaking, toward his work. Mr. Fernald, a son of the naval constructor of that name, has lived in San Francisco and known the Chinese. What interests him evidently is less their dramatic possibilities than our tardy recognition of them as human beings. Indeed, he suggested as much when, in the character of chief supernumerary, he came before the curtain in response to the applause which followed the grimly effective scene with which the play abruptly closes.

Mr. Holbrook Blinn, as Wing Shee, the learned doctor, who murders the unusually wicked villain, strangles him with his pigtail, and then when he hears the "street god," or policeman, coming, leans familiarly against the propped-up dead man's shoulder, and talks philosophically to him, also made the most of this scene. The costuming and make-up of the other personages, as well as their grouping, were effective. Not the least of these was the red-clad cherub with his black cat, which, like that other black cat of Poe's, serves chiefly, it would seem, to lead the learned doctor to an underground mystery.

*The Cat and the Cherub* altogether, for both playwright and actors, contains pretty nearly enough matter for three full acts. Instead, there are perhaps thirty-five minutes, with intermissions for sunrise and sunset, and more than one soliloquy for the introduction of local color. Local color on the stage, by the example of Shakespeare, can usually safely be left to itself; the play and its development are the thing. To the credit of Mr. Fernald, and by way of record, it must be noted, just the same, that the audience, even when the play was the most leisurely, was attentive and amused.

Vaudeville is to have another boost when Mr. Clyde Fitch's pretty one-act play, *Frédéric Lemaître*, which Mr. Henry Miller did so well some years ago, is done later in the season by Mr. Charles B. Welles, an excellent actor, who has for the last few years been identified with farce. In vaudeville also it is interesting to note that Edward Harrigan does a turn this week at Tony Pastor's, where he made his start originally with Tony Hart.

Miss Martha Morton seems to be sharing her success with *A Bachelor's Romance*, in London, with her brother Michael, of whom the news is that his farce *Miss Francis of Yale* is bringing big business to Weedon Grossmith, at the Globe, in London. *Miss Francis of Yale*, which is understood to be modelled largely upon *Charley's Aunt*, is being done in the West now by Étienne Girardot, who is still remembered here in the elder play. It will be produced in New York later in the season.

A new, and what is better, an American field in romantic drama will be exploited when Eugene Presbrey's and Franklin Fyles's five-act play, *A Ward of France*, is produced in the metropolis, with Maurice Barrymore and a big cast. The scenes are laid in France and Louisiana in the first quarter of this century. Mr. Barrymore as La Fitte, the pirate, will have a picturesque part at last well suited to his personality.

WEMYSS.

## AMERICAN UNITY.

### A THOUGHT UPON RETURNING FROM THE WEST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MONOTONOUS our land? Perhaps. It seemed
To me much more so than I'd ever dreamed.
From East to West, from West to East, the same.
Yet why seize on our sweetest, grandest claim
As though it were reproachful to our name?

Why not look on the other side, and say
Here is a clan? Not founded for a day,
But, 'spite the hopes of enemies, or fears
Of friends, or prophecies of errant seers,
A compact made for the eternal years!

Monotonous? 'Tis true. The glory of our land,
The people are the same on every hand.
For nearly half the earth, from East to West,
We are the same, praise God! Be it confessed
There's one who deems "monotony" the best.

'Tis Union! Brotherhood! A splendid *clan!*
Where all men meet, and gather man to man.
Ah!—when it comes to nations, give to me
This gift of God—this wondrous Unity,
Involved in your reproach, Monotony!

## FOREIGN NOTES.

### FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA, *September 11, 1897.*

THE Bürgermeister is the most interesting man to me in this little Bohemian city, whose regular population is 12,000, and whose summer guests number some 40,000 more. This is saying a good deal, for there are several Grand-Dukes, one or two minor Kings, and a United States Senator from Colorado all here at the same time. The Bürgermeister lives in the basement, and we at the top of his house, both actuated by motives of domestic economy. He is the first citizen in an ideal republic, one of the most peculiar that can be imagined. He honored me with his acquaintance, and told me the secret of his municipal success.

First of all, however, I assume that every one knows that people come to Carlsbad mainly because they have deranged their livers. Sometimes this happens from extravagant living, sometimes from having spent an evening in Delagoa Bay—that was my complaint. The 4000 patients are largely Jews from Poland or Galicia. They wear the characteristic Russian cap with large peak, long curls in front of their ears, long black priestly gabardine, high boots, and an umbrella. They must all be rich, for with the most careful calculation I cannot see how the average American can live here on less than $4 a day. The Bürgermeister told me that the Jews lived by themselves, where they could have their food prepared in orthodox or "cosher" fashion, and by clubbing together and crowding they can manage on a comparatively small expenditure. The town has as large a budget as many small states, for it has constructed beautiful buildings about the different hot springs which give value to the land hereabout. This whole section of country is supported by the 40,000 strangers who visit these famous waters, and the whole art of municipal legislation is directed towards making as much money as possible out of this international throng, while not killing the goose which lays the golden egg. This is a delicate matter, and has been solved with marvellous success.

The Bürgermeister is a stanch republican on the principle that there should be representation in proportion to taxation. The citizens of this community have voting power in proportion to the taxes they pay, for these republicans consider it undemocratic that a man who has earned nothing should spend the money of one who has accumulated something by industry. When I told the Bürgermeister that in America everybody could vote, he thought that was unrepublican because it compelled the minority of industrious and intelligent to submit to the force of mere ignorant and improvident numbers.

The Bürgermeister thought that most Americans nowadays were either Germans or Polish Jews, or both. Of course he judges by what most strikingly arrests his attention. A couple of years ago one of these pseudo-citizens constituted himself a committee for having a valuable piece of ground set aside as "The American Park." This was a noble idea, worthy of a disinterested man, but this particular one made inquiries at the same time that satisfied my friend the Bürgermeister that his interest as a newly made American citizen was subordinate to his zeal as a speculator in real estate. A flaring tablet now astonishes Americans who see it, bearing the names of seven self-styled American citizens who credit themselves with having glorified their country by a piece of self-advertisement ridiculous and offensive to every real American. Of the seven names six are Polish or German—but I have a shrewd suspicion that a merciful blow with a sledge-hammer will erelong remove this blot on the landscape of beautiful Bohemia.

The mere watching and protecting Kings and other notables is in itself a serious part of the Bürgermeister's business here. Even so meagre a morsel of monarchy as the little King of Servia requires at least two detectives in citizens' clothes to follow him about and to watch suspiciously for any sign that might require their intervention. We soon get to know these detectives by their habit of looking about them more eagerly than would be natural to the average visitor with nothing but his liver to interest him. But when one recalls the ease with which Carnot was foully murdered, and Canovas as well, it would seem as though a detective more or less about the person of a crowned head could be of little service.

If Carlsbad had no Sprudel and no salts, a student of history would still seek the place if only for the purpose of taking a peep at the old "White Lion," where Metternich held his unliberal court during the famous Congress of 1819. At this unholy meeting the sovereigns of Europe registered their determination to unite in suppressing all attempts of a popular nature looking towards civil liberty. The room in which this congress was held was no larger than a good-sized hotel bedroom, and, indeed, the room was in keeping with Metternich's desire to keep this pact a secret one. The good lady in charge of this interesting house showed me the writing-desk used at the time by Metternich, and which she now habitually uses herself. At that same desk sat probably all who entered into this conspiracy of tyrants. I looked upon it with particular interest, for to my mind this congress of Carlsbad marks a step in human progress as significant as the Reformation or the final abolition of torture. Never since then have the great powers of Europe ventured directly to unite in suppressing liberty of speech. Individual states have attempted such a movement, but never with success. From that date onward Europe has steadily marched in the direction of constitutional liberty, until, at this present moment, with the exception of Russia, the Continent is likely to suffer from too much rather than too little franchise.

Bohemia is to-day ablaze with a fury of race hatred that would be impossible under any but the present liberal Austrian franchise. When I was here shortly after the Franco-German war German was universally spoken, and while the peasantry used the Czech language, they were proud to show that they were also familiar with the more cultured tongue. There was certainly no active hostility to Germans merely because they spoke a different language. Five years ago, while on a canoe cruise through the heart of the country, I very quickly discovered that to speak German was to expose myself not merely to inconvenience but to insult and injury. At every village between Budweis and Prague, and from Prague all the way to the Saxony frontier, I had to be as cautious with my German as if I was in France. I recall now that the then leader of the German party in the Austrian parliament, Dr. Plener, foreshadowed exactly what is taking place to-day. He then warned the government that if they placed the German minority at the mercy of the Czech majority the result would be a race war in which German capital and education would go down before the mere might of numbers. That which is happening in this kingdom of Slav-Czechs is exactly what would take place in Ireland were the thrifty and intelligent Protestants of that country placed at the mercy of the ignorant Roman Catholic majority of the southern portion. We cannot but feel the analogy with so dissimilar a state of things as the subordination of our white fellow-citizens in South Carolina and Mississippi to a majority of blacks and carpet-baggers.

While the English language is spreading over the face of the globe wherever liberty is possible, it is sad to mark the apparent incapacity of the noble German tongue to conquer new territory or even to maintain itself within its own legal limits. In Bohemia it is rapidly disappearing. In Hungary it has been exterminated within the last fifty years. The eastern provinces of Prussia have been in German hands more than a hundred years, yet the people there are as little Prussian to-day as when Kosciuszko laid down his life for personal liberty.

The Danish provinces were conquered more than thirty years ago, yet the new generation speaks Danish and hates the very name of Prussia. In Alsace-Lorraine, men who were babies in 1870 have now served their time in the German army, and are nominally German subjects; yet the German language finds there a resistance insurmountable, even with the aid of a vast army of spies, gendarmes, officials, and 60,000 troops. A large Massachusetts manufacturer of my acquaintance passed through these provinces this summer, and had occasion to visit a machine factory at Mühlhausen employing some 8000 workmen. As an American the manager treated him with frankness, and gave him an opportunity to convince himself that the workmen were French at heart in spite of the years that are past. The Baltic Provinces of Russia were German on the occasion of my last visit, in 1891, but since then Russification has set in with a thoroughness comparable only to the South African rinderpest, and before long German linguistic expansion on that frontier will be as effectually checked as it is in Bohemia, in Posen, in Alsace-Lorraine, and on the borders of Denmark.

Nor is the German language faring better in the German colonies, for the simple reason that German emigrants prefer almost any colonial flag to their own. The official press of Germany clamors for more war-ships, in order to protect alleged German colonists in far-away tropical swamps. Territorially, Germany has almost 1,000,000 square miles of colony, but land without population is like a harbor with no commerce. From the best information at my disposal, I cannot discover that all the German colonies together contain more white people than could be comfortably stowed on a Coney Island excursion-boat.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

# THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

Items of news from the colleges begin to abound again. There are nearly five hundred colleges in the United States, and when they all start up it makes a difference. At the opening of the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, on September 15, Mr. William L. Wilson, Postmaster-General under President Cleveland, was inaugurated as president. On the same day Brown University opened with an enthusiastic welcome to President Andrews. An annual incident of the opening at Brown is an address by the president, and this year Dr. Andrews recounted his Impressions of the Greater European Questions.

An apparent expectation of news from Amherst relating to the plans of President Gates seems not to have been fulfilled, whence it is inferred that Dr. Gates has no new plans to communicate.

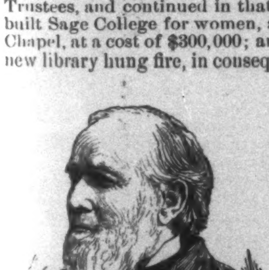
From McGill University, at Montreal, come reports of friction consequent upon the importation of a Scotch professor, Professor Walton, to be dean of the law faculty, and of the appointment of Professor Macbride, a young Irishman, to the chair of botany. The sentiment against the appointment of outsiders to the desirable places in the gift of the university is so strong that two members of the law faculty have resigned, and a scheme is afoot to start a new law-school in opposition to that of McGill. Canadian loyalty, it would seem, is not entirely superior to jealousy, or blind to the profit of supplying from domestic resources the home demand for erudition.

The New York State Agricultural Station has given the first order for a device for the amelioration of country roads, which the Secretary of Agriculture suspects of possessing practical value. It is described as a steel trackway in which wagon wheels may run—a trough or channel of steel eight inches wide, with a slightly raised bead on the inside to guide the wheels. It is proposed to lay these tracks on gravel, without wooden cross-ties, but with steel or iron ties near enough together to prevent spreading. The trackway weighs about one hundred tons a mile, and, as supplied by the Cambria Iron-Works, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, for the office of Road Inquiries of the Department of Agriculture, will cost $3500 a mile, in small lots. It is possible that in parts of the country where road material is very scarce and mud deep in bad weather these trackways may prove to be worth what they cost. At any rate, the experiments with them will be interesting.

The summer-hotel business seems, on the whole, to have languished during the past summer. There were people at the summer hotels, but not enough of them. Some landlords who lament and explain lay most of the blame on the propensity of Americans with money to spend to go abroad and spend it there. One such lamenting landlord is quoted as speaking very hopefully of the effects of the Dingley bill on foreign trade. He says that the travelling Americans have already seen pretty much all there is in Europe, and that now when they go over it is not to observe, but to buy. Now that shopping abroad has been discouraged, he has hopes that our people will stay at home more. But they won't. There is more in Europe than clothes, and a good many Americans who go over there will be rather glad to be relieved of the fatigues of shopping. The voyage is a great attraction to many tired people, and it is nonsense to talk of all the sights being seen already. If the summer hotels have not done well the past season it has been largely because business was dull and spending-money scarce, and because July was wet, and August—and indeed the whole summer—abnormally cool and comfortable. No doubt the disposition of people who can afford it to have summer cottages has hurt the hotels, and that is a permanent damage. Better times and hotter weather will help the hotel-keepers, but their hopes of a profit from the Dingley law are misplaced.

Cornell University might reasonably wish to set apart a supplementary Founders' day in honor and memory of Henry Williams Sage, who died at Ithaca on September 17. Among the benefactors and founders of the University Mr. Sage stood second only to Ezra Cornell. He gave to the institution at one time or another between one and two million dollars, and ever since it was founded he has lavished upon it thought and labor as well as money. He succeeded Mr. Cornell as President of the Board of Trustees, and continued in that office until his death. He built Sage College for women, at a cost of $266,000; Sage Chapel, at a cost of $300,000; and when the building of the new library hung fire, in consequence of the Fiske lawsuit, he came to the rescue and shouldered the cost of that, providing $260,000 for a building and $300,000 for a library endowment fund. He also gave $61,000 to found a chair of Philosophy, $200,000 for a School of Philosophy, and about $50.000 for other objects. For Yale he endowed the Lyman Beecher lectureship, and he built a public library for West Bay City, Michigan.

Mr. Sage was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1814. In 1838, when he was preparing for Yale, his father was shipwrecked, and killed by Indians in Florida. In consequence of that, he gave up going to college, moved to Ithaca, and began to earn his living in his uncle's lumber business. Continuing in that business and prospering, he presently set up for himself, and began to accumulate the great fortune of which he made so beneficent a use. In 1854 he started a lumber factory at Lake Simcoe, in Canada, and later, in partnership with John McGraw, started another at Wenona, Michigan. In 1857 he moved to Brooklyn, and lived there until 1880, becoming a prominent member of Plymouth Church and an ardent supporter of Mr. Beecher. The latter years of his life he spent at Ithaca. The newspapers report that he left a fortune of twelve millions.


HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE.

Barring accidents, the biggest passenger-ship in existence will come to New York this week. She is the new North German Lloyd liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, a marine monster, an eighth of a mile long (648 feet, to be accurate), 66 feet wide, 43 feet deep, and of a tonnage of 14,000. She sailed from Southampton on September 20, at 8 P.M., and is credited with an aspiration to break the record on her maiden voyage. All her details and dimensions are Brobdingnagian. She can carry 1520 passengers, besides her crew of 450. Her engines are expected to develop 28,000 horse-power, and her cost is estimated to have been about two million dollars. She is so much bigger than the other big liners, and has so many novelties of construction, and such great expectations of speed and comfort and safety, that her first trip across the ocean is an event, and the reports of her behavior will be read with almost as much interest as one of Mr. Kipling's mechanical stories.

The credulity of Americans was so heavily drawn upon to so little purpose by last year's Western air-ship stories that the tale of the sighting of Andrée's balloon on September 14 by the villagers of Antzifirowskoge, in arctic Russia, has been received with a tranquil forbearance that is very like apathy. At this writing the story is still as good as ever, in that it remains uncontradicted, but so far it resembles the air-ship stories in that nothing has come of it. Distances are long in Siberia, and no doubt it would take some time to sail south from the village of the incredible name to the more populous districts, especially if there happened to come head-winds. Andrée's intention, it seems, was to stick to his balloon as long as it would carry him, and the fact that he did not stop at this remote village is not considered to affect the credibility of the story.

There seem to be no mourners over the collapse of the intention of the Post-Office Department to change the color of the two-cent stamp to bank-note green. It transpired before the printing of the green stamps had begun that a resolution of the recent Postal Congress had provided that the hue of our two-cent stamps and of stamps of corresponding effectuality in other countries should be carmine. That upset Mr. Gary's plan; and he ought to be thankful that it did, for the red stamps do very well, and the clamor over green ones would have been prodigious.

Word comes from Boston that Dr. William Everett will be the candidate of the gold Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts. It will be a labor of pure patriotism, with no prospect of reward except the approval of the candidate's own conscience, and possibly the appreciation of his co-laborers. Dr. Everett is the right man for such an undertaking. He may be trusted to state the position of his party with lucidity and emphasis, and whoever votes for him will know precisely what as well as whom he is supporting.

The Kebo Valley Club of Bar Harbor is stated to be virtually bankrupt and on the brink of retiring from business. That will seem odd to newspaper readers who have heard of the Kebo Club as one of the most noted of the artificial features of Mount Desert. The club had a golf links. To two gentlemen who drove out there about a year ago in hopes of being permitted to follow a couple of golf-balls around the enclosure, and who for lack of proper endorsements were disappointed in that hope, the links seemed lacking in natural qualifications. It was located in a sort of bowl between hills, and, so far as could be determined from outside the gate, its distances were inadequate. Its putting-greens seemed to be contrived upon shelves on the hill-sides. Perhaps it is because the Kebo links is bad that the club is in trouble, for of course no country club can exist nowadays without a golf links. Or perhaps it is because Bar Harbor is not Newport, and lies somewhat too far away from the fiscal centres. Or possibly it is because Northeast Harbor, with its platoon of college presidents and church dignitaries, has sapped Bar Harbor's strength and overmatched its attractions. There must be a screw loose somewhere when Bar Harbor's country club goes to the wall.

The last word has not yet been said about the Mesa Encantada. It was noted last week in this page of the Weekly how Mr. Hodge, who scaled the mesa after Professor Libbey had been there, found stone axes and other relics which Professor Libbey in his brief inspection had overlooked. It is pointed out, however, that while the finding of these things demonstrated that the mesa had been visited (which was indicated also by the cairn which Professor Libbey found), they do not prove that it was ever inhabited. Mr. Hodge's finds are interesting, but they do not necessarily upset Professor Libbey's conclusion that there has been no village on the mesa.

Noting the death, on September 9, of Richard Holt Hutton, long an editor of the *London Spectator*, the *Spectator* says, in its issue of the 11th:

> His colleagues are forbidden by pledges which they cannot break either to write a memoir of him, or within the range of their influence to permit any one else to do so. They can therefore only record their grief at an event which, in the case of the writer of these lines, terminates an unbroken friendship of thirty-six years, and a literary alliance which, at once in its duration and completeness, is probably without precedent.

Mr. Hutton seems to have shared with Thackeray the dislike to be served up to the public after his death. To the philosophical mind it must seem that what is written about a man after he is dead need not greatly concern him, but even philosophical minds are apt to be vulnerable in their philosophy. Mr. Hutton in his day must have written a vast deal about his literary predecessors and contemporaries and read scores of literary memoirs. Perhaps that very writing and reading made him the more desirous that his own intellectual and social bones should not be disturbed. It was an excusable wish, but perhaps not quite a just one. Fair play would seem to demand that men who have had knowledge and profit from the records of the lives of their predecessors should not grudge posterity any reasonable entertainment or advantage it may derive from a posthumous acquaintance with themselves.

Mr. Hutton was one of the ablest and most noted of the literary critics of his day. He was born in 1825, of a Unitarian family, and after pursuing education in two German universities began active life as a Unitarian minister. But his zeal for that persuasion seemed to wane, and he gradually drifted toward the Church of England. About the year 1863, in association with Mr. Meredith Townsend (whose hand appears in the paragraph quoted above), he bought the *London Spectator*, the circulation of which had greatly declined, and became joint editor of it with Mr. Townsend. In politics the paper began by taking the side of the North in the American civil war—an unpopular course, which cost it some of the few subscribers it had, but which helped it in the end when the rebellion collapsed and the tide turned in England. The *Spectator* presently began to gain, and continued until it grew to be one of the most influential of English journals. It engrossed most of Mr. Hutton's labor and attention, but he was the author of at least three important volumes of essays—theological, literary, and political—and of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott* in the "English Men of Letters" series.

It is told of him that one of the anxieties of his later years was the fear that his wife, who had long been an invalid, should survive him and live to miss his care. She died two months before he did, and after that he seemed to let go his hold on life.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Weekly is a page of Klondike pictures from photographs by Captain Arthur H. Lee, R.A., of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. Captain Lee went to Skagway and Dyea, as the representative of the *London Chronicle*, to investigate the condition of the Klondike trails. His companion on the voyage and subsequently was Mr. Tappan Adney, the correspondent of the Weekly, who figures in one or two of the pictures. Captain Lee is in full accord with Mr. Adney in his estimate of the present difficulties of the pass at Skagway. Mr. Adney says, "After four or five miles of good road, hell begins." Captain Lee reports, "To put it very mildly, it is 'a hell of a business.'" The situation clearly constrains the observer to the use of sulphurous metaphors as the only ones that seem adequate.

In evidence of Mr. Adney's zeal in the service of the Weekly's readers, Captain Lee reports: "Aboard ship on the way up he even shed his blood one night in your behalf. I think he wanted to convert the saloon into a photographic dark-room, and some inconsiderate gold-seeker objected with much and destructive violence. However, he was well and cheery the last I saw of him."

Perhaps the most remarkable of Captain Lee's pictures is that of the rescue of adventurers from an overturned sail-boat. It gives one the shivers to look at it. In that sail-boat eight men started from Juneau to Skagway with several tons of merchandise and supplies. The owners of the boat were two barbers of Juneau, who were on their way to open a shop at Skagway. Very early in the morning of August 23 the boat was upset, while gybing, by a squall. All eight of the men reached her and clung to her. Four of them hung on until the steamer *Islander*, sailing out of Skagway on Monday, picked them up as Captain Lee has shown. The other four succumbed to cold, and one by one let go. The four survivors were at the very end of their endurance, and it seemed hardly possible that they could have lasted another fifteen minutes.

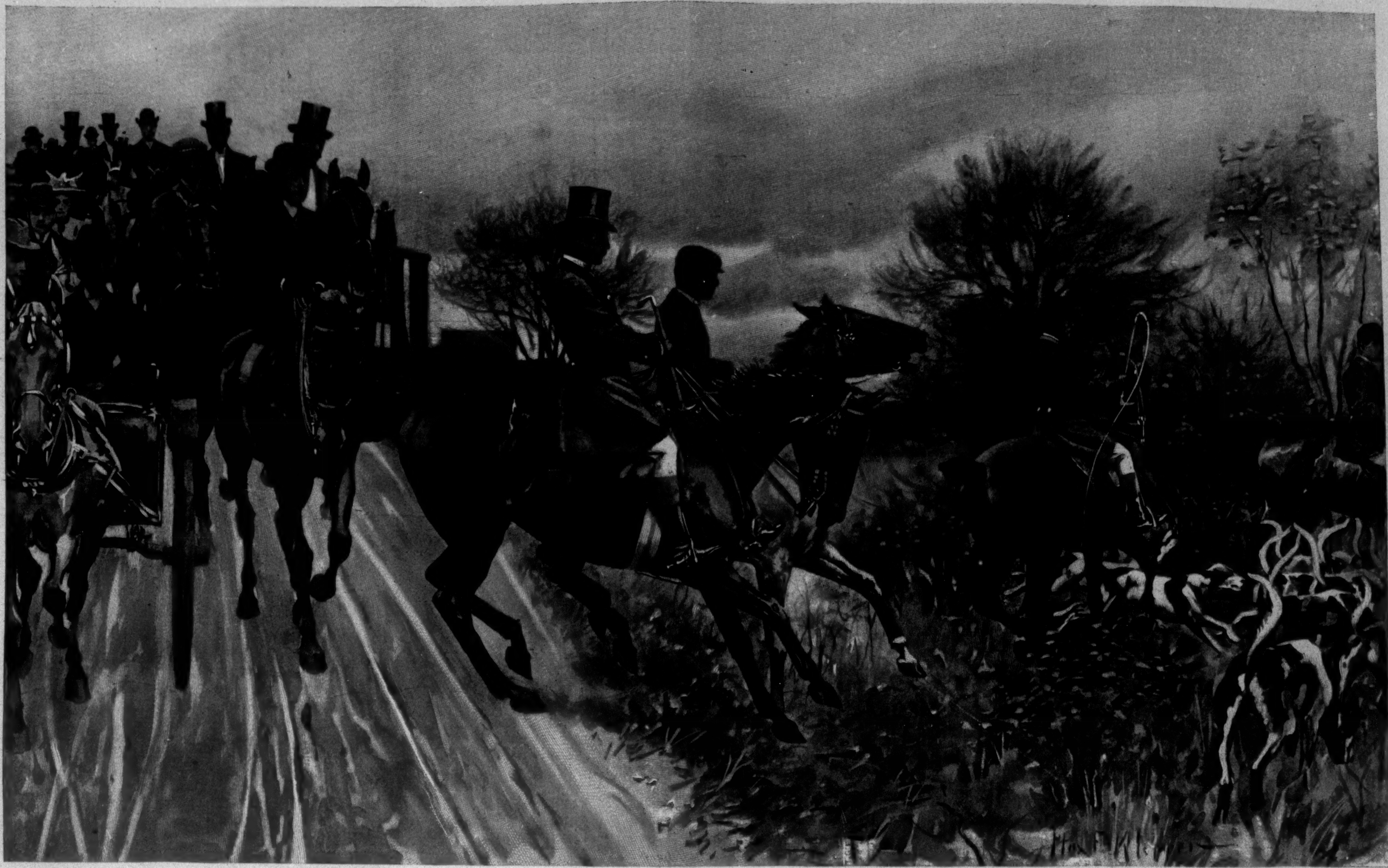
To disbelieve all the surprising items that one finds in the newspapers is doubtless a good rule, but it is not infallible. We are constantly misled by newspaper reports, and yet if we believe nothing which surprises us we run the risk of being misled still oftener. It is recalled that at the time Johnny Conway, the Albany Charley Ross, was stolen, and the Albany *Argus* exerted itself so zealously to find him, some astute journals thought they smelt a mouse, and hinted broadly their suspicion that the *Argus* was behind the scenes at the kidnapping, and that it was likely to transpire that the whole episode had been promoted as the basis of a newspaper sensation. For some reason the story as it developed sounded queer and dubious, and to the end there were those who thought there was an explanation which might come out at the trial of the boy-stealers. It has not happened so. On September 22 Blake and Hardy, the kidnappers, were arraigned, pleaded guilty, and were each sentenced to fourteen and a half years in State prison. This must dispel the last doubt as to the value of the service that the *Argus* people and other citizens rendered the public in hunting these scoundrels down and overreaching them and getting back the boy. That Blake and Hardy are actually in prison for their crime, and likely to stay there, is comforting to friends of legal justice—a class, by-the-way, that in these days needs all the comfort it can get.

Boston celebrated on September 17 the seventy-fifth anniversary of the adoption of its charter. In 1822 it was the town of Boston, and had about 45,000 inhabitants, and must have been a town of an excellent quality. Since then it has been a city, and now it has 500,000 inhabitants, and is vigorous and handsome, though possibly less select and erudite than of yore. A talker who was lately disparaging New York as a city of perpetual disruption and innovation said that New York was perpetually getting ready to live, whereas Boston had got ready and had begun to enjoy life.

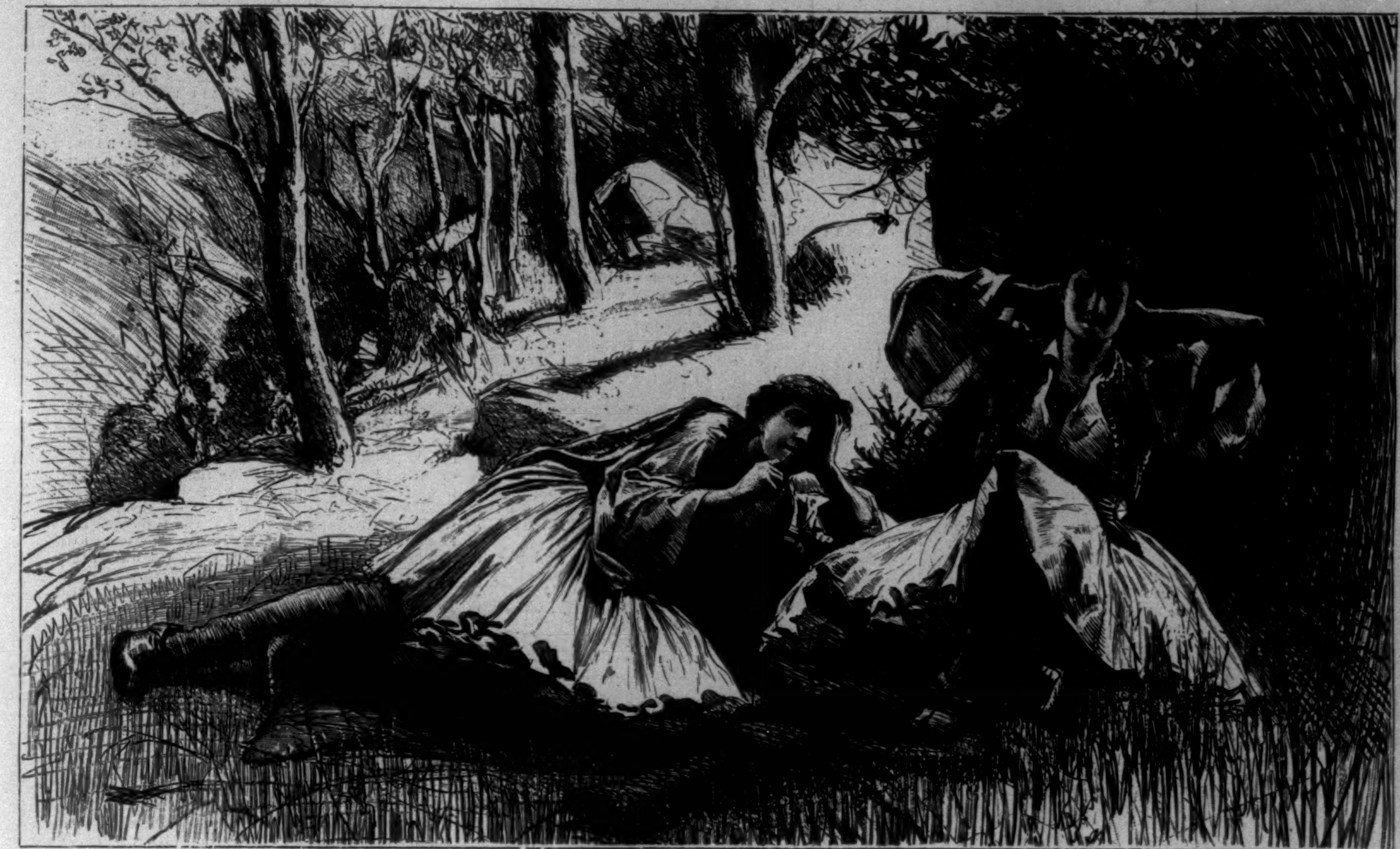
New Bedford also has a celebration in sight. For five days, beginning October 10, she will exult in the accomplishment of a half-century of existence as an incorporated city. She is to have an industrial exposition, and exercises, parades, and competitions, industrial and athletic, in surpassing variety and number.

Allusion was made several weeks ago in the Weekly to the forty years of honorable and successful existence which have just been completed by the *Atlantic Monthly*. The issue for October is a "Fortieth Anniversary Number," which closes with a review of the brilliant and enviable career of the magazine, and with reminiscent notice of its famous editors and contributors and the notable works they did for it.

E. S. Martin.


Max F. Klepper

THE FIRST RUN OF THE SEASON.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.



# "THE VINTAGE."*

## A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

### CHAPTER XV.

MITSOS did not think whether he was hurt or not, but picked himself up and showed himself to Yanni. Yanni gave one wild gasp of astonishment.

"Oh, dear Mitsos," he said, "you have not come too soon. Quick! cut this rope!"

His rescuer whipped out his knife, and had hardly cut the rope when they heard a key grate in the lock, and Mitsos, taking one step behind the door, sprang out on Yanni's keeper—who lived next door, and had not unnaturally come in to see what happened—and threw him to the ground, while Yanni, without a moment's hesitation, bound a thick scarf round his mouth.

"Now the rope," said Mitsos, and they tied his arms to his sides and his legs together, and looked at each other a moment.

"There is the porter," said Yanni. "He will be here. Shut the door, Mitsos, and lock it inside."

Next they moved the bedstead and all the furniture they could against the door, and barred the windows, and Yanni gave an additional twist to the scarf that bound the Turk's mouth.

"There is not much time," said Mitsos, and pulling the table out of the heap of furniture they had piled at the door, he climbed up on it, and with one vigorous pull brought down all the tiles which were lying loosely between the hole his entrance had made and the outside wall. From there he easily sprung upon the top of the wall, and lying along it, reached down two great hands to Yanni. Yanni grasped them, and with much kicking and struggling, not having Mitsos's inches, he got himself on the top.

Mitsos turned to him with a smile. "Eh, Yanni," he whispered, "but it was truth you said when you told me you would grow very fat. Come quickly. Ah, but there's the porter at the door."

The descent was easily accomplished, and by good luck the street was empty; and waiting a moment for Mitsos to put on his shoes again, the two ran as hard as they could down it, away from the square, keeping in the shadow of the walls. From the end of it a cross-street led out to the western gate of the town, and drawing near cautiously, they saw it had been already shut and a sentry was standing by it.

Once again Yanni's wit wedded to Mitsos's strength was to stand them in good stead.

"Mitsos," he whispered, "he will open the gate for you, for it has been market-day. Go, then, down the road, and I will follow in the shadow of the wall. Then, when he opens the gate to you, hold him very fast, and I will take the key from him, and run through. And, oh, cousin, but we must be quick."

Mitsos did not quite understand the object of taking the key, but walking straight on, asked to be let out.

"From the market?" asked the sentry.

"Surely."

The man took out the key, unbarred and unbolted the door, and the moment the lock was turned Mitsos grasped him tightly round the arms from behind. The sentry was but a little man, and his struggles in Mitsos's grasp were of the faintest; and when Mitsos, with a brilliant smile, whispered, "You scream, I kill," enforcing his fragmentary Turkish with a precautionary nudge of the elbow, he was as silent as the grave. In the mean time Yanni had passed them, and taking the key from the lock, fitted it into the outside of the gate, and said, hurriedly, to Mitsos,

"Quick, cousin; throw him away."

Mitsos, still smiling kindly, lifted the Turk off his feet, and with a mighty swing, threw him, as Yanni suggested, in the road, where he fell in a heap, and once free from Mitsos, called in a loud, lamentable voice for Mohammed the Prophet. Next moment Yanni had shut the gate, locked it, and thrown the key away into the bushes that lined the road.

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then Mitsos broke into a roar of good, wholesome laughter, as unlike as possible to the exhibition to which he had treated Yanni after the affair of the powder-mill; and Yanni joined in, and for a few seconds they stood there shaking and helpless. Mitsos recovered himself first.

"Oh, Yanni!" he cried, "but I could laugh till morning were there not other things to do. Come away; there will be no sleep for us this night. No; we keep to the road at present, and go westward. Come, we will talk afterwards."

For two hours they jogged on as fast as Yanni could go; for a month of living within the confinement of a house and garden "had made a hole," as he said, "in my bellows; and as for the fat of me, why, Mitsos, it's a thing of shame!"

But there was no wind in him for more than the running, and it was in silence they climbed the steep road into the mountains between Tripoli and the plain of Megalopolis. These were cut in half by a small valley lying between the two rows of hills, with a sharp descent into it from each side, going down into which Yanni recovered his wind a little. On the edge of the valley, as Mitsos knew, stood a small khan, the keeper of which was his father's friend, and as a light still shone in the window, he and Yanni entered, to rest awhile and get provisions for the morning. Anastasis was glad to see him, and asked him what he was doing here and at this time; and Mitsos, knowing his man, told him in a few words the story of the escape, and begged him, if they pursued from Tripoli, to say they had just passed going to Megalopolis. "For you see," put in Yanni, observing that their host's wits were not of the quickest, "we are not going to Megalopolis, and it will be a fine gain of time to us if they seek us there."

In course of time this appeared to Anastasis to be a most admirable joke, and for five minutes more, as he was cutting them bread and meat, he kept bursting out into a chuckle of delight, and turned to Mitsos, saying: "Then they'll find you not at Megalopolis. Eh, who'd have thought it!"

But Mitsos hurried Yanni off again; they had not probably more than a quarter of an hour's start, and though, through the steepness of the ascent, a horse could go no quicker than a man, there was no time to waste, and they struck off the road a little southwards, straight in the direction of Taygetus. All night they went, sometimes walking, but more often running, and when morning dawned they found themselves on the lower foot-hills of Taygetus, but still a day's journey from their rendezvous. But Yanni declared he could go no further for the present; his eyes were full of sleep, his stomach was dust within him, and his legs were one ache; and Mitsos, after a five minutes' climb to the top of a neighboring ridge, came back with the tidings that there was neither man, beast, nor village in sight, and that they would lie there all day, and not start again till near sunset.

Then said Yanni: "It will be a long talk we shall have before sunset; but, Mitsos, if the day of judgment had come, not one word could I say for myself till I have slept. Ah, but it is good to be with you again!" And he turned over and was asleep at once.

Mitsos was not long in following his example, but he woke first, and seeing by the sun that it was not much after mid-day, got up quietly so as not to disturb Yanni, and went in search of water. This he found some quarter of a mile below, and returned to Yanni, who had just awakened. They took their food down to the spring and ate there, and then, at Mitsos's suggestion, went back again to their first camping-place; "for where there is a spring," he said, "there may be folk, and we want folk but little."

"And now," said Yanni, as they settled themselves again, "begin at the beginning, Mitsos, and tell me all."

"I went straight to Nauplia the first night," he said, "and arrived there very late, after midnight. Then next day I went off."

"Next day?" asked Yanni. "Is that all you care about Suleima? Oh, tell me, how is Suleima?"

Mitsos frowned. "Oh, never mind Suleima," he said. "She is my affair. Well, next day—"

But Yanni interrupted him. "Did you not see Suleima?" he asked.

"No."

"Why did you not wait that night and see her?"

"Uncle Nicholas had other work for me to do."

Yanni looked at Mitsos a moment, and then laid his hand on his shoulder. "Mitsos, dear Mitsos!" he said. "Oh, I am so sorry! It was not that, you know, that made you go; it was the oath of the clan you swore to me. Surely there is no one like you."

Mitsos looked up, smiling.

"Nonsense, Yanni! Is a promise and an oath a thing to make and break? Besides, it seems to me it is pretty lucky I came when I did. What do you suppose I should be thinking now if I had got back to Panitza and it was too late, for in truth I was not much too soon? What if I had come to Tripoli, as it were, to-night, instead of last night?"

"I will tell you afterwards what you would have found," said Yanni, suddenly looking angry. "Go on, little Mitsos."

Mitsos grinned. "Little! Who is little? I have a cousin littler than me. Well, for my story." And Mitsos told him of his journey, of his expedition to Patras and the monastery, and of the coming of the soldiers to Panitza. "And for the rest," he concluded, "we shall have to ask Uncle Nicholas and your father. There are not many things in the world I am certain of, Yanni, but one is that we shall find them safe and sound on Taygetus."

Yanni pulled up a handful of sweet-smelling thyme, and buried his face in it for a moment. "Ah! but it is good to be on the hills again, Mitsos," he said, "and to be with you. I shall not forget the Mother of God. My story is very short; I am glad it has not been longer."

"Tell me," said Mitsos.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"Well, for a week, or perhaps a fortnight, I ate and slept, and one day was like another. I saw Mehemet Salik not more than once or twice, and he used always to ask me if I was comfortable and had all that I wished for. It is true that I wished for the hills and for you, but they were things which he would not have given me, so I always said I wanted nothing. Then for another week or so he would come and see me oftener, and asked me about my father and the clan, and whether Nicholas had been seen there again. And I, you may be sure, always told him that the clan were good men and quiet livers, who worked hard in the fields, and thanked God every day that their masters the Turks were kind and just to them. That, it seems, was a mistake, for he smiled—and these Turks know not how to laugh, Mitsos, not with an open mouth—and said it was very interesting to hear that from one of the clan themselves. And about Nicholas, I said I had seen him when I was little."

"You were never otherwise," remarked Mitsos.

"Oh, cousin," said Yanni, "but your mother bore a silly loon! Am I not to go on with my story, then?"

"Go on, big Yanni," said Mitsos.

"And so it went till but five days ago, or six. And then one morning," said Yanni, suddenly flushing with anger, "he came in, looking white and cunning, with an evil face. The Turk who was my guardian followed him. He is a good man, Mitsos, save that he comes of the accursed race. And Mehemet said to me, 'So the clan are good men and quiet, and they thank their God that they have such kind masters? And you, Yanni, who are of the clan, you think they do wisely?'

"I don't think I answered him, for it seemed to me he wished for no answer. And at that his anger suddenly flared up, and he said, 'Answer me, you dog, or I will have your hide flayed off you!' And I noticed it as curious, Mitsos, that his face grew white as he got angry, whereas when a proper man is angry his face is a sunset. But he did not give me time to answer, for he went on: 'You are dogs, though you are handsome dogs, you Greeks. But it is necessary to tie dogs up sometimes. Thank God you have such a kind master, Yanni, and let your hands be tied behind you quietly.'

"'Why should you do this?' I asked.

"'Be wise,' he said; 'I do not threaten twice.'

"So, as there was none to help me, I let it be done."

Mitsos gave a great gulp. "Oh, Yanni! By a cross-legged Turk!" he said.

"What was I to do? Would it have helped me to fight and afterwards to be beaten? But Mehemet, I saw, was more at his ease when it was done, and drew his chair a little closer. 'We shall soon teach you to be quiet and obedient, like the rest of your clan,' he said. 'And now for what I came to say. You will soon see Nicholas again, for I have sent for him and for your father. If they come, well and good; I do not really care whether they come or not, for barking dogs hurt nobody. However, they have been barking too loud. And if they do not come, my little Yanni, we shall have to think what to do with you. I have not decided yet,' and the devil came closer to me, Mitsos, and looked at me as a man looks at the fowls and sheep in the market. 'Perhaps there will be a rope for that big brown neck of yours; and yet I do not know, for you are a handsome boy, and I should like to see you about the house, perhaps to hand the rose-water after dinner. Perhaps we might even arrange to have you attend on the women folk. In any case, you will be mine; you will belong to your good, kind masters.'"

Yanni's voice had risen, and he spoke quickly, with a red-hot anger vibrating and growing.

"He said it to me," he cried, rising to his feet—"to me, free-born of the clan, who have never had any dealings with the accursed race except to spit at them as they went by! And I, I sat there and said nothing; but for this reason, Mitsos, that I remembered the oath of the clan you had sworn, and I believed, as I believe that the Holy Mother of God hears me, that you would come, be it late or soon, and that he should eat his words with a sauce of death to them—the black curse of her who mocked at Christ upon him!"

"Steady, Yanni," said Mitsos, looking up at his blazing eyes. "Sit down and tell the rest."

"What, Mitsos!" cried Yanni, "are you a block of stone or log—you who are of blood with us?"

"You know I am not. But Mehemet Salik is not on this hill-side. Tell me the rest. If he was here he should never go in to his women more."

Yanni sat down again.

"Even so. Then day after day he would come in, all white and cursing as before, and say: 'The time is drawing near, my little Yanni. They will be here to-morrow, or the next day, as it might be.' And yesterday morning he said, 'They will be here to-night.' And I—for I never doubted you, Mitsos—I thought to myself, 'Then I shall not be here to-night; and as for them, I know that they will never sit in the house of a Turk.' And—and that is all, I think."

There was a short silence, and Yanni stretched out his hand to Mitsos. "To you, dearest of all," he said, "I owe my life, once at the mill, and now once again life and honor and freedom. Yet is the debt no burden to me, because I love you. But still I would it were the other way. I have no skill of speech, Mitsos, but I know certainly that gladly would I give my eye or my right hand for you, and this is no figure of talk only."

Mitsos took the hand held out to him and shut it between his, looking at Yanni with a serious mouth, but a smile in his dark eyes. "God send me tears for water and salt for bread," he said, again quoting the oath of the clan, "if I fail you in your need, or love not those who love you, and hate not those who hate you."

The sun was already declining to the western hills, and presently after they went down to the spring to eat and drink before they began the tramp through the night. Neither of them had been over this ground before, but it was likely that they would soon come into some path leading from the Arcadian plain to one or other of the villages near the Langarda Pass; in any case, even though this was a night's plunging through the heather undergrowth before them, it could scarcely be more than a twelve hours' journey, and starting at six, they would be at the place by dawn; and after stowing the remains of their provisions in their pockets, they began the ascent.

So upwards they went out of the day into the sunset, and through the sunset into moonrise, and from moonrise into the setting of the moon. The air, warm below, soon grew colder, and their breath as they walked hung frostily in the still night. Now and then a breath of some sweet-smelling shrub streamed across them; or, again, a roosting pigeon, with a bold noise of its uprising, started, still sleepy, from its perch in among the whispers of the fir; or a hawk, more cautious, slid into the air. To Yanni, born on the mountain and bred in the open, the spell of the sounds and scents that wander along the hill-side at night were unutterably sweet; and sweet, too, the comradeship of the incomparable cousin. In Mitsos, too, the feeling towards the friend he had saved from death and worse than death was father to a very tender affection, for it was a gentle heart that beat so boldly at the hint of danger, and the sweetness of self-sacrifice made him most content. The child within him spoke to his spirit of Suleima, but the boy found his wants fulfilled in the comradeship of Yanni, and made answer with talk of brave adventures, done in part, and more to do.

About midnight they halted, and already they could see the heights no long distance above them dappled with snow; and Mitsos, observing this, knew that they had come as high as they had to go, for the beacon-ground, he remembered, was itself just below the line where the fresh snow lay. They had an hour before struck a sort of sheep-track which led in the right direction, but they found that here it went still upwards; and leaving it to climb by itself, they struck off to the right, after eating the remains of their food, to follow the contour of the mountain through tracts of pines and open places, and across the scolding stream that rattled down from the snows above, and around deep-cut ravines that broadened out into the larger valleys.

By degrees the stars paled at the approach of day, and the dark velvet blue of the southern night grew gray; a few birds awoke in the bushes with sleepy, half-tuned twitterings; and then the sun, great and bold, looked up over the rim of the mountain.

"Look; it is day," said Yanni. "Are we nearly there?"

"Yes," said Mitsos, "it is close. Look! who is that?"

Leaping down the hill-side towards them came a great man, but running like a boy.

"Oh, quick! down with you," whispered Mitsos. "I think there is but one man who can go like that, but it is best— Ah, I thought so. Show him we can run too."

And in two minutes Nicholas, with a face all welcome and morning, was with them.

The Greek camp which was being formed here, high up on the unfrequented side of Taygetus, was square, half of it lying on each side of a ravine that descended towards the plain of Kalamata, down which course a brawling rocky stream. It lay about five hundred yards below the place where the beacon was to be, which stood on the top of the isolated hill, separated on all sides by steep narrow gullies from the main mass of Taygetus. It was Nicholas who had chosen the spot, and certainly his choice did credit to him; for while the camp itself lay concealed and sheltered from the northern winds, the top of the hill just above it, from which a man could run down in two minutes into the camp, was an eyrie for observation. On the north it commanded the Arcadian plain, the corner of which Mitsos and Yanni had crossed early the morning before; on the west of the whole the valley of Messenia, with its capital, Kalamata, lay spread out like a map, and directly under it to the south lay the Langarda Pass, over Taygetus from Messenia to Sparta.

It was roughly marked out with a tall, thick barrier of brushwood, and covered with small huts roofed with furze and built of poles, between which were woven branches of fir and heather. In the centre, just on the right of the stream, stood the hut shared by Petrobey and Nicholas, built in exactly the same manner as the others, and only distinguished by a blue and white flag which floated over it, bearing the Cross of Greece above the Crescent of Turkey. At the top of the enclosure stood a belt of pines, most of which had been felled for building purposes, one here and there only having been left to give support to a much more carefully constructed building of planks, which was divided inside into two chambers, in one of which were stored powder and ammunition, in the other the rifles and swords. Additional protection was given to the powder-magazine by a coat of felt which was nailed on above the boards.

The camp was all alive and humming like a hive of bees when the three arrived; a train of mules from the district round which Yanni and Mitsos had made their first journey, bringing the contents of the mills from Kalyvia and Tsimova, had just come in. This was the first consignment of powder which had arrived, and Petrobey was superintending its stowage in the magazine. In other places the thin blue smoke of wood fires where men were making their coffee for breakfast rose up straight into the air, and the flashing of axes in the morning sun showed others still finishing their huts. During the last two nights the clan and the patriots from the villages round had been secretly arriving with their arms and provisions for the next few days, until the gathering was complete, and a herd of sheep and goats were browsing on the shrub-clad sides of the ravine below the camp. Already there were not less than two hundred men there, and before three days Petrobey hoped that the whole depot, consisting of eight hundred men with arms, would be assembled. Further along the sides of the mountain there were three more similar camps, and thus the total number of men who would march down from Taygetus on to Kalamata would reach over three thousand. These were all drawn from Laconia, Argolis, and the south of Arcadia, and the number would be raised to close on five thousand by additions from the populous Messenian plain. The patriots of the north of Greece would at the beacon signal rise simultaneously in Achaia as soon as the camps all contained their complement of men.

In the camp everything was conducted with the utmost regularity and order. A body of the younger and more active men were stationed on the top of the hill, with orders to report at once any movement they might observe in the country round, and to stop *vi et armis* any Turk who was seen going up the pass from Messenia into Sparta, for fear of news being taken to Tripoli of the assembling of the patriots. This danger, however, was inconsiderable; all the camps were most carefully hidden from view, and the only circumstance of suspicion was that many Greeks had left their villages with laden mules and with their flocks. Even this was not unusual at this time of the year, for it was common as soon as April opened up the hills to drive the flocks higher up to the mountain pasture, when the shepherds would spend weeks at a time cutting down pines and burning them for charcoal. But this flight of Petrobey and Nicholas and the escape of Yanni would be sufficient to put their enemies on the lookout, and for the next few days it was most important that no alarm should be given in Kalamata. For the last few weeks the fortification of Tripoli had been undergoing repair, and it was evidently expected that if a rising took place the first attack would be directed there; or, at any rate, the Turks thought that it was safer to have some fortress in a fairly central position, where their families scattered about the country could take refuge if necessary;

All the cattle, all the arms, the mules and horses brought to the camp, were put under the disposal of Petrobey. As he was the head of the clan of Mavromichales, of whom the camp was chiefly composed, Nicholas had felt it better that he should have absolute supremacy in all matters; and, as he had said to Priketes, all that he asked for himself was the right to serve. Petrobey was loath to take advantage of his generosity, and only did so on condition that Nicholas would promise to give him advice and counsel on all points, dissent from him freely and promptly where his judgment did not coincide with his own, and at the wish of his men be willing himself to take over the sole command. Meantime would he take in charge the outposts and messenger corps, of the camp on which devolved the duty of watching the roads, and of carrying news from one camp to another?

Nicholas had just come down from the beacon station when the two boys arrived, and the three went together to Petrobey. He was busy with the unlading of the powder-carrying mules when they came up, but as they drew near he saw them and ran towards them.

"The Blessed Virgin be praised," he cried, "that you have come. We expected you earlier; how was it you did not come before? Ah, Yanni, but your father has wearied for you! Is it a long account we have with Mehemet? Mitsos, good lad, may Christ reward you for bringing him safe! We will breakfast together when I have finished this job. Get you to my tent with Nicholas."

The unlading of the powder was an operation which, so Petrobey thought, could not be too carefully done. It arrived in big donkey panniers, covered over with charcoal or some country produce, and the panniers were taken off and carried by men barefoot into the magazine. Here others were stationed whose duty it was to take off the stuff under which the powder was concealed, and empty the powder itself into small skin bottles, which could be carried by a man, and held more than the ordinary powder-flasks. There were eight hundred of these, one for each man in the camp, and when they were full the remainder was to be stored in light wooden boxes of handier shapes for transport on the ammunition-mules than the panniers.

During the day quantities of men from the Maina country arrived in the camp, and news came from the other camp along the mountain-side that they too were filling rapidly. Fifty men had joined the patriots from Nauplia and the plain of Argos, among whom were the priest Father André and Mitsos's father. Mitsos himself, however, was to remain in the camp of the Mavromichales, as he was to act as aide-de-camp to Nicholas, but otherwise the disposition of the men was strictly geographical, as Petrobey rightly thought that men who had known each other fought best side by side. Each camp was organized in the same way as the Mavromichales' camp, and the captains of each had voluntarily put themselves under the supreme command of Petrobey; for the dissensions which subsequently broke out in the army had not yet appeared, and the Hetairist Club, since the flight of Prince Alexander Ypsilantes, had wisely given express orders that the direction of affairs in the Mona was to be in the hands of some local chieftain, suggesting for that office either Petrobey or Nicholas.

A week passed, and the camps were all nearly full, and Petrobey waited impatiently for the completion of his preparations. Partly by extreme caution, and partly by good luck, there had as yet been no collision with the Turks, and apparently no uneasiness felt in Kalamata. A report had come in, a couple of days before, that two Turkish ships of war had been sent there in order to defend the town, or carry off the Turkish inhabitants in case of an outbreak. But though the bay was carefully watched by those on the beacon-point, no sign of them had been seen. But about mid-day on the 2d of April a scout from the beacon came into the camp saying that a small band of Turks, some twelve in number, and armed, followed by a train of baggage-mules, were coming up the pass from Kalamata.

Petrobey's answer was short and decisive—"Stop them!" and some twenty men were sent out to re-enforce the outpost at the beacon. From the camp nothing could be seen of the road, but a dozen more men were told off to hold themselves in readiness. Then, after a long pause, shots were heard, and in half an hour's time the message came back that they had been "stopped."

And thus the wine was drawn.

Then Petrobey waited no longer. Yanni, who was his aide-de-camp, was sent off in haste to the next station, with orders that an hour before sunset the army was to start on its march to Kalamata, and all afternoon the preparations were hurried on. The clan were half wild with excitement and eagerness, but all were absolutely in control, and went about their duties methodically and in perfect order, and the work of lading and marshalling the ammunition and baggage mules was finished by four o'clock. Meanwhile another party had carried up fuel for the beacon to the top of the hill, which beacon, Petrobey had arranged, was to be the signal not only across to the hill above Bassæ, but to the patriots collected lower down in the village of the Messenian plain. Mitsos, who was charged with the lighting of it, was to do so as soon as it was dark, and then follow straight down the hill-side after the main body. The whole disposition of the force round Kalamata, and the routes by which, converging as they went, they were to march there, had been already arranged, and by five o'clock the clan set out, spreading themselves in open order over the hill-side, the mules alone following the road of the pass, so as to prevent any one leaving the town by other mountain paths over Taygetus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

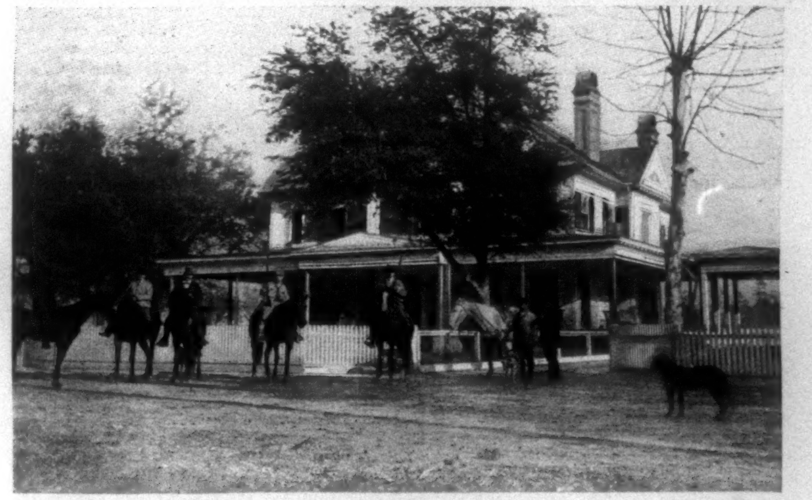
# SPORT IN THE SAVANNAH BOTTOM.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

LYING along the Savannah River and some forty miles north of the city of that name is a strip of land made up of the contiguous properties owned or controlled by the Pineland and Oketee clubs of South Carolina, together with the private holdings of Mr. John K. Garnett, of Garnett, South Carolina, who is the president of both club organizations. The tract contains approximately one hundred and three thousand acres, and is thirty-five miles in length, with a varying width of from two to seven miles. Topographically it may be described as flat, a fifteen-foot contour being sufficient to include all the natural elevations, with the exception of the remarkable formation that divides the flat from the river swamps, and which is locally known as the "Sand Hills." The natural slope is of course towards the river, the character of the country changing gradually from pine-wood uplands, through cultivated clearings and scrub-oak barrens, to the cypress swamps that form so characteristic a feature of Southern river scenery. But these familiar conditions are modified by the presence of the Sand Hills spoken of above, so that instead of one swamp there are two, the sandy ridge dividing them being from one to three miles in width, and with an average elevation above the swamp of thirty feet. This natural barrier is the great safeguard for the larger game, the wild turkey, deer, and bear, who would otherwise have no secure place of refuge during the season of the spring freshets, when the rising waters compel them to leave the deep or river swamp. Were it not for the Sand Hills they would be driven to the uplands and fall an easy prey to the shotgun of the hunter, but on the Sand Hills they are safe, the flat or inner swamp being also inundated at the flood season through the natural waterways. Even in the dry season the river swamp is inaccessible to dogs and men, and the deer, when hard pressed, have only to cross the Sand Hills to find a safe retreat upon the innumerable hummocky islands along the river edge. Of course the natural feeding-ground for both deer and turkey is the inner swamp and the clearings beyond, but they can find ample subsistence upon the Sand Hills for the few days of high-water.

THE OKETEE CLUB-HOUSE.

The value of this natural game-preserve is apparent when we cross the river to the Georgia side. Here the ground rises abruptly from the river, and there is almost no swamp to serve as a covert. The game, driven away from the river by the rising waters, are exposed at once to attacks from all sides, and, as a consequence, a deer on the Georgia side is as rare a find as a woolly horse would be. Occasionally some rash young buck, who has crossed the river in search of pastures new, is surprised and his retreat cut off. Then the whole county turns out under arms, and every "cracker" within hearing of the court-house bell joins in the brief and unequal fray, whose end is the pot, and whose only glory is in first blood.



OFF FOR THE DRIVE.

It was this unique natural provision for the preservation of the larger game that first drew the attention of sportsmen to this particular section, and in 1891 the Pineland Shooting Club was organized, the prime movers being Messrs. Garnett, H. B. Hollins of New York, N. Wallace of Connecticut, and E. W. Clark, Jr., and J. S. Clark of Philadelphia. It was a circumstance hardly less important from the sportsman's point of view that the land had always been held in large tracts of several thousands of acres, and that consequently the element of the poor white squatter was practically nil. A half-dozen landed proprietors, with the blacks, composed the resident population, and this fact made co-operation an easy matter and insured an effectual application of the game laws.

In 1895 the Oketee Club was organized upon the same lines as the Pineland, with the exception that the rules of the former permit the members to bring their wives and families to the club. Both clubs have commodious homes, with ample sleeping accommodations, and stables, and kennels thoroughly equipped for their needs. The incorporators of the Oketee Club were Julian T. Davies, Samuel Thorne, George C. Clark, R. Somers Hayes, and John K. Garnett. Among the other members are: Charles T. Barney, William C. Whitney, F. A. Schermerhorn, H. Walter Webb, Arthur M. Dodge, Oliver H. Payne, T. Jefferson Coolidge, E. D. Morgan, J. J. Hill, Oakley Thorne, and Sir Henry King. The limit is fixed at twenty-five, and there are no vacant seats. On the Pineland list are the names of C. Oliver Iselin, A. V. de Goncouria, R. D. Winthrop, F. E. Simpson, W. B. Duncan, Jr., S. D. Ripley, J. O. Donner, Chester Griswold, Ralph Mortimer, and General Wade Hampton. The membership limit is thirty.

The game includes quail, woodcock, doves, Wilson snipe, teal, wood and Mallard duck, turkey, and deer, while in the deeper parts of the swamp may be found the wild-cat and the black bear. The bird-dogs are nearly all setters and principally Llewellyns. Cat-briers and thorns are so abundant that the pointers are heavily handicapped, and in ordinary seasons there is too much water to suit any other dog than a setter.

The cover for the quail is excellent, consisting of short broom-sledge, that gives the birds protection and at the same time insures open shooting. The pine-lands are kept clear of undergrowth by a yearly burning over, and it is an exceptional thing not to be able to get a free and clear sight at even a single bird. There are cultivated clearings in plenty in these pine uplands, and it is an easy matter to flush a half-score of coveys—or say one hundred birds—in a morning's work, and that, too, without going out of sight of Mr. Garnett's house.

Everybody shoots on horseback—that is, one rides leisurely along behind the dogs until game is made. A quick dismount, an instant's pause to slip in a couple of shells, and the covey is flushed, to be marked down farther on, and perhaps followed up on foot, if the distance be short or the bird a singleton. Of course one may hunt in the orthodox manner, if he so elects, but the fashion of the country commends itself in the saving of time and the promotion of comfort, especially with the dinner hour at hand and the club-house three miles away.

There may be other sections where small birds are more plentiful, or even where there are more of deer and other large game; but, taking everything into consideration, its accessibility (twenty-five hours from New York), the glorious winter climate, the advantages of a natural preserve for large game, the absence of the pot-hunter and the poacher, and the general opportunities for all around sport, it is safe to say that the Pineland country comes pretty close to realizing that oft-quoted and long-dreamed-of ideal—"a sportsman's paradise."

We have had two days among the birds, with an incidental battue in honor of the doves (and, by-the-way, a swiftly quartering dove is no bad wing practice), and this morning we are to try our luck with hound and horn. A telephone message to the Pineland Club the night before has brought us a couple of recruits, and the drivers are to meet us a mile below on the Parachicola road. There is some discussion over the respective merits of "Three Bone" stand on "Cyprus" run, and the "Sisters" stand on "Blue" run, but as we are only five guns strong the decision is finally for one of the smaller stands. It is a glorious morning, with all the balmy softness of a perfect May day, the deep blue sky over our heads and the brown sedge crackling musically beneath our horses' feet. Truly it is good to be alive and astride a horse's back on such a day as this.

We amble along two and two, with Mr. Warren Lawton, who is officiating as master of the hounds, bringing up the rear and keeping a watchful eye upon his dogs. "White Rouser" and "Reb" are young and impetuous and inclined to range widely, but we are still in the open country, and they are too anxious to be in the chase to disregard the occasional admonition of the master's lustily winded horn. They are fine deep-chested animals, these black-and-tan native hounds, and evidently built for both speed and bottom. Several attempts have been made to introduce English strains, but the imported dog has not shown himself equal to the pace. Lately a cross between the native dog and the Virginia lemon-and-white hound has been tried with satisfactory results, and the evolution promises improvement in all-around points. At present, however, the pack is made up entirely of native dogs, and they are quite fast and stanch enough for all practical purposes.

Of course the principal shooting is from stands, but it is the rarer sport to ride with the drive and run the chance of a snap-shot at the moment that the game is "jumped." There are three or four natives and negroes who are assisting the master, all mounted on nondescript specimens of horse or mule flesh, and possessed of an abnormal capacity for the emission of ear-splitting shrieks and whoops. The canebrake cover beyond is a favorite jumping-place, and a "find" is almost certain. And listen! there is "Black Rouser" giving tongue, and the other dogs, with an implicit confidence in their old leader's omniscience, hasten to swell the chorus. A flash of fawn-colored light as the deer breaks cover, and then with a whoop and a yell the crescent-shaped line of horsemen sweeps forward and the chase is on.

It is fairly open riding through the cathedral-like aisles of the mighty pines, for there is almost no undergrowth. But there is plenty of fallen timber, relics of the famous storm of August, 1893, which devastated the sea islands and swept like some giant scythe through these forest glades. However, these native horses are wonderfully sure-footed, and with a loose rein and a home-seat in the deep McClellan tree, you may trust "Tip" and "Whiteface" for the rest, with, of course, a mental reservation that may permit of providential interference in the case of a gopher-hole or a hidden log. It is all in the game, and it is a poor spirit indeed that will not risk the candle.

The chase is clear away, and that, too, without giving the ghost of an opportunity on the "jump." But the "stand" is still ahead of the quarry, and by the exercise of a little imagination we may assume that we have elected to wait for fortune rather than to follow it.

It is quiet here in the deep woods, quiet with the still-

ON THE STAND.

ness of a New England Sunday morning. We are stationed some three hundred yards apart (out of gunshot—for rifles are not allowed), with the horses tethered safely in some hollow beyond. The sunlight flickers down through the pine-tops, changing the brown needles into masses of dull gold, while sharp against the heavenly blue stands out an enormous holly-bush, gorgeous in its Christmas raiment of green and scarlet. It is peace and good-will again on earth, and then— The gentleman from New Jersey grasps his gun nervously with both hands. Can it be that this "cruel war" is not over yet? Surely that was the old Confederate yell; and was it the Louisiana "Tigers" or the "Black Horse" cavalry? Steady! that is "Black Rouser's" voice, and our host expects every man to do his duty if we are to have venison steak for supper. Motionless as graven images—for the least flutter will cause the deer to swerve—we stand, waiting. The novice feels his heart thumping wildly, and there is a blue haze before his eyes. He almost wishes that the chance may not come to him, and an instant after bitterly anathematizes the other fellow's good luck as a shot rings out on the station above. Three blasts of the horn as the drive sweeps over the stand, and we hurry to the scene of the "kill." A two-year-old buck, and we are hardly two miles from the house, and just one hour out!

It is too good luck not to follow up, and after a few minutes' pause to bleed and hang the carcass and let the dogs have a good sniff at the forbidden fruit, we are in the saddle again, bound for the "Boggy" run, two miles away. The station here is near the Parachicola road, and it is to be understood that most of the stands are on the ancient causeways, built in *ante bellum* days by slave labor, and running through the swamps to the river landings.

The run this time is longer, for the game may be either turkey or deer, and the hounds are as ready to flush and run the one as to "jump" the other. Truly to-day the gods are propitious, for a flock of six or seven gobblers break out of the cane and come sailing majestically over our heads. Nobody is loaded with turkey-shot, but no matter: a brace of "bucks" in the right place will do the business quite as well. There is a sharp crack from T.'s gun, and the great bird falls like a stone into the thickest part of a thorn-patch. But it is worth a few scratches to get him out—a veritable king of the woods, resplendent in his purplish-bronze plumage and patriarchal beard. "He'll weigh sixteen pounds when drawn," says Warren Lawton, as he "lifts" him, meditatively; "and now what did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina?" And we answer as one man.

## THE WOODCOCK AND HIS WAYS.

The woodcock is a bird of singular, not to say grotesque, habits. A bird that feeds by night and rests by day, sees behind it without turning its head, has two distinct methods of flight (if not more), that gets its food by making shafts, or "bores," in the ground with its bill, and that is said to carry its young about on its back, may fairly be called eccentric. Though not more than half the size of the European species, he has much the same habits, and is quite his equal as a table delicacy. As regards difficulty in shooting him, he ranks next to the ruffed grouse or partridge, and is far less abundant. Altogether he is one of the finest of our American game birds. His habits, and the cover he frequents, render it almost impossible to shoot him in any way but fairly on the wing. He can't be "treed" by a barking cur-dog, and murdered sitting, as has been the fate of many an unhappy partridge. And yet, I fear, this beautiful and wily game bird is doomed to share the fate of the wild-turkey, which has become so scarce and is on the road to extinction, and for much the same reasons, viz., limit of range and destroyal of covers. The axe is more fatal to the woodcock than the gun. Then, again, the woodcock cannot be preserved as the pheasant is in England, and as the quail is beginning to be in some parts of America. So his extermination is certain. The American woodcock is seldom found west of the Mississippi, and never on the Pacific coast or in the great Northwest country. He is still plentiful in some of the Southern Atlantic States, and is found in fair numbers yet in the New England and Middle States. Southern and central Ontario, Canada, is, I think, the woodcock's last stronghold on this continent. Though he is pretty plentiful in southern Quebec, in northern Quebec it is too cold for him, and he is unknown. I have never heard of him north of the Laurentians, nor even in Muskoka, nor in the country north of Peterborough. The name "woodcock" is universally applied to the woodpecker all through the northern backwoods of Canada, and is apt to prove misleading to sportsmen. In the Niagara peninsula, and about Hamilton and the counties bordering on Lake Erie, the woodcock, once very abundant, is now rapidly passing away.

Prince Edward County, Ontario, where the writer of this paper lives, is probably the best country for woodcock-shooting left in Ontario, with the exception, perhaps, of that vast stretch of covers extending right across the great county of Simcoe and into the adjacent counties. Even in these favored localities, however, the falling off in the number of birds of late years is sadly perceptible. Many sportsmen from the States and elsewhere go to Prince Edward County in the summer for black-bass and maskinonge fishing, some even staying till the fall to have a crack at the ducks, but never learning that within three miles of the county-town there are large stretches of cover where really good woodcock-shooting can be had.

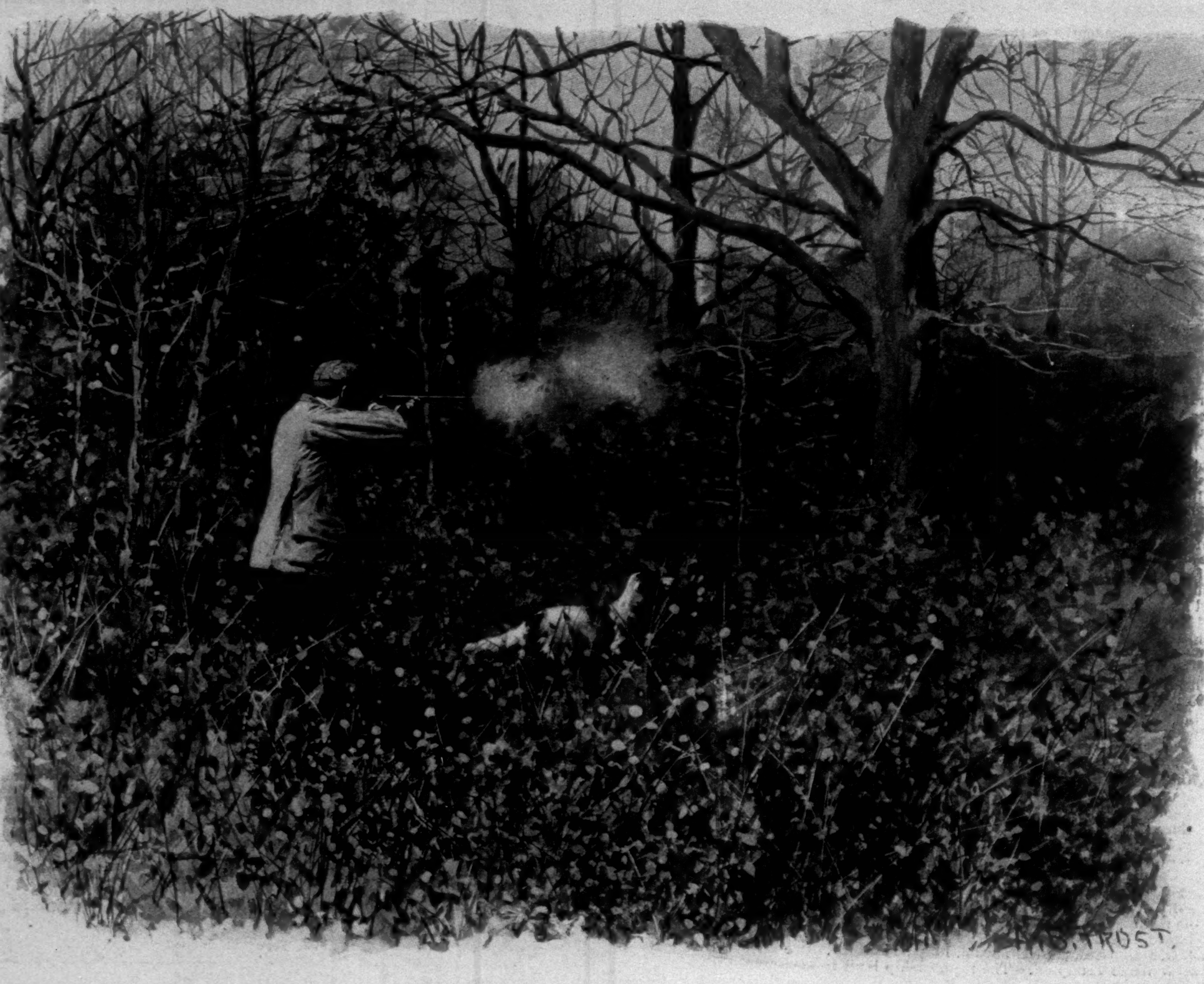
These covers, and, I fancy, most other covers in America where woodcock are plentiful, are very dense, and afford some reason and excuse for that reckless but fascinating form of amusement called "snap-shooting." Now I grant it is an inspiring sight to see a crack shot bowl over a twisting woodcock when it appears like a mere shadow for part of a second through the close tangle of vines and underbrush, or stop the still more *difficile* ruffed grouse, as he whizzes like a feathered cannon-ball through the densest thicket he can pick out. But when a man who isn't a crack shot tries this sort of thing in close cover, the consequences are sometimes disastrous. I know well a keen sportsman, and a very good fellow, who, snap-shooting, when he had plenty of time for a steady aim, put at least half an ounce of No. 10 into, not his, but, far worse, his friend's pointer, at least twenty-five feet below the bird he aimed, or, rather, didn't aim at. The same gentleman afterwards performed the feat of putting six shot into the arm and one through the ear of his shooting companion while "snapping" at a passing ruffed grouse. That sort of shooting is apt to interfere with the concord and harmony which are the chief charm in the companionship of true sportsmen.

I once heard of a gentleman—a clergyman, too—who tried a "snap shot" at the brown gaiters of a comrade in close cover, taking them for a running hare. He, moreover, promptly followed up his shot by firing his second barrel, being desirous, as he afterwards explained, "of putting the poor thing out of pain." The clerical gentleman was a better "snap shot" than the sportsman first mentioned, for he hit his mark with both barrels; but his target was even more dissatisfied and fractious about it than the other man's.

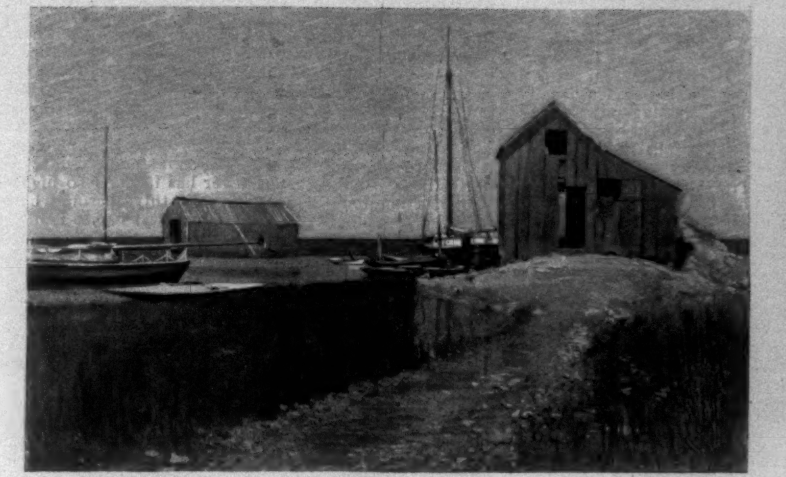
Leaving out the consideration of the danger of snap-shooting in very thick cover, it is mostly quite needless. You can, if you are steady, nearly always find time to cover your bird fairly in any cover, especially in the case of a woodcock, which almost invariably "towers" towards the light. I believe firmly that it may be almost considered a sporting axiom "that ten birds are missed by shooting too quickly for one that is missed by shooting too slowly." A fine old sportsman once told me that he thought the words "Don't hurry" should be engraved on a plate on the butt just back of the barrels of every young sportsman's gun.

In all woodcock covers in which I have shot, the birds early in September (about moulting-time) leave the dense wet swamp altogether in the daytime, and go up to the knolls and dry upland grounds, covered with dwarf poplars, maple, and brambles, in the immediate vicinity of their swampy feeding-grounds. They certainly come down to feed in the wet covers at night, for you will find the mud round the pools and small streamlets of the low grounds riddled with their "bores," and yet you go for a couple of miles without flushing a bird. Go up to the higher grounds close by, and you may put up a dozen in a very short time. A week or two later they are all back in the swamp again. This fact is worth noting.

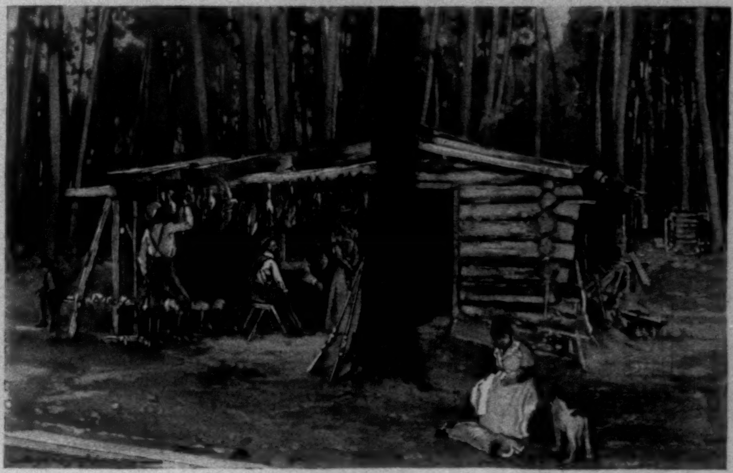
This same woodcock is a most original bird. Sometimes you will think he is the biggest idiot of a bird that ever lived, and at other times you will agree with a friend of mine, who claims "he knows as much as some white men, and more than many." I've known him to fly out of cover in an aimless sort of way, hang in the wind for a moment, and then flop down within ten yards of you, right out in the open, looking as if he thought he'd picked out the safest part of North America to rest in. Then, again, I've known one to keep two good marksmen and two good dogs dodging about for half an hour in one thick bit of cover, going off in every direction but the right one, with the velocity of a ruffed grouse and the twist and dodge of a Wilson's snipe. Half an hour's pursuit of such a bird, in a dense thicket, on a hot



A SNAP SHOT AT WOODCOCK.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



A POT-HUNTERS' CLUB HOUSE.



A CAMP IN THE PINES NEAR CURRITUCK.

September afternoon, with the thermometer near ninety degrees in the shade, not a breath of wind stirring, and a thousand mosquitoes to the square yard in the atmosphere round your person, gives you a much higher opinion of the woodcock's intellect.

He seems to know, too, when you have got one leg hip-deep in a bog-hole, and generally selects that moment to rise and depart. Even when you have him in front of a steady point, it's a toss-up whether he shoots over the dog's back straight in your face like a sky-rocket, or zigzags off so close to your comrade's head that you daren't fire for your life (or, rather, for his life), or else flops into a dense tangle of vines, and sticks there long enough for a boy ten years old to shoot him.

For all his peculiarities, he is one of the best of game birds for the true sportsman, who likes to kill his game fairly and on the wing, and it is sad that he is becoming scarcer and scarcer each succeeding year.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

## THE PASSING OF THE DUCK.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

SAID the most noted sportsman and gun-maker in the neighborhood of the national capital, a short time since:

"I can myself load all the shells the sportsmen order for shooting ducks, when ten years ago I had to use a machine and was rushed in my work. Where all the ducks have gone is more than I can say."

And probably nine-tenths of those who in the coming fall and winter go to shoot wild-fowl will recall his words, and wonder where all the birds have gone.

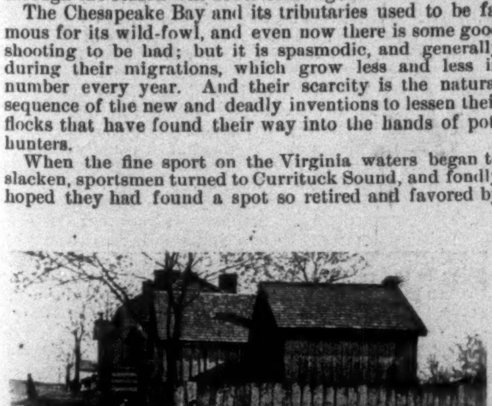
I have lived on the banks of the Potomac and been an enthusiastic duck-hunter for over a quarter of a century, following the sport with a persistency that, turned in the direction of business, would have made me a richer but certainly not a healthier or a happier man.

I can well remember the day when within a few miles of the national capital could be found the finest of duck-shooting. In common with our neighbors, we had ducks for dinner every day in season, and the usual course of the housewife was to hand her husband's gun to one of the hands and tell him to bring back so many ducks. The manner of procuring them was always the same. The gunner and a companion walked to the shore where there was a good feeding-ground, the ducks swam slowly away, the gunner hid behind some tree or blind and the other walked off, and the flock, thus deceived, returned to leave some of their number fluttering on the banks. I often bought canvas-backs in those days for five cents apiece.

The constant travel of boats, as well as continued hunting, has nearly destroyed shooting on the Potomac River. One may get a day or so of good sport under favorable conditions, but the time for making good bags all through the season will never come again.

The Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries used to be famous for its wild-fowl, and even now there is some good shooting to be had; but it is spasmodic, and generally during their migrations, which grow less and less in number every year. And their scarcity is the natural sequence of the new and deadly inventions to lessen their flocks that have found their way into the hands of pot-hunters.

When the fine sport on the Virginia waters began to slacken, sportsmen turned to Currituck Sound, and fondly hoped they had found a spot so retired and favored by nature that it would afford them good shooting for the balance of their lives.

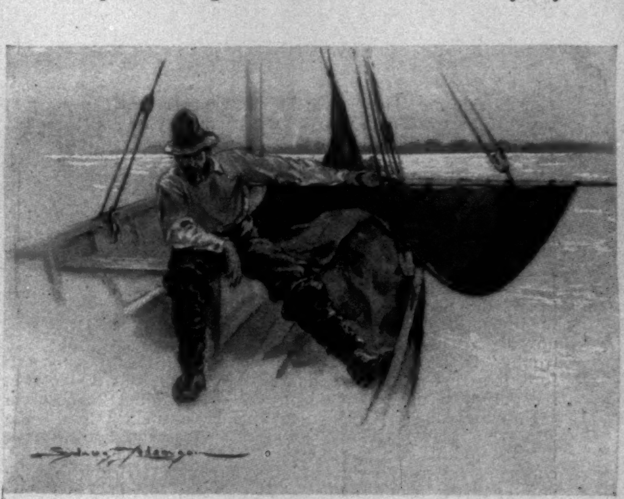


GULL ISLAND CLUB HOME.

There is no question but that the waters of Currituck Sound give the finest red-head, canvas-back, and shoveller shooting in America. The bottom of the shallow sound, some forty square miles in area, is one mass of wild-celery, and it seems to have been placed by nature as the feeding-place and native reservoir of wild-fowl. I have never seen such varieties of ducks as I beheld on my first visit there in the early seventies, and three days' gunning gave me enough killing to last me during the season.

The rich sportsmen of the North flocked to this place and bought up all the best sites, ponds, marshes, and points, and there were millions invested in club-houses and improvements. But the glory of Currituck has faded like a mirage of the plains. It is the old tale of soulless pot-hunters and greedy native market-gunners, using illegal means and defying the law, that has steadily diminished the great flocks of wild-fowl, until the shooting is so poor that it now costs the club-men from three to five dollars for every duck they kill.

Then, again, the great storm of last September drove quantities of salt water over the sandy barrier that divides the sea from the sound, thus tainting the fresh water of Currituck, and thereby killing all the celery, so that the wild-fowl in their migrations kept on their way South.



TYPE OF COAST NORTH-CAROLINIAN.

I passed through this section last summer on my way to Hatteras, and it was sad to see how this superb resort has run down, and how the folly, greed, and villany of men have destroyed what nature intended to be forever a great sporting Utopia. But, to tell the truth and shame the devil, though these game-poachers deserve all the opprobrium cast upon them, yet the club-men themselves are largely responsible for the illegal killing of the wild-fowl, and it happens in this wise: There are some club-men and their guests who, before leaving home, promise friends some of the spoils of their gun. The chances are that the weather is too open for the game to fly, or the water-fowl are gunned to death, and the sportsman who started South with glowing anticipation and small arsenal (outfit and ammunition enough to serve a battery shooter through the season) finds himself short on game, and hates to return home empty-handed and be exposed to the chaff of his friends. His guide knows how he feels, and tells him a friend of his can supply him with a lot of good-sized birds at high figures, and the club-man jumps at the offer. In the still depths of the night the booming sound of the huge swivel-gun floats over the water; it is the guide's friend shooting into the ricks of ducks sleeping in the creeks and ponds. The club-man gets the wild-fowl and carries them home. The guide shares profits with the pot-hunter, and the frightened ducks soar upward, and do not stop until hundreds of miles have been traversed.

The real lovers of sport among the visiting club-men and native sportsmen have joined hands cordially in determined efforts to protect the fast-diminishing game-supply. The Legislature of North Carolina is in full accord, and has passed all the enactments offered. It is now illegal to shoot wild-fowl three days in the week, and the penalties for the poachers and their ilk are severe; but there is not a sufficient force of constabulary to enforce the laws, and a capture and conviction are rare indeed. No doubt, were the harbor police force organized and a strict watch kept, the fowl-supply would last many years longer. The club-men of Currituck ought to organize for their mutual protection, and arm and equip a couple of flat-bottomed steamers of light draught. These patrolling the waters, especially at night, would effectually put a stop to all depredations.

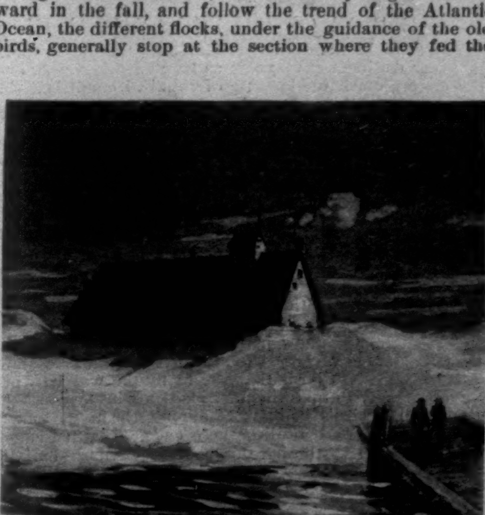
If I were asked to name the spot where the finest sport for wild-fowl existed on the Atlantic coast, I would unhesitatingly say Cobbs Island, which attracted sportsmen from all over America, and had its glory during the seventies and eighties. But Cobbs Island is only a memory now. The waves have engulfed this sportsmen's paradise, and where were hotel, village, church, and a population of six hundred souls, only the life-saving station and a few fishermen remain. The story of the rise and fall of Cobbs is a romance.

There is one place, Ocracoke Inlet, below Hatteras, where yet can be found the finest of wild-fowl shooting, and which from its very inaccessibility will keep gunners away. The only route is through the five sounds that border the ocean, beginning at Currituck and ending at Pamlico, and it is harder to reach this place than to go to Europe. Even in a yacht the undertaking is difficult and dangerous, for to circle the Diamond Reefs off Hatteras is almost equal to doubling Cape Horn. With favorable winds it took me five days to get to the inlet from Norfolk, Virginia, and several times baffling winds and storms utterly prevented our party from making the trip, and we had to return, defeated and disgruntled.

Apparently there is no diminution of the flight of wild-fowl from their breeding-grounds in their inaccessible haunts of Labrador and Canada. The veteran light-housekeepers along Virginia and North Carolina, who possess exceptional opportunities of witnessing the flight of the birds, tell me they can see no difference in the size and number of the flocks; and, what is the best test of all, they find after a great storm as many dead and crippled ducks that have been attracted by the light and dashed themselves against the screen protecting the reflecting-lantern as ever they did.

It was my good fortune to see one of these breeding-places. In the early fall of '94 I was on an exploring expedition about one hundred miles north of Quebec, and after an exhausting portage of a half-day over a chain of mountains, the guides launched the birch-bark on a lone lake, whose waters had probably never before floated a craft, and there to my delight I witnessed scores of wild-ducks paddling along the shore, followed by broods of ducklings; and though many had just emerged from their shells, they could take care of themselves, and disappeared in a second among the lily-pads. This occurrence made a great impression on me, for I had crossed about fifty lakes and seen no young water-fowl. It showed how carefully the ducks choose their nesting-place. I do not see how the wild-fowl can suffer seriously in their breeding-places.

It is a peculiarity of wild-fowl, both geese and ducks, when they find a good feeding-ground, to remain in the vicinity all during the season. They seem to have a strong local attachment, and when they migrate southward in the fall, and follow the trend of the Atlantic Ocean, the different flocks, under the guidance of the old birds, generally stop at the section where they fed the



THE CURRITUCK CLUB HOUSE, NORTH CAROLINA.
The home of the oldest organization on the sound—started a half a century ago. Nearly overwhelmed by a gigantic sand mound.

previous season. They may be fired at and still remain, only getting more and more wary, until it is difficult to lure them to the blinds, except in stormy weather; and they keep far out in the open water, and seem to detect the decoys before arriving within gun-shot. If the gunning is carried on in moderation, they will stay until they migrate northward, some time in the month of March. But if these birds are shot at in the night, they rise high into the air and by instinct strike southward.

So far as I can learn, the supply of ducks on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida remains undiminished, and this is because of the constant re-enforcement of the flocks that have been driven from the waters of Virginia and North Carolina by incessant gunning or night-shooting.

With the wild-geese, and especially the species known as the "white Canada goose," it is different. These birds have evoluted in wisdom until their sagacity offsets man's ingenuity. A few weeks after the season opens they "catch on" to all the wiles of the sportsman. They treat the wooden decoys with marked contempt, and view with suspicion the tame live decoys; and only in rough weather, when they get scattered, do they stool at all. They choose as their resting and sleeping place wide sea-meadow as level as a billiard table, with neither wood nor shrubbery to serve as blinds, and the sportsman standing on a sand dune can see them by the acre; but this tantalizing glimpse is all he can get, for they are on the *qui vive* all the time. They cannot be slaughtered in the night like the ducks, for they keep regular sentinels outside of the flock, who give alarm at the slightest indication of danger. So they slumber in peace, for the stealthiest pot-hunter knows by experience that, though he may crawl on all-fours in the night over the sand waste or through the short grass of the sea-meadows, or wriggle like a snake on his stomach, he cannot pass the sleepless old ganders that keep watch and ward over the sleeping fowls.

The subject of the preservation of game is of such importance that the sportsmen should form a national society to codify and carry out the laws. There should be a sportsman's congress held every year. The people should be educated on the subject, and taught that the protection of game is not a sentiment or for the benefit of the few, but that it is a benefit pecuniarily to every section they inhabit.

## OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE.

Far, far away, beyond a hazy height,
  The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
  Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
  October robes the weeds in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
  And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
  With pink and purple Morning-glory blooms,
The starry asters glorify the waste,
  While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
  The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,
  And lovely summer songsters that have fled.

And lonesome in a haunt of withered vines,
  Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished Kingdom pines,
  And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October wooes her to remain
  Within the palace of his scarlet bowers,
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
  And weep no more above her faded flowers.

At last November, like a Conqueror, comes
  To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
  Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
  Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with, blazes red as blood,
  A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
  Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a King resigned to fate,
  Dies in his forests with their sunset fire.

Walter Malone.

## THE RISE OF THE CLAY PIGEON.

Very few branches of sport have increased so rapidly in favor during recent years as trap-shooting, a growth the more remarkable because of inimical conditions that prevented anything like the mushroom growth which characterized the early days of lawn-tennis and golf. Chief of these has been the taint of cruelty. In the old trap-and-handle matches this cruelty was actual. The conditions of such matches were for one party to provide the birds and trap them for the other. Two traps, known as H and T traps, were used; so-called from the toss of a coin, "head" or "tail" deciding which trap should be pulled for the man whose turn it was to shoot. This made the match practically one of one trap only, with a rise, as a rule, of twenty-one yards, with the gun held below the elbow until the bird was on the wing, use of one barrel only.

As the shooter knew just where his bird was going to fly from, it became an art to study his weaknesses, and to furnish him with birds that would fly the way he would be most likely to miss them. Pins stuck into various portions of the bird's body were among the most humane devices used to accomplish these ends. Lighted ends of cigars applied to the bare skin of the birds and mutilations of a most infernal description were some of the weapons with which these trap-and-handle fiends really won their matches.

Again, in the earlier days of shooting pigeons from traps the element in attendance was not of the best, the shooting of pigeons being often only an incident to the sale of liquor.

For these reasons trap-shooting was not accepted by sportsmen at the start, and has had an uphill road to travel.

The introduction of artificial targets, such as glass balls and what are now known as "clay pigeons," created a new era. But still the promoters of this new feature did not have plain sailing. The idea of wasting powder and shot on such things was pooh-poohed. Most of the really good shots could not at first hit the glass balls, while "ten straight" on clay pigeons was for several years considered quite a cracker-jack's feat. Trap-shooting at artificial targets made headway slowly for some years, but as prejudice has now been ousted, and the sport reckons its votaries by thousands, it is no longer considered a disgrace to belong to a gun club, and assumed names are fewer than ever before in the history of trap-shooting.

This improved condition of affairs is largely due to the efforts of the manufacturers of guns and ammunition, who have done much missionary-work in localities where the sport needed fostering, or even perhaps introducing.

Of all the associations formed, but two remain, viz., the Inter-State Association and the Sportsmen's Association. Of the two, the former is wholly a trap-shooting organization, while the latter was organized for the benefit of sportsmen throughout the country, without regard to whether they wield the shot-gun, small-bore, or fishing-rod. The Inter-State Association, however, holds under its auspices a series of target tournaments, selecting locations where it deems its work most needed.

To this association is also due the greatest live-bird event of the year—the Grand American Handicap—an event inaugurated in 1893, at Dexter Park, Long Island, with barely enough entries to fill the guarantee of $500. The following year, with an increased number of entries, it was also held at Dexter Park; but in 1895 it was felt that the probability of a largely increased number of entries necessitated preparations on a larger scale than was possible at the Long Island grounds. Willard Park, near Paterson, New Jersey, was chosen, and the number of entries rose to over sixty, making a new high-water mark. The guarantee of $500 to "the three high guns," however, had been raised to a guarantee of $1000, so the increase in the number of entries was not so large after all, the fifty mark having been touched, if memory is not at fault, in 1894. At Willard Park only one set of traps was used for the decision of the Grand American Handicap, but the association determined in future to use two sets at least, in order to shorten the duration of the contest as far as possible. This made it necessary to look out for new grounds, and Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, New Jersey, was chosen for the great live-bird event of 1896. The entries for the Grand American Handicap on this occasion fopped the hundred mark, a hitherto unprecedented figure in an event of this nature in America.

In 1896 the magnificent new grounds at Elkwood Park were opened, and here the big event was held in 1897, with 146 entries and 135 starters, there being among this number a solid delegation of over one dozen shooters from the West, all new entries for this popular event. In 1897 the event gained whatever it may have lost by unpopular weather in 1896.

The winner of the Grand American Handicap is looked upon by many as the champion for that year. The fallacy of this idea is self-evident, as the affair is a handicap. If a scratch man won, he might possibly be entitled to consider himself a champion, but no one who received an allowance could do so. As a matter of fact, it is rather a pity that some such organization as the Inter-State Association does not take in hand the question of championships at live birds. The matter is so mixed up at present that championships at live birds have got to be so common as to create a smile whenever they are mentioned.

Two of these championships are now held by James A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Missouri, while a third seems to be liable to come his way; he has challenged the holder for it, but his challenge has received no attention. It is now merely a question of whether the "championship trophy" is forfeited or not. Under all conditions, therefore, it seems as if Mr. Elliott had the best right to be recognized the champion pigeon-shot of the United States.

In target-shooting championships have luckily been kept very scarce. There is but one true champion at targets, and his name is Fred Gilbert, a young man, and comparatively a new-comer in trap-shooting circles, who sprang first into notoriety in 1895, and this year ('97) has defeated his one-time conqueror and erstwhile champion R. O. Heikes.

Gilbert's training for work at the traps has been years of experience among the prairie-chickens and ducks, when the result of every shot meant just so much money in his pocket, and just so many more birds to be shipped to Eastern markets.

The burning question in trap-shooting circles at the present time is "Professionalism; and what shall we do in regard to it?"

In order to introduce to the shooting public a special brand of powder, certain make of gun or shell, manufacturers hire men to visit trap-shooting tournaments in order that object-lessons may show the excellent qualities of the articles they manufacture. Of course the paid men are chosen from the ranks of the more expert shooters, and the result is that this class, which has increased rapidly in the last four or five years, is very much in evidence at all large tournaments, pocketing by far the largest proportion of the purses in the sweepstake events.

The subject of barring professionals from competing for prizes has been very generally discussed, but no decision arrived at. Tournaments for "amateurs only" are frequently announced, but the attendance, save in a few isolated cases, has been far from satisfactory to the clubs holding such shoots. The reason is not far to seek. The "expert amateur" is just as keen for his share of the purse as is the "expert professional." The "expert amateur" gets the loaf, but the "semi-expert" and the "novice" only get the crumbs.

Handicaps seem to be the only real solution of the trouble, if trap-shooting tournaments are to have large attendance. But then comes the question of what handicap can be adopted to give anything like general satisfaction. "Form" at the trap, and on "clay pigeons" especially, is so inconsistent that the position of a handicapper is enough to turn a man's hair white in a week.

The increase in the number of "professionals barred" tournaments has made it necessary to define positively what constitutes a professional trap-shooter. The following definition is now accepted as the true one: A professional trap-shooter is one who is paid a salary to attend tournaments for the purpose of shooting a certain make of gun, shell, or powder, or who is paid a cash remuneration for shooting the same, whether for exhibition purposes or otherwise. Also, any person who takes part in a match or matches for gate receipts, or who receives a certain sum for taking part in such matches, is a professional trap-shooter. (*Per contra*, all others are amateurs.)

Briefly reviewing trap-shooting as it stands to-day, it is perfectly safe to assert that never has it stood so high in public estimation. There is no earthly reason why it should not go higher still. The greatest bar to its more general popularity is the fact that it is not a poor man's sport. It costs money, and plenty of it, to shoot at the traps. The preliminary outlay for a gun is but a drop in the bucket. The cost of the cartridges and targets, not considering pigeons, for a single short afternoon's sport is fully as much as the man with an average salary can afford to pay out.

Edward Banks.

## PLAYING THE OUANANICHE

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS

In none of the lore of angling, and perhaps in no department of ichthyological science, has more advance been made within the last decade than in the art of playing the ouananiche and in the knowledge of the natural history of this gamest of the game fishes of the North. Ten years ago the non-anadromous salmon of Lake St. John was described in all seriousness as a land-locked variety, and peculiar to the inland sea and its tributary waters; while the angling for it was written of as a conflict between man and a dragonlike adversary which fought its captor more in air than in water, and with so much vigor and success that the strongest tackle manufactured was essential to its capture, and that a good proportion of the rods brought to bear upon the fight were smashed by the angler's valiant combatant as if they were so many match splints. Sportsmen who set out a decade ago to fish for ouananiche armed themselves for the fray as though they were bound for an attack upon the *salmo salar* of coastal streams, and were frequently to be met, as occasional English or Canadian fishermen are to-day, on the Grande Décharge or in the pools of the Metabetchouan River, casting with sixteen-foot, two-handed salmon or grilse rods, just as they do when fishing for thirty-pound salmon in the Moisic or the Restigouche. Nowadays, anglers who have done a little investigating on their own account, or who are familiar with the work of recent explorers, are well aware that nowhere in Canada is the ouananiche a land-locked salmon, and that far from being peculiar to Lake St. John and its feeders and outlet, it is a resident of nearly all Canadian rivers flowing southward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eastward through Labrador into the Atlantic Ocean, or following a northerly course in the direction of Ungava Bay. Scientists go further and show that there are no structural differences between the Atlantic salmon, the Canadian ouananiche, and the land-locked salmon of Maine; and hence we find Mr. A. N. Cheney, the New York State fish-culturist, including the last-mentioned fish with its Canadian congener under the popular name "ouananiche." The difference in habits between the Canadian and the American ouananiche encourages the theory that they belong to different species. This belief is still held by those who have failed to grasp the idea that habits do not constitute variety, and that the difference between those of the Maine fish and its very near relative in the Lake St. John waters is due to the difference in their natural supply of food and in the temperature of the respective waters that they inhabit.

Playing the ouananiche in the Schoodic Lakes is an entirely different operation from that of taking him in a Canadian river; as much so, in fact, as the difference between impaling a brook trout upon a troll and raising him to a surface lure by the employment of the fly-fisherman's finest tackle. There are seasons and places in Canada in which ouananiche are fought and killed as they are in the lakes of Maine, but it is not for this form of the sport that most American anglers visit the environment of the fish.

Ouananiche-fishing is at its best in Canada from about the 20th of May to the 20th of July, and from the 20th of August to the close of the open season on the 15th of September. There is not much better enjoyment of the sport to be had, especially by the novice, than that afforded by the early spring appearance of the fish in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan, the Metabetchouan, and La Belle Rivière from the 20th to the 25th of May. This is always within a few days of the disappearance of the ice from the surface of Lake St. John.

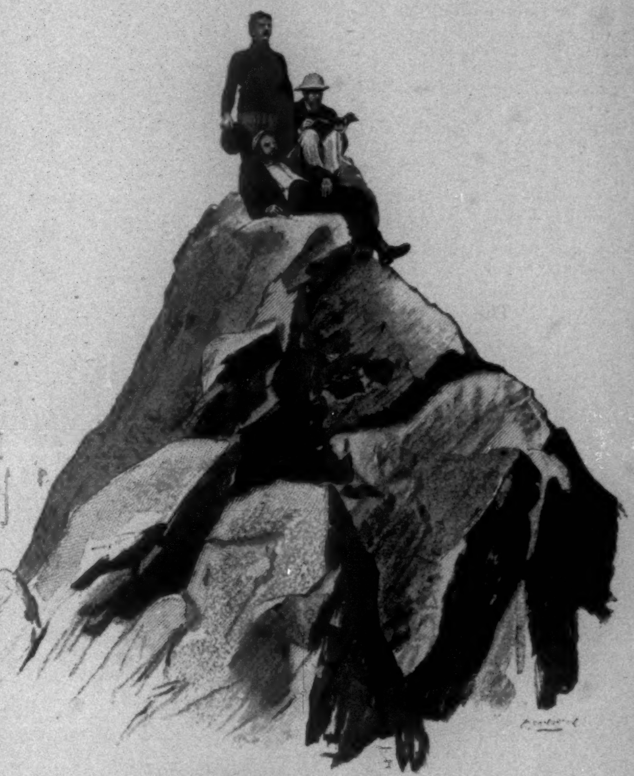
At this season ouananiche are taken in large numbers with bait by the French-Canadian *habitants* of the neighborhood all along the south and west shores of the lake. As these *habitants* fish for food rather than for sport, their angling outfits are of the crudest make and coarsest materials, and their favorite bait pieces of pork or of the flesh of the *ouitouche*, or chub, so abundant in these waters. The early spring fly-fishing in the lake itself and in the mouths of the rivers already mentioned usually lasts for nearly three weeks. The water is high and not so clear as to call for the exercise of the highest skill in the art of fly-casting. For the same reason the tackle need not be of the lightest description. Large flies are advisable, those tied upon number two and number three salmon hooks, either single or double, being not at all too large except in the very brightest weather.

When the waters of Lake St. John begin to subside after the spring floods, usually from the 8th to the 15th of June, the ouananiche makes his appearance in the seething waters of *la Grande Décharge*—that most ideal and picturesque of fishing-grounds, where the surplus waters of a dozen great rivers are poured out of Lake St. John over a broad, rocky, rugged, and rapid descent nearly forty miles in length and plentifully bedecked with pretty islands, into the deep, dark chasm adown which rolls the dismal Saguenay to meet the St. Lawrence on its way to the sea. It is perfectly marvellous how the Indian and half-breed guides navigate the wild rapids of the Décharge, and thrilling indeed is the sensation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe. In the pools below the heaviest of these chutes and rapids is to be had the best angling for ouananiche. It is good nearly all the season, but at its best between the 15th of June and 15th of July. In

July and August the fish may be successfully sought in the great northern feeders of Lake St. John — the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini, and the Peribouca. These waters may be ascended for several days' journey, and for the return there is always a choice of several routes. Various lakes, such as Tschotagama, up the Peribouca, and Lac-à-Jim, between Mistassini and Ashuapmouchouan, contain splendid specimens of ouananiche, but in many of these the fish are taken more freely upon the troll than on the fly. They take a surface lure better immediately below the many great falls and rapids of northern rivers, where they rest awhile on their journey up stream, whither they are impelled by the instinct of parental desires and duties. In their progress up these rivers to their spawning-beds they overcome many obstacles, and, like the salmon fresh run from the sea, leap the precipitous falls that at first sight appear to bar the progress of their ascent. In the Metabetchouan River this journey is short, and the pool upon which the scene in the accompanying illustration was sketched is not more than seven or eight miles from the mouth of the river. The fly-fishing here is at its best from about the 20th of August to the 15th of September. Another phase of the fishing in the Metabetchouan is furnished by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., in his charming introduction to *The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment*.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists as to the best tools for playing the ouananiche. The two-handed grilse-rod, shown in the accompanying illustration, is still a favorite with many devotees of the sport, especially with those preferring a sharp, quick struggle with the fish to a protracted fight. Personally, I believe in the efficacy of a seven to eight ounce trout-rod. But there are experienced anglers who enjoy the sport of killing the fish upon a five-ounce rod, and I admit that there is keen enjoyment in the struggle, and that the weight of the rod suffices for the fight after the fish has been properly stabbed. My only objection to the use of an exceptionally light rod in the heavy water in which the ouananiche is played is based upon the difficulty of striking a rising fish with sufficient promptitude when upon a long line in heavy water.

Good trout-tackle makes the best outfit for ouananiche in the hands of a competent angler, but the casting-line must be of the best, and able to withstand the utmost strain that a five or six pound fish can subject it to. Some anglers employ an automatic reel in playing the ouananiche. With a very light rod and so stubborn a fighter as this fish can be, an automatic reel contributes largely to the angler's success, because of the difficulty without it of recovering the slack of the line in the occasional mad rushes of the fish towards the canoe. But with a rod heavy enough to recover a long line quickly in a strong current—say one of seven or eight ounces in weight—I believe more sport can be had by the angler playing his own fish and keeping his line taut with the aid of the good old-fashioned multiplying-reel than in his employment of a lighter rod and the automatic care of his fish and line. More skill is certainly required in the saving of the fish when the angler has to do it all himself without any automatic aid.



ALPINE CLIMBING IN AMERICA—AT THE SUMMIT.

Many of the most popular salmon-flies are eagerly taken at the Grande Décharge, more particularly the Jock Scot, Silver Doctor, Childers, Butcher, and Durham Ranger. There are patterns and sizes of these with which I have had equal success in fishing for ouananiche at Lake St. John and for salmon in the Trinity, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Professor, Grizzly King, Coch-y-bonddu, and Green Drake are also good, useful flies; and so, in dark weather, is the Coachman. Some others that have proved successful are the Queen of the Water, Hare's Ear, Reuben Wood, and Seth Green. The McCarthy Ouananiche and the General Hooker, or B. A. Scott, are specially killing—the latter particularly so in the bright weather and clear low water of the advanced Canadian summer, when it is necessary to employ the finest possible tackle compatible with strength, and flies that are tied upon nothing larger than a No. 8 or No. 10 hook.

The ouananiche has no cast-iron rule for taking the fly. To-day he may nose it without taking it into his mouth, until, like a salmon, he has risen to examine it three or four times in succession. To-morrow he may strike at it with his tail, and then let it altogether alone. On another occasion he will seize it with a bound out of the water that would have done justice to Kibourne's famous trout. Very often a large fish will slowly close its mouth upon the gay deceit—salmon fashion—under the water. At other times a sharp strike is necessary when the ouananiche snaps at the fly, in order to impale it upon the hook and prevent the ejection of the latter from the fish's mouth. And then the fight is on! Almost before you have time to be surprised at the length of line that the fish is running off the reel, a bright, arched gleam of silver darts out of the water fifty or a hundred feet away from the canoe, as suddenly as an arrow shot from bow, and deliberately turns a somersault three or four feet up in the air. If you are a novice at the sport, or he has taken you unawares, you may never see him more. If he managed by his superior dexterity and cunning to get the slack of the line, he probably shook the hook from his mouth and is free. If, in your excitement, you gave him the butt too quickly, you perhaps tore the hook out of his delicate mouth. His leaps are made in such rapid succession that in order to retain your hold of him, and to keep your tackle intact, it is necessary that your rod be given a perpetual seesaw motion, keeping pace with his movements through air and water. His different methods of defence would appear to indicate that he possesses the combined *finesse* of the salmon and the bass.

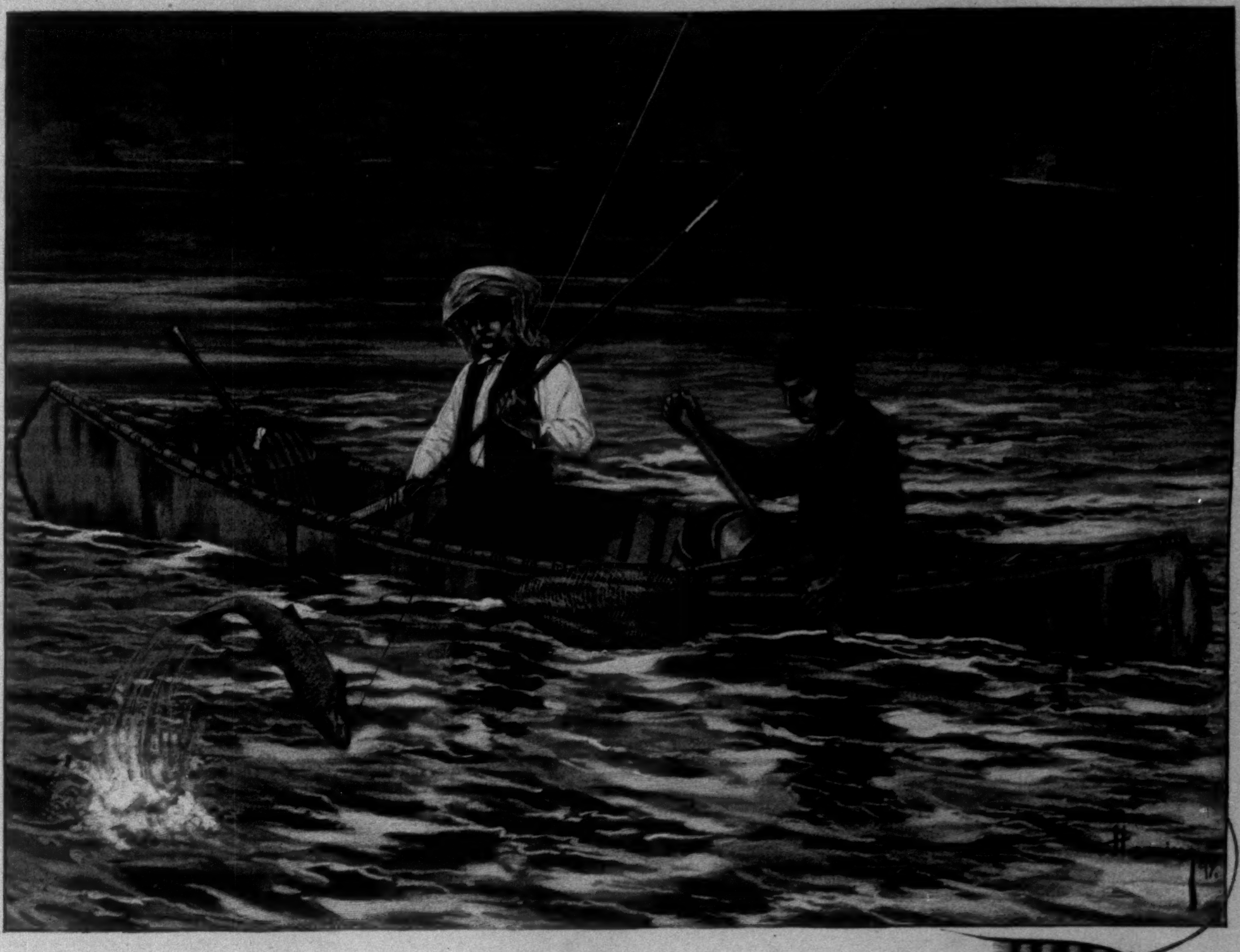
Despite them all, it is only a question of tact and time when the ouananiche is brought to net, providing the tackle and the hold of the hook are what they ought to be. He is a foeman worthy of the steel of the ablest angler, and the keenest sportsmen of both the Old World and the New have sung his praises. "Such," says Colonel Haggard, "is his elasticity, the India-rubber racket-ball nature of his backbone, that he resembles Rudyard Kipling's description of our well-remembered foeman, the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy' of the Soudan. Like that Hadendowah Arab, the ouananiche is an 'India-rubber idiot on the spree.'"

# ALPINE CLIMBING IN AMERICA.

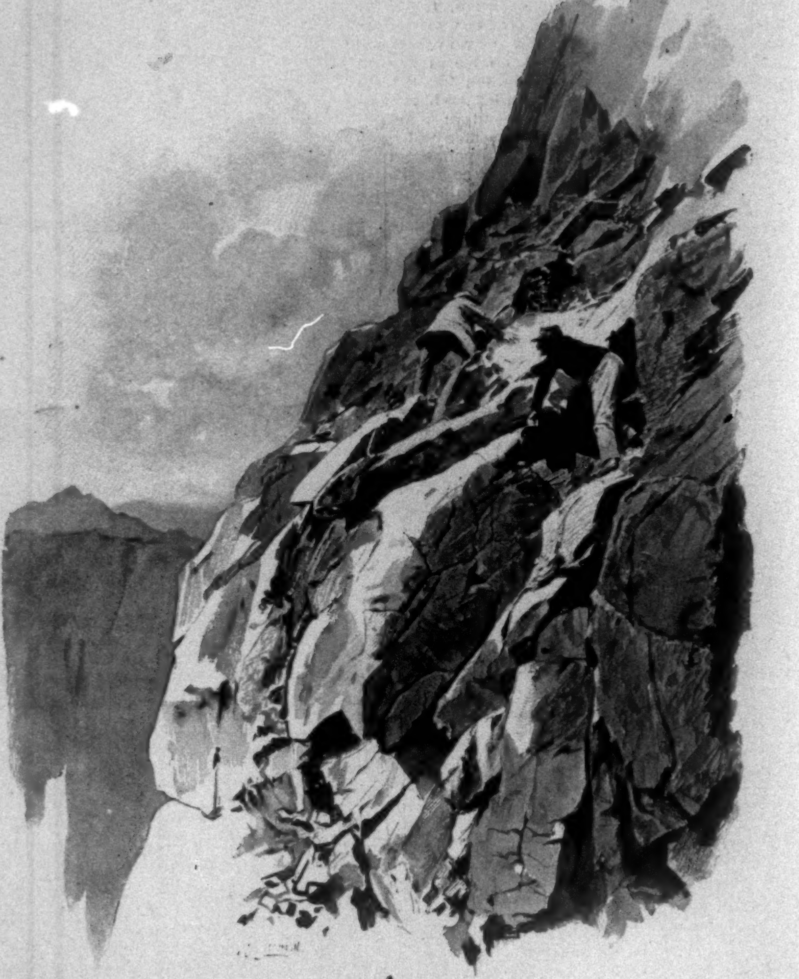
BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Illustrated by C. Broughton after Photographs by Frederick H. Chapin.

There is no form of recreation which calls for the exercise of better qualities of mind and body than mountain-climbing, and none which offers a nobler reward for the labor undergone. The man who at last reaches the summit of a peak that he has studied for days or weeks feels



PLAYING THE OUANANICHE ON THE METABETCHOUAN, QUEBEC.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.



ROCK-WORK—CLIMBING MOUNT SUSEFÈE.

himself greater than he who has taken a city. As he casts himself on the ground and slowly recovers breath, while he gazes out over the wide prospect, the sense of triumph and elation that fills his heart is satisfying and complete.

Mountain-climbing is hard work, but, as in most other pursuits in life, the reward of success is proportionate to the effort expended. The satisfaction that comes to the mountain-climber is ever fresh. True, one must grow old, and a time will come when stiffening joints and failing vigor will force the climber to stop far short of the mountain's crest; but, though his physical powers may have deserted him, his love for the pursuit remains, and he who has once been a scaler of the peaks will hold his enthusiasm for climbing to the very last.

Mountain-climbing in America is as yet practised by very few, but the constantly increasing interest of Americans in out-door sports makes it certain that within a few years' time this will be one of the most popular forms of out-door work. Yet, as it is more laborious and takes more time and more preparation than most recreations, it can never be so extensively practised as others which are less arduous and more immediately at hand. Still, its popularity is constantly increasing among men and women, and in the Adirondacks and the White Mountains the visitors strive to outdo one another in the number and height of the hills which they ascend. This is good preparatory work for the high mountains, where real climbing begins at timber-line and continues over rock and snow and ice till the summit is reached.

It is in this last few thousand feet after the timber has been left behind, when the slow ascent is foot by foot over the long steep slopes of the mountain towards a summit which seems never to grow nearer, or up beetling rock walls which hide that summit, or over tipping slide-rock where each step requires close attention and the climber can look at nothing but the ground before him, that the interest and the excitement of climbing are chiefly felt. Here, if anywhere in the world, a man needs dogged endurance, steady nerve, and often hardy courage. He must be quick in decision as to the proper course to pursue, fertile in resources, and, above all, determined to push on. No difficulty must discourage, no danger daunt him, and, besides all this, he must have strong lungs and muscles of iron.

Climbing among the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevadas or the Coast Range, as a rule, is to be undertaken only after some preparatory training. The labor is often severe, and a man of sedentary life who attempts such work without preparation merely invites exhaustion, from which he will not easily recover. But by no means all these mountains are hard to climb, or even involve any great toil. There is a railway to the top of Pikes Peak—14,400 feet—and horse trails run to the summit of many other lofty mountains, but there are also many more that can be climbed only on foot.

Most of the mountain-climbing to be done in the Rocky Mountains is rock-work, permanent snow being seldom found in great quantities, and glaciers being very few, except near the boundary-line between the United States and British America. From northwestern Montana north and west, however, glaciers occur frequently, and there is ample opportunity to use the ice-axe. On the great snow cones of Oregon and Washington and in the higher Sierra Nevadas there is abundant snow and ice, and the climbing there and to the northward offers every variety that is shown by the higher peaks of the Alps.

The climber in America has the widest range of choice as to the character of the mountain-work that he will undertake. In Colorado there are lofty peaks, easy or difficult, where the work is chiefly over rock. Farther north in the main range are such peaks as Fremont and the Tetons, and still farther north the exceedingly sharp and jagged mountains which lie between Two Medicine Lodge Creek and Pelly River. Here are seen the first important glaciers met with in the Rocky Mountains; some of them are of great extent, though not nearly so large as those farther to the north and northwest.

On the coast of British Columbia there is a vast mountain territory which has never been trodden by the foot of man, except on the lower slopes of the mountains, near the water's edge, where the logger has cut his timber, or a little higher, where the Indian has followed the white goat. These mountains are accessible only by water, and on the actual coast are not very high, but deep fiords run from twenty to sixty miles back from the coast into the mountains, and there, from the salt-water, the peaks rise steeply to a height of from 5000 to 8000 feet. Their lower slopes are clad with giant trees; but these soon disappear, and the higher peaks of ice-smoothed granite which glisten in the sun are absolutely without vegetation. In every watercourse lies a drift of permanent snow, and from all the higher mountains slow-moving rivers of ice pour their frozen torrents down the slope. From one camp which I made years ago, at the head of Bute Inlet, more than twenty great glaciers were to be seen, and sitting in my tent door and looking up at the mountains directly before me I could count thirteen.

Although mountain-climbing has as yet hardly received recognition as an American pursuit, it is not without its votaries here. To say nothing of the many individuals who each year spend their vacations in climbing among the peaks, there are a number of alpine clubs which devote much intelligent attention to this sport.

Chief among these is the Appalachian Mountain Club, organized in '76, which has its headquarters in Boston, though its membership includes men and women who are residents of many cities, East and West.

The Oregon Alpine Club, founded about five years ago, has its headquarters in Portland, Oregon, and was organized with the purpose of systematically ascending some of the superb snow cones of that and adjacent States. Another alpine club recently formed in Oregon has taken its title from the sturdiest mountain-climber in America, having adopted the generic cognomen of the white goat for its own. There is a White Mountain Club in Maine.

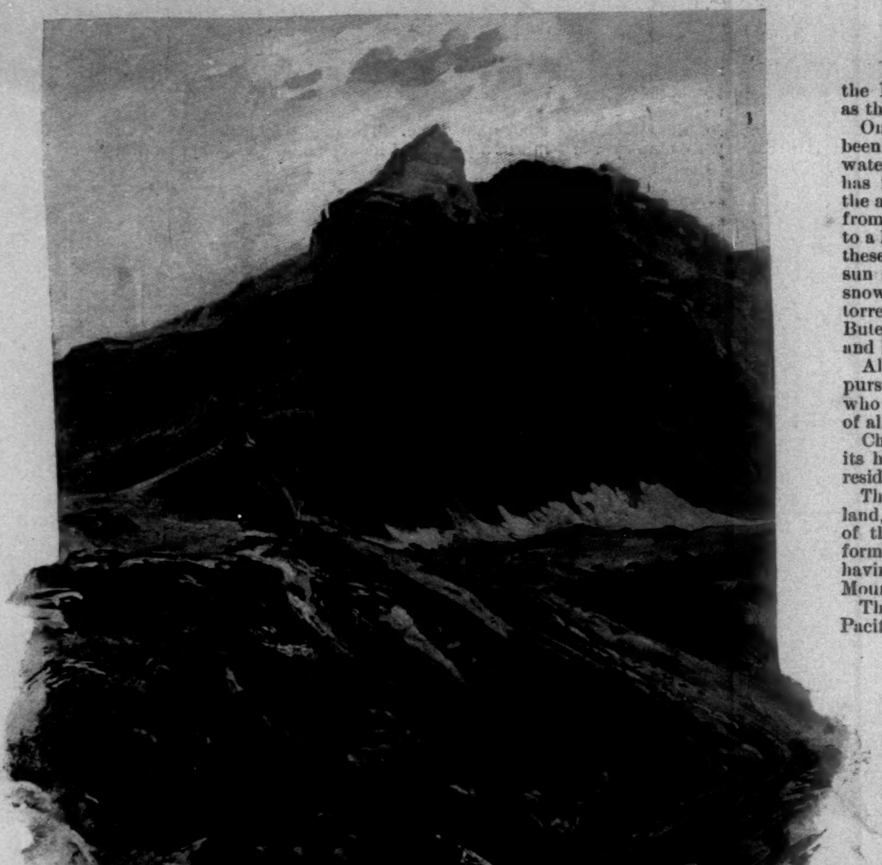
The field of the Sierra Club of San Francisco has naturally been the mountains of the Pacific coast, among which it has done some good work.

Our mountain territory, stretching from the old volcanoes of Mexico almost to the Arctic Sea and from the plains to the Pacific, is a broad one, and contains mountains that will test the powers of the best equipped climber. As yet we know too little of this vast region. Enough, however, has been done both in the Rockies and in the Sierra Nevadas to make it clear that it will be long before their lofty peaks are all climbed, or even named.

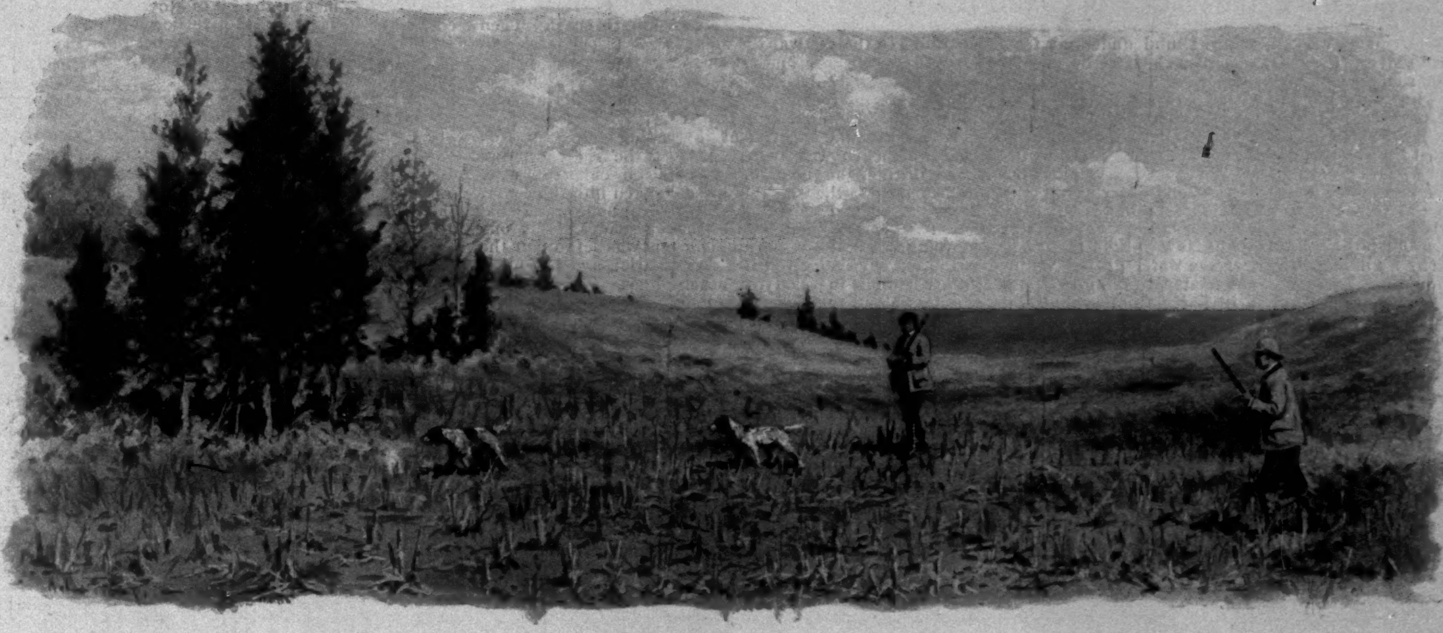
Besides the mere physical delight of breasting the mountain slopes and overcoming by sheer dogged persistence and muscular effort the naked peaks and domes carved out by the elements, many collateral subjects offer themselves to interest the mountaineer. Chief among these is topography, or map-making, a pursuit which furnishes an admirable excuse, if one were needed, for climbing, and lends an added interest to the pursuit. A large part of the territory of the Western mountains has been mapped, but for the most part very roughly, and on a scale so large that only the general features of a region are brought out. Watercourses are laid down, mountain country is indicated, and here and there the position of some lofty peak is shown, but no map that can be had, except of the Yellowstone National Park, gives the detailed features.

Besides map-making, there are the not less interesting subjects included in the natural history of any region, the flora constantly changing as one passes from arid plains higher and higher, through aspen, pine, fir, and wind-twisted spruce, to the higher mountain meadows where only stunted willows grow, and then higher still to the edge of the snow-banks, where may be seen the beautiful alpine flowers blossoming through the very snow. The birds, great and small, are equally interesting, and many species have their definite level, above or below which they will hardly be found. It is the same with the smaller mammals.

Every mountain-climber should know something about all these matters, and knowing something of them, and having eyes to see and a mind to reason with, he will soon learn much more, and will find out for himself explanations of the many curious things he observes. The forests will reveal their secrets to him; the birds and the animals will tell him the story of their lives; in the rocks which form the mountain mass he will read as in a book the story of their origin. All these things will make more full the life that he leads on their rough sides, deepen his reverence for their majestic heights, and increase his desire to be among them.



UNNAMED PEAK—SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS, COLORADO.



"IN CORN-FIELD STUBBLE."

# PHEASANT AND QUAIL THREE HOURS FROM TOWN.

BY HAMBLEN SEARS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

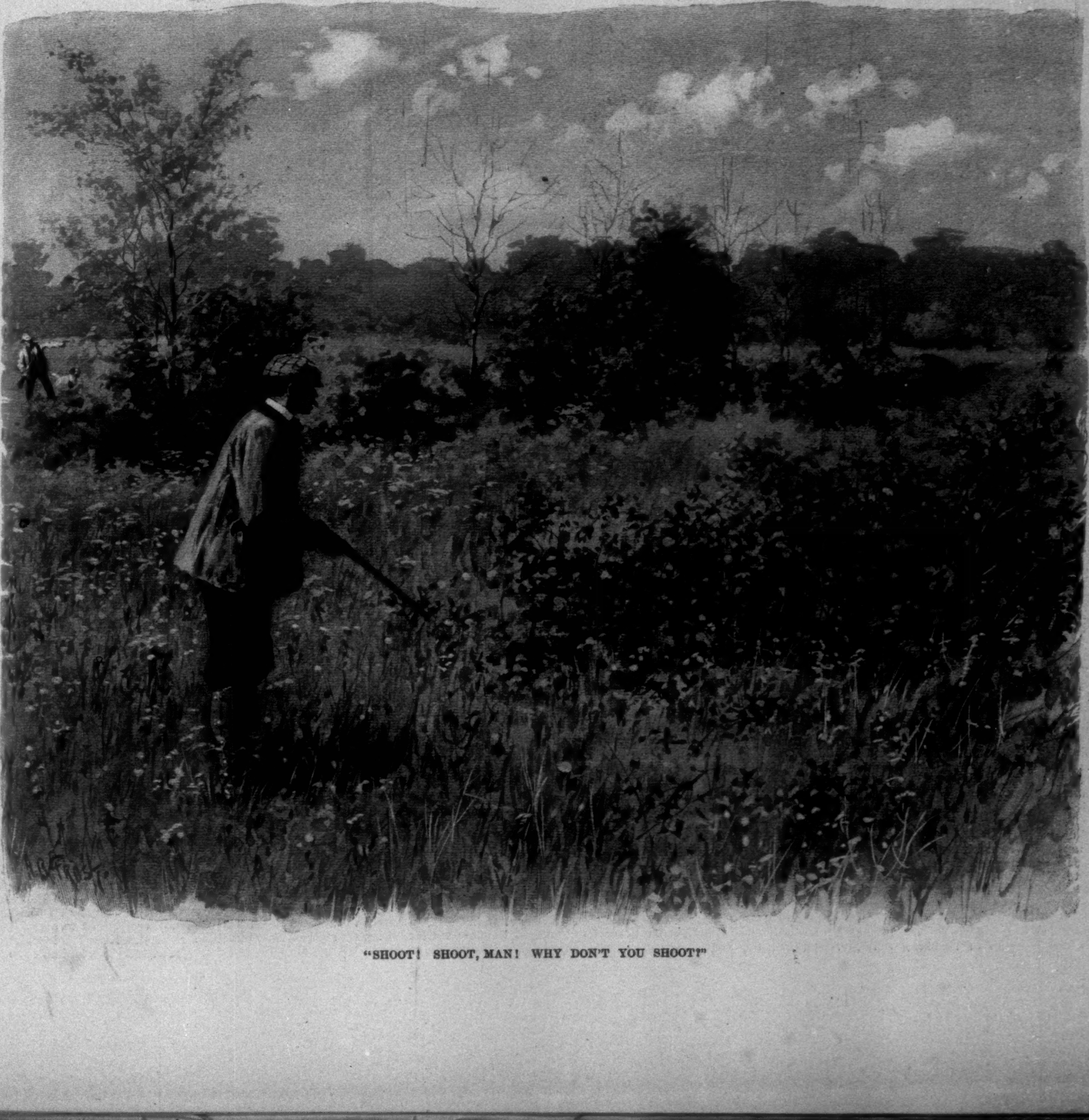
## I.

It is a thick rainy afternoon, some moments after three o'clock, as the train crawls over the many switches and feels its way through the fog out of that place of many odors which mortals call Long Island City. Everybody in the stuffy smoking-car is evidently out of temper, and even the green, oily covering to the seats seems inclined to let the unwary traveller slip off to the floor. The time is somewhat out of joint; and yet even under such circumstances and proceeding by such routes there is a distinct sense of pleasure, intermingled, ludicrously enough, with the sense of smell, at getting out of New York, with a gun-case under the seat, a grip in the rack overhead, and a favorite brier under my nose struggling to overcome the strength of the many odors.

At first, as we run along, the car seems to be filled with the unmistakable suburbanite—him of the wrinkled clothes, the bespattered shoes, the brown-paper parcel. But as the hour passes the suburbanite disappears, and in his place there strays into the car the still more unmistakable Long Island farmer. This is local color, and forthwith the train, which up to this time has been an express, now becomes local itself. Another hour passes, and if possible it grows darker. Lamps begin to smell. More local color comes and goes, and still the rain goes on beating at the windows. 'Each station looks a little smaller, a little less lively, than the last, until, with the speed of a snail, the train finely runs up to Cutchogue, and dragging itself off a moment later, leaves nothing but the rain and the darkness behind—except myself.

A homeless feeling is creeping over me, when I hear the friendly voice of an aged inhabitant asking somewhere out of the darkness if I am for Robins Island. Then comes a three or four mile drive to New Suffolk, over a road that is frequently under water; and the rain tumbles down on the wagon roof with a persistency that promises to make this uniform soon. Occasionally a yellow eye of light from some house passes by astern, but there is nothing else to be seen.

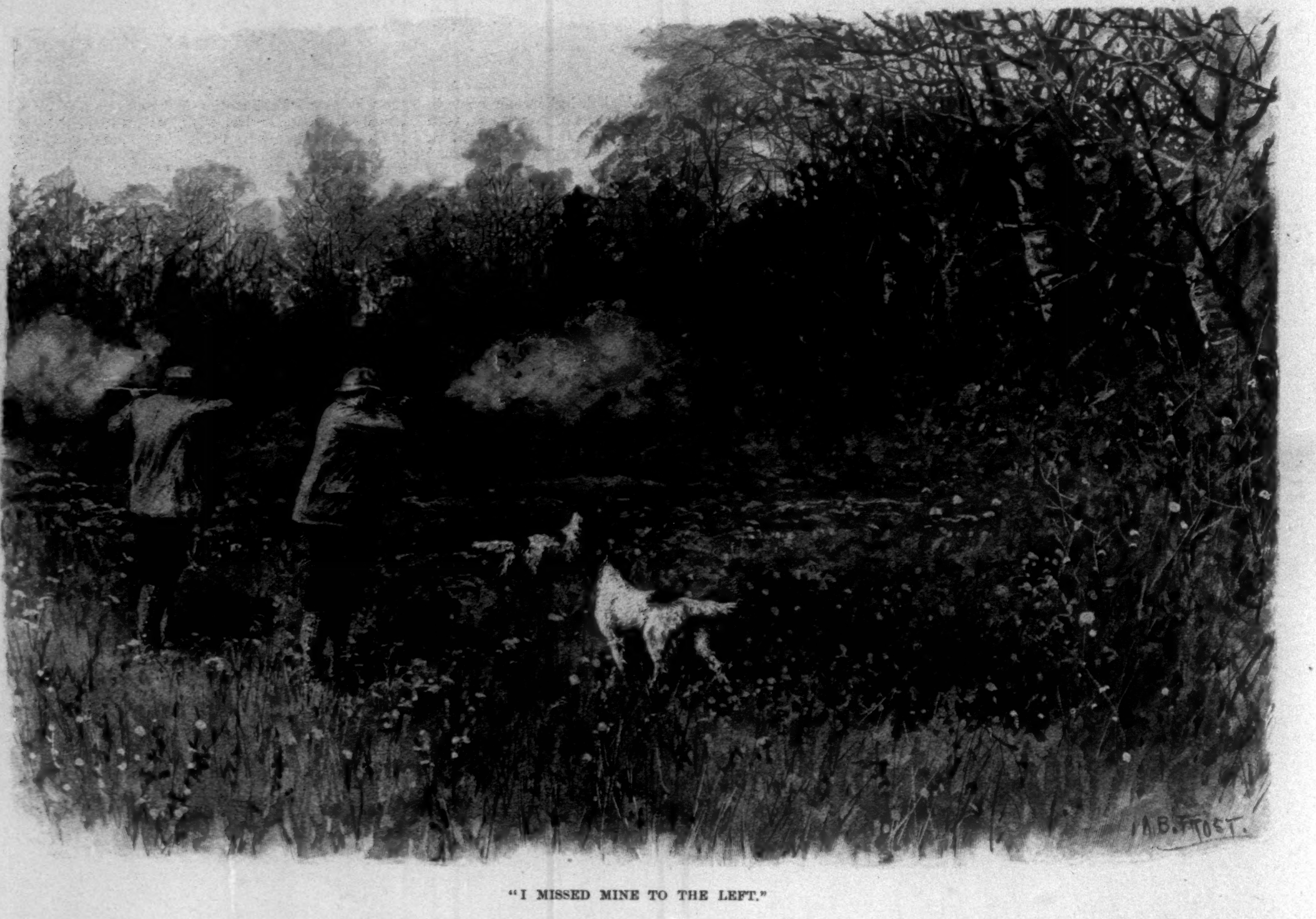
Suddenly we come to a stop before a country store.



"SHOOT! SHOOT, MAN! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?"

The carriage is deserted, and my driver hands me over to Larry. The night is so dark that it is a surprise a moment later to feel wood instead of mud under my feet, and to discover that we are out on the end of a dock standing some feet above the deck of a large sloop. Larry, who turns out to be the club boatman, sets the sloop's mainsail, and then we stand on the wet deck, a lantern in the cockpit lighting up the perpendicular raindrops that patter down on my hat and mackintosh as the craft draws away from land. We cannot quite fetch the island on account of the head-wind, and Larry has to take a hitch out into Peconic Bay. Everything is so black that it is a mystery to me how the man has any idea of his direction; but as the lights of New Suffolk gradually fade away a glimmer out over the water grows continually brighter. Twenty minutes later, running in under a black dock, I am boosted by Larry from behind and pulled by an unknown hand from about ten feet above; and thus, always in the heavy storm, we trudge up to the big club-house.

Then there comes a vision that it would be difficult to forget—a vision of a large hard-wood hall covered with thick warm rugs, a vision of a huge living-room with an enormous wood fire, where six-foot logs by the dozen are roaring; walls lined with racks holding guns of all descriptions; big tables covered with cartridges, half-cleaned guns, some of the bags of the afternoon, glasses, cigars, bottles, pipes—all in perfect confusion; top-boots near the fire, rubber boots back of the chimney, and a half-dozen men in leather suits or knickerbockers lying around in easy-chairs, smoking quietly, and looking up in dreamy fashion at the magnificent heads of deer and moose, elk and caribou, that hang along the wall; but, best of all, a long and hearty shake of mine host's warm hand.



"I MISSED MINE TO THE LEFT."

New York is dead. Purgatory is past; and heaven, in the shape of Robins Island, is won.

### II.

Although George was nearly crazy on the subject of politics, any one who knew him felt that he was sure to maintain his sanity on the subject of sport, if he allowed his mind to touch on anything except the defeat of Tammany. I was sure, therefore, when he sent me a line inviting me for a day with his dogs, that I should find as good sport as he was sportsman and friend. And it proved to be true. The whole atmosphere of the island is full of sport of a healthy, thoroughbred kind. The keeper has made the most of its thousand acres, and given the birds their buckwheat-fields, their plots of sunflower stalks, their marshes, and their upland cover just as the island and the materials at hand could best furnish it, and he knows his business all the way through.

Originally the island was used for the famous Eastern Field Trials, and some of the descendants of those prize-winning dogs are still to be found in the kennels. The club itself was founded by several of the men who once took part in those field trials, and it has grown steadily for fifteen years, until now there is the large club-house, run practically as a hotel, the kennels for more than thirty dogs, the pheasant runways, and the farm with its cows and the usual barn-yard accessories. In its thousand acres are included uplands of the very best sort for quail, uplands near marshes of the kind that is found in some parts of Long Island, but far more frequently on Cape Cod and the islands along the Massachusetts coast. Then again off to the eastward is magnificent brush, thick and close, for partridges, and over towards the southwest lie several bits of timber broken by tiny glades, where you might miss more pheasants—English pheasants at that, too—than you did tree trunks.

At one time the experiment of stocking the island with prairie-chicken was made. At just the right time of year, during the breeding season, the chickens were launched upon the island and disappeared into the cover. Days passed, and they seemed to thrive; none was found dead; none was killed by hawks or snakes. But one morning not a single prairie-chicken was left upon the island. They had given it a serious trial, and the night before had left in a body for other climes. There was no question about their having reached New Suffolk, for one or two were seen taking a look at the town a few days later, and then they disappeared altogether. There was mourning in the house of Robins, and the sequel came a year later, when from twenty miles across the Sound, at Madison, Connecticut, a peculiar bird was reported. It was neither quail nor partridge, and it finally turned out to be a prairie-chicken. Hence the Robins Island Club is not alone a sporting organization; it is a benefactor to the human race; for ever since that date the Connecticut farmers have been shooting prairie-chicken as the guests of the islanders.

In fact, the stocking of such a preserve is not only expensive, but difficult. It seems to consist of a number of somewhat gilded experiments, a large proportion of which are practically sure to be failures. Another trial was made with English partridge, which failed in a peculiar way. No doubt the partridges, being English, had vigorous ideas of their own. At all events, they had no sooner been introduced to the cover than they calmly walked out into the open meadow and sniffed in their own particular way at such un-English homes. The result was natural. It was even to be expected. Within a few weeks not a partridge remained, and the hawks in the neighborhood took a vacation, and refrained from eating for a month.

Experiments do succeed, however, and our trip to the pheasant runways gave us an illustration of the success of another of Mr. Green's trials, which he made three years ago. These runways, or breeding-homes, are lessons to the uninitiated in the science of cultivating birds to kill. They are small houses with long runs or alleys inclosed within wire-netting walls and roof, down which little chicken pheasants can trot to their hearts' content. Within the coops everything is arranged for the greater comfort of the sitting hens. The pretty birds are supplied with fresh air, with scientific ventilation, the keeper attending house for them while they are attending to other and more important duties; and each coop and each runway is as clean and fresh as the club's living-room—perhaps, if the truth must be told, a good deal fresher than the gun-room is at one o'clock at night after unlimited pipes have been smoked.

Here in their homes the mother pheasants all in their own good time add to their families, and the families grow and are watched by the keeper and his men until such time as they become old enough to enter the larger runs of the island. Thus long before the opening of the season, which comes on the 1st of November, they are strong cocks and hens, ready to give dog and man a good race for the victory. They must have been particularly strong on this eventful day, for in most cases the victory went to them, and not to the guest of the occasion.

Having viewed the kennels and the runways, we returned to the house and filled our pockets with cartridges and lunch, after having added to our party two very valuable members. One of these was "Belt," George's blue Belton, and his "King," of the Gladstone strain, who was in his first season. King was new to the game, but he had the heritage of a good family, and even in his early youth he knew his business, as events soon proved.

### III.

It is probable that there is no greater test of the gentleman in a man than when he acts the host on his own preserve. Any one may be a gentleman when he is in a theatre fire or on a wreck at sea. He may even keep his instincts of chivalry in a football game; but when he can take a friend for a day's shooting over his own uplands and keep his anger, his sarcastic smiles, his involuntary criticism, and his gun from interfering until three o'clock in the afternoon, he has actually proved himself worthy to stand by the side of a Bayard or a Charlemagne.

My host did himself proud. He gave his guest the left side of the day so that he could swing easily as the quail jumped off to the left. The guest missed—Heaven knows how many times he missed that day—and George did not crack a smile. I fired at a bird that was half a mile away two or three times and spoiled his shot, and the dogs only received a reprimand. Finally I fired at a cock-pheasant and missed him because of the unforeseen interference of a large tree, and when he brought him down my host insisted that it was my shot which laid the bird low. Any other mortal after such occurrences would either have thrown down his gun and stamped upon it, or would have shot his guest; but George did neither. He only said that sometimes you could shoot and sometimes you could not, and that this was his bad day.

However, we started out a second time, and at perhaps fifty yards from the house, as we were in the act of breaking our guns to put in a couple of cartridges, one of us nearly stepped on something that moved, rose, fell, rose again higher, and then made a prodigious noise among the bushes. This particular person stood a moment in amazement as a huge creature rose and flew directly away from him. He did not even close his gun until the agonized cry of the host of "Shoot! shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?" came indistinctly to his ears. Then he closed his gun as the bird disappeared. The dogs stood stock-still and cocked one eye at him, and George put another cartridge into his gun, remarking in his placid tones that that was pretty sudden—so near the house, you know! It was a pheasant, a beautiful cock, and we watched him sail along into the sunflower-field, over a hedge to the northwest, and then started for his second hiding-place.

Coming out of a bit of timber, we were skirting along by an acre of low shrubs and bushes, when Belt stopped short. Then he took a slow, graceful step forward, his flag waving briskly. Another step or two and his tail straightened out like a ramrod. King fell in behind him and stood in the same position, as motionless as a Barye bronze. There could scarcely be anything more fascinating in out-door life than such a picture as this. Each dog knew his business well. King realized his youth; he felt that Belt had caught the scent, and his fine instinct told him to be ready to second Belt in whatever might come. The keen old dog held one fore foot up ready for a spring, and only turned his eyeballs, with that wise light in them, towards us. We stood behind ready for the flush, and George talked to him in a low voice, half encouraging, half checking his enthusiasm.

In an indescribable way your respect for such animals rises to a higher point than usual at a moment like this. You talk softly and gently to them as if they were human beings, and their bright eyes glance back at you, showing that they understand all you say, that they are giving you notice of the vicinity of a bird, and that they comprehend perfectly the exigencies of the moment. There seem to be times such as these when beast and man understand one another absolutely, each talking in his own language, each playing his part in the fine sport, while the object of it all is sitting near by in the cover, keeping close till the last moment, and watching events with bright, frightened eyes. It is this combination of wonderful instinct and human skill working out a little problem every few minutes that makes such gunning interesting, and the size of the day's bag has little to do with the amount of the day's sport. We stood thus a moment, and then the whole scene changed. Five birds got up and made a fan-shaped shot for us. George brought his down to the right just as it was getting into the timber. I missed mine to the left, and then on the second barrel each of us got one as it flew straight away.

We were discussing this shot when we went into the timber again. You might have been in Maine, up back of Moosehead, the place was so full of little ravines and dry brooks. Then in a moment we came out on an open bit of bramble and alders, and there, not two hundred yards away, lay the sea, blue and cold in the morning light. The suddenness of the change must have struck King too, for he was trotting along unconcernedly, looking out over the water, when there was a whir, a whistle, and the poor fellow nearly broke his back trying too late to point. He realized at once what a discreditable thing he had done, for he turned sheepishly towards his master and wagged his tail in evident apology. Belt was very much disgusted, and George seemed to be angry, too, for the unhappy King had a long and serious lecture on not giving his superior that respect which one dog owes another at such times. All the time King stood before us, his nose pointed downward, his eyes glancing up at his master in the most intelligent, apologetic manner imaginable. He understood all that was said to him, for the lesson showed its effect at once, and not again during the day did Master King interfere with his leader.

Skirting from the northwestward, we covered the island's most famous marsh, where started quail usually seek cover, and after getting up two or three bevies we reached another piece of close timber towards the south of the island, which will stick in the brain of one of the party for many a day to come. The undergrowth was so close here that George took King off to the right, leaving Belt with me, and we had gone on thus for a few moments only when Belt stopped short and put his nose almost into the undergrowth, his whole body quivering with excitement. There was a suspicious quiver in another body too, for it was sure to be a hard shot there in the midst of the trees, and one might well be doubtful over the result. The rumpus made by a big cock-pheasant getting up out of the brambles interrupted any further meditation. In a moment he was in sight, sailing straight away under the branches of the trees and just above the bushes. I said to myself, "Be cool!" I took long and careful aim. I fired—and the cock kept on. He was making for an open space to get above the trees. Again I took careful aim. There he was, somewhat larger than an eagle as reflected on my starting eyeballs. I fired—and he kept on. At that moment a shot rang off to the right. The tops of the trees shook near by—but the cock kept on. What novelists call "a cry of grief and shame" escaped me, and I heard a severe criticism from off to the right. It is to this day my opinion that Belt groaned. Yet in spite of us all that bird had disappeared, and when last seen he was flying. The old dog, however, had more courage than either of the men of the party, for he followed this invulnerable pheasant and disappeared in a ravine that ran diagonally through the bluff where we stood down to a meadow below. We waited a few moments watching the lower entrance, and then the good Belt came trotting proudly around the corner and up the path, with his flag waving from side to side, and a pheasant as big as a turkey in his mouth. There was no mistaking the meaning of the dog's arched neck, his brisk tail, his knowing look. *His* was not the faint heart that might have failed to win this fair cock.

A discussion now ensued, of which the end is not yet. Of course George, aspiring, as I have intimated, to become a Bayard, maintained that the cock was mine; while I, being merely honest, flatly denied the right of ownership. From this starting-point the discussion continued while we moved on down to Southwest Point and had our frugal lunch on a bluff a hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the bay. Then we roamed about this way and that for the rest of the morning, moving along the southern stretch of the island, sometimes in corn-field stubble, sometimes in buckwheat-fields. Finally towards noon, coming to the southeastern extremity, we walked into an immense patch of brambles that stood breast-high and so thick as to require artificial paths to assist dogs and men in getting into its wonderful cover. Here was an opportunity for quick shots in plenty, for the quail rose above the brambles and turned back of us with a flank movement that made one of us at least long for a Hotchkiss gun with its fanlike range. Often these brambles and the adjoining ridges back of the club-house are the best places of all for both quail and pheasant, and it was while walking along the latter, watching the dogs in the hollows on either side, that we finally made up our limit of twenty quail and a brace of pheasants.

It was hardly twelve o'clock; and yet the club limit was already reached, not counting double the number of misses that for once proved boons, since they lengthened my hours of sport in this fine air. We already had had a day's sport, and it was not twenty-four hours since I had left New York.

There lies the charm of Robins Island. You are one day in New York city. That night you are hugging a big fire in the club-house far away in the country, with the conscientious feeling of having finished a day's work in town before leaving. Next morning you are on the uplands or in the marshes bringing down wild birds and making wild shots, but never waiting long for another chance. And by noon you have your limit, which is a generous one, with plenty of time left to reach New York that evening and tell the family all about the day before bedtime. This is the sport of civilization, and the men of Robins Island have solved the difficult problem of bringing the free open air, the wild life of the woods and sea, with sport as thorough of its kind as can be found anywhere, into such close proximity to work and home and duty that the whole thing can be done in less than thirty-six hours.

IV.

We are back in the big living-room of the house enjoying those little tingles of weariness that run through your legs and back at such times. And then comes a most satisfactory climax to such a morning—a cup of tea, than which there is nothing more comforting when you are willing to sit quietly half an hour and talk over some such series of incidents as we had walked through to-day.

Other parties come in as the hour passes, men conscious of much the same physical sensations, and bringing with them traces of similar arguments more or less exalted as they know each other less or more intimately. Finally, after a bath and the resumption of worldly clothing, we all move slowly into the dining-room to a luncheon of that thoroughly hearty sort which goes best with a large toby of ale, and is followed best by an extremely long cigar.

It is, of course, necessary to realize that three o'clock approaches regularly at its appointed time, but there is something irritating in its regularity at such a moment; and as George and I walk down to the dock I begin for the first time that day to complain against fate. Yet there is Larry with his sloop, drier fortunately than when I left her last night, waiting to ferry me across. We watch each other from dock and deck over a slowly increasing distance. Robins Island moves a mile away or more, and Larry hands me over to my driver at New Suffolk. The road to Cutchogue makes its appearance—above-water now—a long winding line across the flat country of Long Island. The same old train, the same green, oily seats, come into the station a few moments later, and—I have had my day.

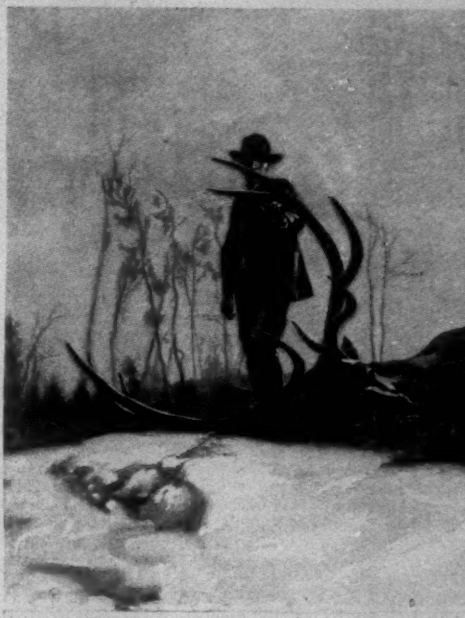
The local farmer, the local train, come and go. The express and suburbanite take their places, and all too soon I catch something sifting through the car—something when once known is never forgotten. It is a whiff of the place of many odors—and then the rattle and bang and hustle of Thirty-fourth Street and East River once more.

## GIRAFFE-HUNTING.

THE pleasure of a giraffe-hunt is indisputable, but it is one that no real sportsman will repeat more than twice. A hard spur and sjambok gallop through bush and thorn, with more than an even chance of your nag putting his foot in a jackal's earth, a gradual overhauling of the giant mammals that are sailing without apparent exertion in front of you, a hasty dismount unless you are lucky enough to be able to shoot from horseback, a bullet planted just above the tail and penetrating through the tough skin into the heart and lungs, and with a crash your game comes to earth, and you are standing, dripping with perspiration after your two-mile run, and outrageously scratched with haakdoorn, over the body of what is surely the strangest animal that even South Africa can produce. The trouble is that beyond the chance of being thrown or of coming in contact with a tree, there is not much danger in the pursuit of the giraffe. No animal could be more gentle or defenceless. You have the thrilling excitement of a twenty minutes' burst, but you miss what should be the spice of big-game hunting—the risk. All that you need in giraffe-hunting is a good nag; if possible, one that has been used to the business. It is hard to keep an inexperienced horse from boring to one side when the disagreeable smell of an old giraffe bull comes down the wind. With that and a solid Martini-Henry bullet—the hollow express ones are not firm enough to get far beyond the inch or inch and a half of brazen hide that encases these monsters—success is almost certain. Giraffes do not put out their fullest speed unless very hard pressed. They start off at an easy, ambling gait, moving the legs on one side simultaneously, like an American pacer. Their black bushy tails corkscrew over their backs, and their immense necks bob backwards and forwards at each stride. They do not appear to be going very fast, but you will find you have to be well mounted to get within shooting distance of them. If not run down in the first two miles they stand a good chance of getting clean away. When going their hardest they change their gait into an extraordinary sort of gallop, their hind legs being well straddled out and brought forward, one on each side, in front of the fore legs. It is a jerky, convulsive, awkward movement, but wonderfully effective as a means of getting over the ground.

We had ridden for nearly four hours eastward from the Botletti across the desert, with nothing more cheering to look upon than the brown and shrivelled mopani-trees, and I was growing dejected. But the Masarwa Bushmen, unequalled as spoorers even in South Africa, knew their business, and led us at length to woodlands of camelthorn, with open parklike glades of yellow grass, interspersed with dense thickets of haakdoorn. And there we struck a herd of five. They caught sight of us when we were three hundred yards away, and headed at once for the forest. Giraffes are remarkable for picking out a straight line and keeping to it. A grand old bull of an almost mahogany color led the way, with the cows of dark orange hue close behind. Some very dense and thorny thickets had to be taken first, through which their heavy weight and iron skins cleared an easy path. I never expect to see anything more extraordinary than the way in which they dodged the branches, bending their necks so low at times that you all but lost sight of them from behind, and avoiding trees with a lightning turn of which no horse could be capable. Then we used our spurs and whips freely. By galloping hard at right angles to their line we managed to turn the herd towards the open veldt, and a short heart-bursting race resulted in two cows dropping behind the rest, reeling for a hundred and fifty yards, and finally tottering over with a magnificent crash. The bull we purposely let alone, as his flesh is rank and uneatable by any one except a half-starved Masarwa. Cows give excellent steaks, and their marrow-bones are perhaps the tidbit of an African hunter's menu, being full of juicy and succulent meat. Their hides we used for making whips and sandals of, trading the latter to the Bechuanas on our way down country.

SYDNEY BROOKS.



THE "RECORD" HEAD.

## "AN ENGLISH OUTFIT IN THE ROCKIES."

BY H. SOMERS SOMERSET, A. H. AND C. H. POLLEN.

LATE on a September night we arrived dusty and tired, after many days' travel, at Livingstone, Montana, and for the first time saw the now familiar outlines of a Western town. For buildings, there were wood-framed stores and saloons that cater to the wants and vices of the outlying ranchmen, wandering hunters, and the more adventurous tourists who here bid farewell to civilization before entering the wild paradise of the Yellowstone Park. Early next morning we bought the last necessary stores, blankets, etc., and put the final touches to our equipment, and by twelve o'clock were speeding towards Cunibar in the train. We spent that night at the Mammoth Springs Hotel, and on the morrow joined our camp. Here we made acquaintance with the rest of our outfit, which comprised, besides George the guide, who "bossed," Dad Brown the cook, Dave, Chris, and "J. S." Dad, whose real name was more suggestive of dignity, was a graybeard of sixty years, and a very good cook. May we perish before we forget his doings with elk meat and black-tailed venison, flapjacks, bean soup, and Yellowstone jam.

Dad was, moreover, a man of very gentle bearing and address, and though his voice was commensurate with the mountains, he never offended in conversation, and was conspicuous for a certain kindliness and innate tact. Mounted on an old raw-boned mare, with her sucking colt at heel, he might have sat indifferently for Moses or Don Quixote, according as the artist was piously or comically inspired. He was of so tough a complexion that on the coldest nights he slept without any tent to cover him, and through all the journey carried his only coat strapped to his saddle. "J. S.," another strippling of sixty-eight Aprils, was with us as a packer, a man of unexampled fertility as a profane swearer, and the hero of many pioneer adventures. He had served many years in a whaler, mined successfully in the gold-fields, and seen the whole west of America grow from a desert waste to its present condition, and the noble red man reduced from unquestioned supremacy to his present humility. Notwithstanding his years, he was almost the hardest worker in camp, and it was pretty to see him drop tall trees within a yard of one's tent, or wherever he pleased, with unfailing accuracy.

The white-haired, ruby-visaged Dane familiarly known as "Chris" was another packer—a great angler, who could convert the most unpromising quaking-asp into a "fish-pole," and seldom returned empty-handed from the sport. Dave, our head packer, we sometimes feared was a bit of a braggart, and "Now I'll tell yer," was his invariable exordium before delivering a dictum that was always meant to be final. However, he was a hard worker, good-tempered, and a master of his profession; at climbing mountains he was unmatched, and though not always a scientific hunter, had a good eye for country and generally found game.

We had started on the 20th of September, and until the 24th were accompanied by a wagon, so that packs ran light. But on the 25th the difficult process of making our way through fallen and burnt timber and over steep, difficult ground began, with packs heavy and the horses restless and unused to the discipline of following an unmarked trail.

It was surprising, however, with what wonderful certainty the horses after a little made their way over difficult country, dodging with packs between trees hardly wide enough apart to let them pass, and continually having to step over the dead trunks, always two feet thick and often girth high. Sometimes all had to jump, and it was curious to see them come up in turn, each taking the log in the same place. For although many of them would wander off the trail when going easy, they were glad enough to follow the leader when things looked bad.

OUR CAMP IN THE SNOW.

We were on the Pacific slope, where the trees are taller, and interspersed with enormous spruce firs verging on 150 feet in height, and often six feet or more in diameter, with bark of rich Venetian red, and dark blue-green branches matted against the sky. Here, too, the willows touched a deeper carmine and the withered grass a more golden yellow. On the hill-side the timber seemed less incessant, and between the forests lay great parks of grass, where the elk could find good feed of a morning. Here, too, we first saw that royal bird the war-eagle of the Sioux; and it is astonishing what a distinctive and romantic interest attaches to the country, where, with no sign of life, you suddenly see this magnificent creature sweep in undisputed sovereignty over the crags. It gives a meaning to all the rest—a meaning of its own, full of great and heroic suggestion. At last we got out of the Park and dropped straight on to the camp of that redoubtable hunter Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Of course we could not stay here, as they had, so to speak, annexed that hunting-ground; therefore next day we moved up the creek to a point ten miles from where they were stationed, and pitched our tents at three in the afternoon. It was a country that promised well, and two of us started at once for a short expedition, which, though in each case unsuccessful, confirmed the promise of the first view. But our hopes were destined to disappointment, for we had hardly finished dinner before the snow began, and we shall never forget the feeling of helpless horror that came upon us when, next morning with the daylight, we made the unpleasant discovery that our tent was almost borne down by the snow, which all round us, as far as eye could reach, covered the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and was still merrily falling.

PACKING UP.

Next day the snow had increased to three feet, and it was doubtful whether the horses could hold out much longer without more food. A bronco can hustle for himself under almost any circumstances, but with snow to his belly it was hard even for him to get a meal; so it was determined to pull out. That was indeed a march. It was twelve o'clock before we got the horses in and the tents and other goods done up and packed, and then we started off, cold and wet, and a little despondent at the prospects of an indefinite journey over a trail we did not know, and it was weary travelling over a country disguised with its new mask. Besides, the ropes were wet, and the fatal tendency which packs have always to shake loose over rough and difficult ground was indefinitely increased by the ropes stretching and contracting again. All day it snowed incessantly, and our comfort was not increased by the unpleasant fact that every tree we passed and touched replied to our civility by a hundred-weight or so of snow on our heads. There was nothing for it but to go forward, and when we came down to the low, flat, narrow creek that we had left three days before, it was past nine o'clock.

If the camp we had already made seemed hopeless and inhospitable in the snow that had fallen on us there, how much more hopeless did it seem to be to make a new camp in eighteen inches or so of snow, which was the shallowest place we could find?

On the morrow we started on our first hunt, each in a different direction, and, alas, each without success. Round the camp fire at dinner we compared our experiences of the day: one had seen a single bull a mile off; another had chanced a shot at four hundred yards; a third had followed a great band of elk for miles without getting a sight of game. It was an unpromising beginning, but we knew that elk were there, and our only fear was that, in the extreme depth of snow, they might be moving so fast as to be altogether out of our country before we could get a shot at them. Dinner over, George went out to where his horse was picketed, and instantly came hurrying back to camp with the welcome news that a big bull elk was feeding on the hill-side not a mile away. "S." and "A." at once loaded their rifles and started up the steep hill-side to get a shot. It was a pretty tough stalk. We only had about three-quarters of an hour of daylight left, we had two rivers to ford, and at least 1500 feet of mountain to go up before we could reach the cover which would enable us to get near the game.

Half-way up the hill we got our first view of him. He was grazing unsuspiciously, but moving fast, as elk always do when they feed, and was a great deal farther off than we had been led to expect. There was nothing for it but pace, and we made the point that we were aiming for. Here we saw him again, and by this time his suspicions must have been aroused, for he was looking uneasily from side to side, and though still feeding, was moving faster than ever. Worse luck! there was nothing between us and him, and we had to wait till his own movements hid him from our sight for a second before we could make any advance. As he walked behind some trees, with his back towards us, we started across six hundred yards of hill down a steep slope. The snow was deep, but we covered it at the double before our friend had passed beyond the farther tree. "A." was the next to see him, and for about ten minutes there was swift and silent rushing from tree to tree, moving only when he moved, in the attempt to get within shot; we had not got within two hundred yards before he was well aware of our pursuit, and started up the mountain at a swinging trot. It was not a moment to hesitate; and "A.," throwing himself down across a log, took a snap shot at his shoulder as he vanished into a thicket of cotton-trees. We were all too exhausted to go very fast in pursuit, and it was with sobbing trudge that we made across the mountain to where he had vanished from our sight. For a little way there was no sign, but suddenly in a field of snow we came upon him—dead. He was a magnificent fellow, a regular six-pointer, with antlers 55½ inches long and 7 inches round, standing some 16 hands at the shoulder, and weighing perhaps 1000 pounds. It was a great moment.

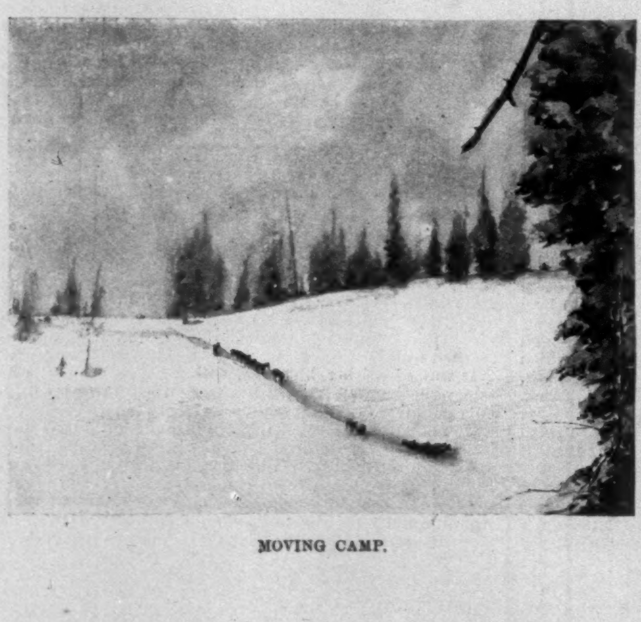
For five days more we hunted from that camp, and then left it for a country farther south, with nothing more to our bag than the single bull and the black-tail that "C." had shot in the snow. After our move we had better luck, and in three days "A." had shot three more bulls, and "S." and "C." two apiece. Of these "S.'s" head was one of the largest and heaviest that had been killed in those parts for years. It was got by a masterpiece of stalking, being actually shot at a distance of considerably less than fifty yards. After this, for many days, our hunting was uneventful. We saw tracks of more than one bear, but got, alas, no sight of them.

Under that superb range of mountains the Tetons, towering and majestic in their serried outline of solid and sheer rock, trimmed with snow that glistened in the morning sun and showed red in the sunsets, we pitched our next camp by the side of Snake River. We found here the most astonishing variety of wild-fowl—teal, snipe, geese, duck of several varieties, grouse, and plenty of trout. Here, too, "A." was successful in getting two more bull elk, both with exceedingly fine heads, and we had one or two exciting stalks after black-tailed deer, which, though unsuccessful, were full of interest. Unfortunately the antelope had gone down to the plains, but the country was tracked up by them, and in these flats under the foot-hills in the late summer and early fall there must have been thousands about.

We were said to have been very fortunate in being able to get the large amount of game we bagged. There were other outfits over the same ground in the same year that were totally unsuccessful, and we attributed our good fortune to the fact that we had gone out so late that the game had had time to recover from the disturbance of the earlier year and to have got back again into herds after the Indians had had their annual hunt. Then, too, it was no doubt an enormous help to have been on the ground while the bulls were whistling. I do not know that any one has succeeded yet in conveying to those who have not heard it any idea at all of this most musical of sounds. One can hear it for two miles or more, and in the stillness of the great mountains it comes as a strange message to the listener. It is curious to watch a bull whistling. He stands with his horns thrown back and head forward, his great shaggy mane bristling on his neck, his mouth slightly open, and under jaw a trifle on one side. It begins low, and rises by curious modulations, and then harmonic intervals, to an incredibly high shrill note, and descends again, but with greater rapidity, to a deeper tone, ending in a half-roar, half-bark.

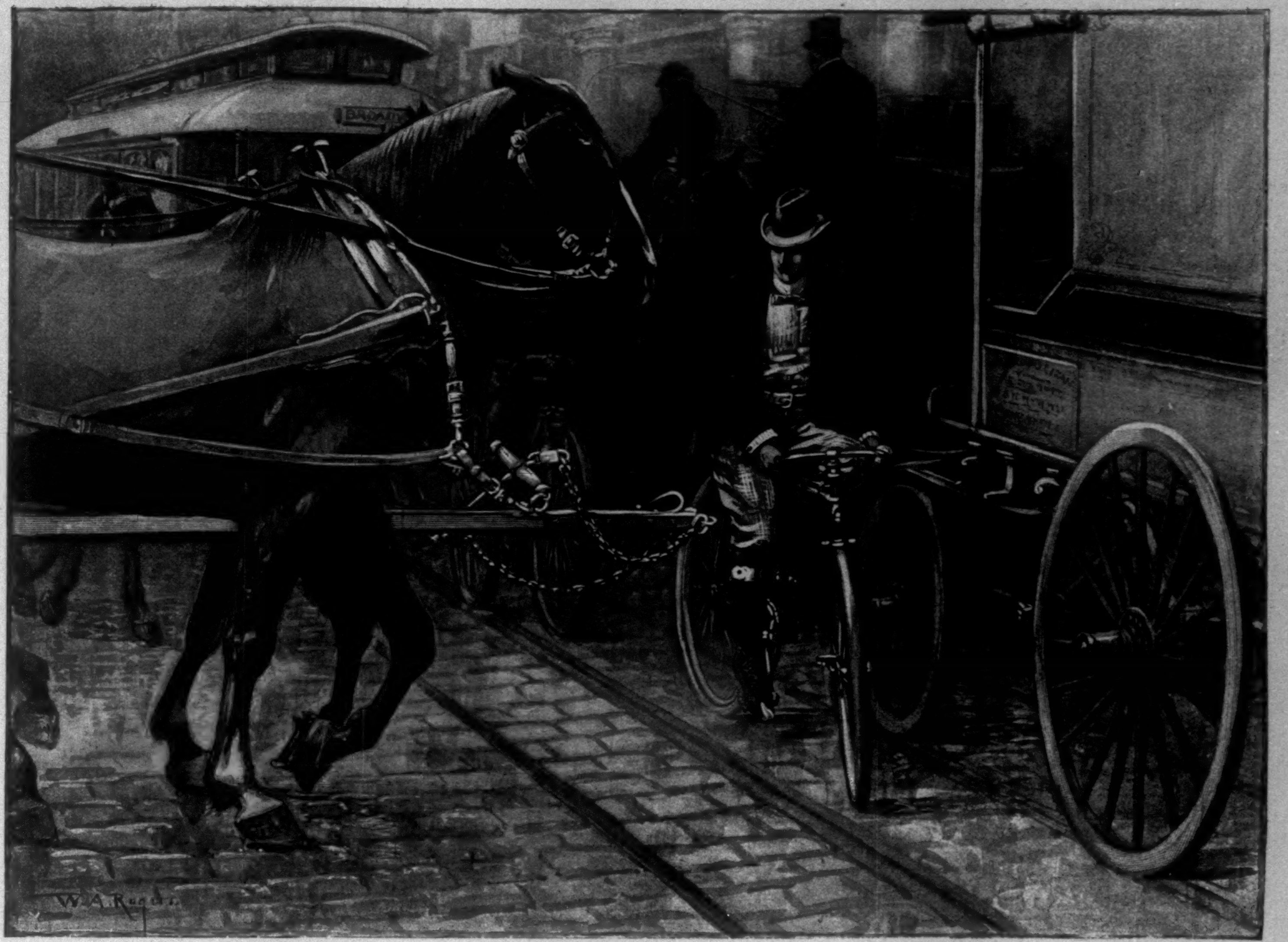
At this time of year, too, the bulls are often single, although it is not rare to find three or four in close proximity to one another, and sometimes even old bulls will be found with the herd. However, it seems difficult to state precisely what their habits in this respect may be, as the evidence one has is continually conflicting. We wondered at the end of our time at the reports that had been told to us of the scarcity of game in that part of America. Whether it was that we were wonderfully lucky, or that peculiar circumstances drove the game in our direction, or that the reports to the contrary are due to those who have been wonderfully unlucky, we cannot pretend to say, but certainly in the three weeks that we spent in hunting we must, between us, have seen something very like a thousand head of elk. Six distinct herds we met, and it probably would be a safe average to say they numbered from one hundred to two hundred in each herd. One was certainly larger, and "C," who saw it, was very positive that he had not seen the whole.

We left our hunting-ground and returned to civilization with heavy hearts. It was to all of us the most delightful experience of our lives. There is something in the open-air freedom of camp life, in the physical joy of living, that is an entirely new and wholly fascinating experience, and after one's first three days in camp one sits down seriously to wonder why one should have wasted so many, many years under the cozening shelter of a roof, surrounded by the restraints of civilization. One looks back with a feeling akin to regret on those returns at night, after the day's wandering, when one would stand above the sheltered camp with its cheerful fire, whose tossing and dancing flames would throw a lurid light on the red stems of the towering trees and rocks, the shadows from the dark silhouettes of passing figures radiating from the bright centre; and a sensation suggestive of a well-earned supper will rise through the crisp air, and all round one will hear through the darkness the horses plucking away gayly at the abundant feed, and presently the bright stars will blink and the pale moon herself peep over the peaks at the little white tents and the glowing embers of the camp fire, all quiet and sunk in slumber. Perhaps hunting and killing is not the most noble occupation that a man can pursue, but it is probably the oldest profession in the world, and, in the tax that it makes on one's endurance, courage, and nerve, ennobling in its effect upon the character.



MOVING CAMP.

SOME PRIZE ANTLERS—SNAKE RIVER CAMP.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF METROPOLITAN BICYCLING—A CLOSE SHAVE ON BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

## LESSONS OF THE '97 BICYCLE.

WHEN the bicycle, following in the wake of the cumbersome velocipede, made its appearance in this country, during the middle '70s, its progress into public favor proved extremely slow, and opposition of a varied and surprising sort manifested itself on all sides. This prejudice against what was to become a most important factor in nineteenth-century life gradually gave way with the substitution of the convenient and reliable "safety" for the uncertain and dangerous "ordinary." But the "goat," as the low wheel was dubbed, needed betterment, and did not show well in contrast with the graceful "ordinary," which had about reached its highest possible degree of perfection. As the "safety" improved in appearance and mechanically, the number of riders increased, and each year saw the corps of pedal-pushers become greater, until an army existed.

Once those who rode could be designated as a class, but when the wheeling idea captured both sexes, young and old, the rich and the poor, the cyclists could no longer be considered as a distinctive element, for they grew to comprise all classes. Those who at first had laughed at the suggestion of riding a wheel allowed themselves to be talked into a trial of that which gave so great pleasure to their friends. A single successful inning with the bicycle, and the beginner surrendered to the fascinations of the pastime, and immediately became a missionary among those who had yet to taste the delights that are inseparably connected with cycling. In time it became a matter for surprise if one did not ride, where once it had been a mark of distinction for the few who figured as the pioneers in this line.

Such a year as has been the one now nearing its last quarter has never before been experienced by the pastime, sport, or whatever name one cares to use to designate the pleasurable sensation of feeling dependent upon self solely in the swirl of wheeldom.

The new-comers of '97 bought their wheels early, and truth to tell, many of them repented their haste before a month or less had elapsed.

Lessons were taught both maker and rider this year, and the experience gained by each will be used profitably. Naturally the old and established concerns fared better than did their newer rivals, but even those who had felt the pulse of the cycle-buying public for years found that they still had a bit to learn. The drop in price was inevitable, and would have come much sooner had not the '97 recruits indulged in a unanimous demand to have their mounts at the earliest possible moment. Temporarily—and only temporarily—it appeared that the supply would not equal the demand, but it soon became apparent that there would be more than enough wheels to meet the requirements of even a record-breaking market. It was not generally known that large stocks were carried over from the previous year, and one leading maker was said to have on hand 30,000 machines, either assembled or in course of construction.

After the preliminary rush in the spring, the demand visibly decreased, and when it became obvious that there had been an over-production the long-predicted reduction in price was seen in the immediate future. It was staved off for a time by a clever ruse on the part of the makers, who met the emergency by selling '96 wheels at a reduced figure, meantime still insisting upon list-price for the '97 machine. But all the wheels disposed of with the assertion that they were of the year preceding were not such in reality, and many thousands of them had been intended to be exhibited as of the '97 vintage. In this way numerous makers weathered the selling season, but the margin of profits in a majority of instances was on the wrong side of the ledger. Probably not more than a score of manufacturers made money, and bicycle paper in mercantile estimation rated less than any other. The supposedly enormous profits of cycle-making induced manufacturers of other lines which were suffering from the general financial depression to embark in the wheel game, and when the slump came they had a very hard row to hoe, and soon became aware that experience was as necessary in the construction of wheels as in any other business. The other class which was caught between the financial bumpers was the assemblers, who bought parts from various sources, threw them into some sort of shape, and sold the result as a bicycle.

The whole cycle industry atmosphere will be clarified in the preparation for next year's trade, and there will gradually come that permanency so essential in any commercial channel. The assemblers will disappear, those who went after golden eggs and got sawdust will retire, and the legitimate maker will recover the field, content to accept smaller profits. Of course, in this cutting down of profits, the maker will retrench himself. His advertising will be confined to the best of publications; the guarantee will go, and the exclusive agency idea used by many may be abolished; and possibly the racing feature will not be so liberally supported.

How much of a figure the department emporiums will cut in next season's trade cannot be estimated, but it is not likely that the big stores will bother so much with the selling of cycles, which has not been particularly profitable in all instances. The makers of high-grade machines have no grievance against the department stores, whose cheap wheels induced thousands of people to become riders, and these same people will buy again next year. They will not buy, however, the average department-store wheel, and waste upon it more in repairs than its original cost.

Though several of the leading makers have come out with announcements that they intended to uphold the $100 price, they will soon discover that they are in error, and that that figure will never be obtained again, except for a special-built wheel, or for a radical change in the present model. The $75 wheel will have a large sale, but the popular price will be $50. There will also be a cheaper grade that will be bought by those who are always after the cheapest that the market affords. In connection with this price reduction, those who have bought wheels in the past at the higher figures should not imagine that they have paid exorbitantly, for in the early days of the trade the cost of a plant compelled the pioneer makers to demand a liberal profit in order to get a fair return on the large amount of money invested. Most of the business, too, had to be done on ninety days' credit, for the banks regarded the industry, as did many others, in the line of an experiment, and of doubtful success. It was put down as a craze, and one that would soon die out. But it was something more than a craze, though even its most sanguine supporters did not imagine that it would reach its present enormous proportions.

So repeatedly has the sewing-machine argument been used in connection with the price of bicycles that the writer feels compelled to put in an answer. One sewing-machine will do for an entire family, and will last for years. Oftentimes a half-dozen bicycles are necessary to supply a household, and the average rider desires to change his mount at least every two years. It has been argued that when everybody was supplied the price of the high-grade wheel would ultimately drop to the figure now obtained for the best sewing-machine. But the sewing-machine is not subjected to the usage doled to the bicycle, and its material, except in a few important parts, is far less costly than that used in the making of a bicycle.

With the reduction in prices comes the logical death-knell of the guarantee—something that has been the nightmare of the maker since it was introduced. There is opportunity for so much dishonesty in this regard that little short of highway-robbery has been practised by unscrupulous purchasers whenever anything went wrong with a wheel. Though the guarantee was cut down this year, its total abolishment will become a necessity with reduced prices.

The tire guarantee will also have to go, and the matter undoubtedly will be accomplished at a meeting of the tire-makers scheduled to take place in the near future. The profits in this branch have been very materially reduced this year by the costly repair stations in nearly all the large cities, maintained by the principal tire concerns, and oftentimes if it was impossible to make the repair asked the tire had to be replaced with another.

Of course the abolishment of the guarantees on both wheel and tire will compel the buyer to use more discretion in the purchase of his '98 wheel, and the knowing ones will take the best that the market offers. People nowadays are becoming very expert in deciding for themselves as to the quality and mechanical excellence combined in a wheel. Those who have been bitten by the department-store wheel have obtained their wisdom at a costly price, but it is certain that they cannot be fooled again. Nevertheless, it must be stated that there were many good wheels sold by the department stores, but they were machines that fell into the capacious maw of the emporium usually through the financial distress of the makers.

The merits of a gear, the adaptability of a saddle, the resiliency of a tire, and the worth of a light are discussed with as much concern and thoroughness as though the fate of an empire were at stake. All this results in enlightening the man who desires to change his mount, and also posts the prospective purchaser; and so it is that the hastily and imperfectly made wheel will have less attractiveness and selling worth than formerly during the '98 trade.

What effect the chainless wheel will have upon the trade is a matter on which there is a wide division of opinion. In spite of the fact that some form of this idea has been seen off and on for the past seven or eight years, it never before reached the stage of perfection to warrant one of the established concerns to push it as a leader. Judging from the several announcements of chainless makes for next year, there will be a sufficiency of this style of machine to fill any call that may be made for them. The chainless will probably meet with favor from those who are always on the lookout for something that is a bit different from what is found in the ordinary run. The price, too, will be such as to keep it out of the popular reach, and this will be an item in its favor for those people who always insist upon having the most costly in the market.

Professor Carpenter of Cornell University recently made an exhaustive test of the chainless idea, and his report was not altogether favorable, he claiming that no form of gearing could equal the chain. Many of the makers, however, take exception to this finding of the learned gentleman, and claim that there will be a market for all the chainless machines that can be turned out. Other makers are not so pronounced in their views, and while admitting that the chainless will be more or less of a factor next season, insist that it will be another year before the machine will have demonstrated its superiority to the chain-driven wheel. Incidentally it might be mentioned that the gear-case will be used on many wheels next year, and this protection to the chain will be detrimental to its abolishment.

The talk of a bicycle trust is hardly worthy of comment, though something of the kind might happen in the line of tubing. The industry is too scattered, and there are too many smaller concerns which would have to be swallowed up by the larger ones before a trust that really controlled could be formed.

In connection with the growth of cycling might be mentioned the influence that wheelmen now possess in matters of municipal ordinance and State, even national, legislation. Time was when those who rode had to fight to get any sort of right, which when granted was done grudgingly, and considered in the light of a favor. Now all is different, and the trouble is that wheelmen are wont to demand too much. Might does not make right, and the cyclist should remember the days when he was of the minority, and not of the majority as at present. Gradually this majority is swallowing up the farmers, who, as they join the cycling ranks, appreciate more thoroughly the value of good roads. Probably, of the several million people who have yet to become riders, the greater number will come from the country districts where the long wait for the reduction in price has been most pronounced. As a sequence, the good-roads movement, which has had many innings of promise and few of realization in many States, will receive a boom that will soon result in the building of broad highways that will be a benefit long desired, ever since the cycle was introduced.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF CLUB.

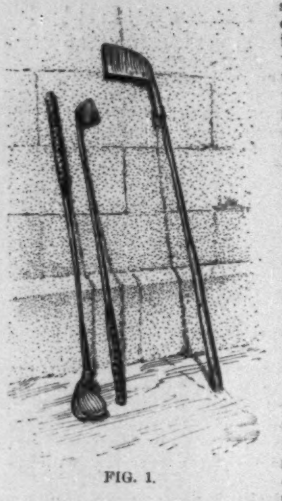


FIG. 1.

CAREFULLY preserved in a glass case at the St. Andrews club-house in Scotland are a number of curious-looking instruments, variously fashioned of wood and iron, and authenticated as genuine specimens of eighteenth-century golf-club handiwork. Fearfully and wonderfully made are these relics of the past—the play clubs with their shallow elongated heads and shafts of abnormal length, and the irons with their heavy sockets and hideously misshapen blades. The visiting golfer examines them with respectful interest, and begins to understand the feelings of the man who described a golf club as being the very worst possible instrument for the purpose for which it was designed.

Both the wooden and iron clubs of a generation ago were clumsy, heavy implements, whose sole merit seems to have consisted in the fact that they could endure an infinite amount of hard pounding. Moreover, every player of repute was wont to include in his collection a certain fearsome weapon which he called his "black spoon," and to which he had recourse only when in direst extremity. *Badminton* thus describes a famous "black spoon" belonging to a certain Mr. Burton:

> It had a head like a canoe bottomed with brass, and a shaft like the piston of an engine, and when in full swing it boomed through the air like a cannon-ball. It was created by a well-known maker towards the beginning of this century, and doubtless would have seen the next but for a *force majeure* which no mortal spoon could have resisted.

It was Hugh Philp (1818–56) who first departed from these primitive models of the stone age and began to make golf clubs that looked as though they were intended for some gentler work than the crushing in of an enemy's skull or the manufacture of broken flint for road-building. Philp had an eye for graceful lines and curves, and his slim, elegant models remain to-day things of beauty, though their usefulness has long since departed. Moreover, as any fine old crusted golfer will tell you, Philp was the only man who ever knew how to make a perfectly balanced wooden putter. The few specimens that still exist are acknowledged "old masters," and are only to be exchanged against much fine gold.

Study these average dimensions and measurements of the play club of hardly a generation ago. The shaft was three feet ten inches in length and excessively supple; indeed, the spring often ran clear up to and under the grip. The one-sided head seemed nothing more than a slight lateral development of the shaft itself; it was four inches long, less than an inch in depth, about an inch and three-quarters wide, and was heavily weighted with lead. Such a club was almost invariably badly balanced, and the long whippy shaft created innumerable difficulties of practical execution. Any departure from a perfectly smooth and even sweep must result in a "top" or "sclaff," and with the abnormal length of head the club was very apt to twist in the hand. "Don't press" meant something in the days of Allan Robertson, and accuracy was of far more importance than hard hitting. As a consequence the long driving of to-day was a thing unheard of during the many years that Mr. George Glennie's 88 stood as the record for the St. Andrews course. And, more than that, long driving *par excellence* never would have been heard of had not the golf club evoluted into a weapon in whose construction some approach was made towards scientific principles.

The modern wooden driver has a comparatively short and stiff shaft, and its head is very much shorter, thicker, and deeper than that of its prototype, the difference in some of the extreme models being as high as forty per cent. all round. The two principal factors in this evolution have been the development of the wooden niblick and the invention of the "bulger."

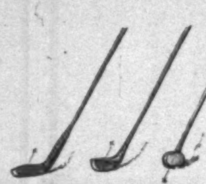


FIG. 2.

A generation ago a full set of clubs included no less than seven wooden ones, made up as follows: play club or driver, long spoon, mid spoon, short spoon, baffy spoon, niblick, and putter. The several varieties of spoons differed from the play club only in the length of their shafts and in the extent to which their faces were laid back or "grassed." They were used in playing through the green where the nature of the lie or the distance to the hole precluded the use of the play club. The particular office of the wooden niblick was in playing the ball out of a bad lie, such as long grass or a cart-rut. Its shaft was comparatively short and stiff, and its head (moderately "grassed") was only about half as long as that of a driver or spoon. With the final addition of a brass plate screwed to its sole, the wooden niblick differed but little from our up-to-date brassie, and in practical use it soon began to do the work once divided among the spoon family.

Now if the short-headed niblick were the better club through the green, why not from the tee also? So argued some of the bolder spirits; but golfers are conservative, and the great majority clung obstinately to the old-fashioned type of driver, with its long, narrow, and shallow head. And then in the fulness of time appeared the "bulger," whose invention is variously ascribed to the late Mr. Henry Lamb and to Willie Park, Jr.

As everybody knows, the "bulger" has a longitudinal convex striking surface instead of a plane, or straight face. When originally introduced it was supposed that this convexity could be trusted to keep the ball straight, even when struck off the centre. But most of the theories advanced to account for this useful property have since been disproved, and it has been shown that a ball badly "sliced" or "pulled" with a "bulger" will travel in quite as much of a curve as though the striking surface were a plane. And it still remains true that to obtain the longest possible carry the point of impact must be the exact centre of the convexity.

The early "bulgers" were made with abnormally "swelled faces," and as it was not desirable to increase the actual weight of the club-head, the extra width could only be secured by a relative reduction in length of head. The superiority of the new club was unquestionable, and though little by little the original convexity was modified into what is now termed "semi-bulger," the head itself continued to grow in width and at the expense of its original length, until the modern model was finally evolved. The depth of the striking face has also been gradually increased, the idea being to give the ball a lower initial trajectory. Allan Robertson's play club, with which he did his famous 79, has a striking face of only fifteen-sixteenths of an inch in depth. The depth of face of a modern club is often as much as one and one-half inches.

Now all of this development has been towards the hammer type, and involves two distinct scientific principles. If we examine any tool of the hammer class, such as an axe or a mall, we will notice first that the weight is concentrated immediately behind the striking-point, and secondly that the head or point of impact is in the same plane of action with the line of force—*i. e.*, the handle or shaft.

The old-fashioned driver with its four-inch length of head was mechanically imperfect in this respect, for the weight on either side of the point of impact was of little or no use in driving a ball. By transferring thirty to forty per cent. of this "dead-wood" behind the point of impact, we obtain at once a corresponding increase in power. The weight is now placed where it will tell.

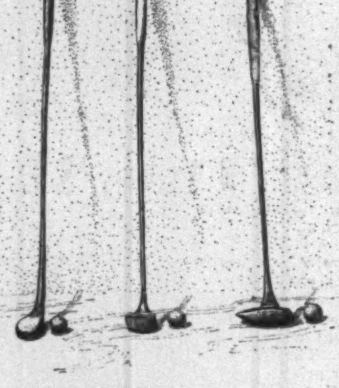


FIG. 3.

The second point, while not so obvious, is quite as important. Imagine a hammer with its head set to one side of the handle instead of being in the same straight line! The harder the blow, the more likely is the handle to turn in the grasp, and of course the slightest amount of slip means a tremendous loss of force. The same principle applies to the golf club. In the old style of head the distance between the plane of action of the point of impact (centre of striking surface) and that of the line of force (the shaft) was as much as two and one-half inches. By the shortening of the head these parallel planes have been brought to within an inch and a quarter of each other, and this means that the blow is both a more powerful and a more accurate one than was possible with the old style of play club.

In Figs. 2 and 3 are shown the end and side views of three distinct patterns of wooden drivers. That on the left is the ordinary play club of twenty-five years ago, the middle club is a modern "one-piece" driver, while the mallet-shaped instrument on the right is a so-called "cross-head" club, the very latest thing in golf-club construction. In Fig. 2 the dotted line x marks the plane of action of the point of impact, and the shaft is the line of force. Note how these parallels have approached in the "one-piece" driver, while in the "cross-head" they actually coincide. In Fig. 3 is shown the massing of the weight behind the point of impact, and here again the tendency is towards the hammer as fully developed in the case of the "crosshead."

The development of the iron club has been in the same direction with that of the wooden ones. The old-time cleeks and lofters had long and narrow blades; the modern heads are short and thick. The evolution has been due in great part to the growing use of the cleek and iron for driving through the green. The old-fashioned cleeks could not stand the hard hitting of players like Rolland and Mr. Blackwell; despite all attempts at a hardening process, the blades would bend out of shape. The obvious remedy was to increase the thickness of the head, and since the blades were already of excessive weight, their dimensions had to be altered. The old-fashioned irons had enormously long sockets, ranging four inches in length, and this unscientific distribution of the metal made their balance execrable. Consequently the hose was shortened up, and the weight transferred to the back of the blade. Some of the inventors have dispensed with the hose altogether, and their "patents" bear a far greater resemblance to gardening-tools than to golf clubs. Along with this thickening of the blades has followed the shortening of their length, as exemplified in the ordinary driving mashie and mashie-cleek. The general tendency is still towards the hammer type, although the iron club in its original integrity is perhaps nearer to the hoe in its mechanical principle of action. In modern iron patterns the hoelike bottom edge is being replaced by a well-defined sole, and this massing of weight below the striking-point tends to loft the ball independently of the actual pitch on the face of the blade.

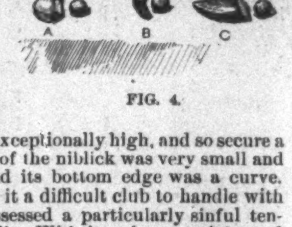


FIG. 4.

The old style-iron niblick has been an equally important factor in the development of the up-to-date iron. In the old days a player would often take his niblick when he wished to loft his ball exceptionally high, and so secure a dead fall. But the face of the niblick was very small and very much laid back, and its bottom edge was a curve. These peculiarities made it a difficult club to handle with any accuracy, and it possessed a particularly sinful tendency to "hook" the ball. With its edges straightened and its nose lengthened out, it became the mashie and the original type of the modern approaching-iron. The average light iron of to-day is moderately laid back and short-faced, with a growing tendency to depth of blade. See Fig. 4. B.

In the "cross-head" system (Fig. 4, C) there has been a partial return to an obsolete principle of "pitcher" construction. The old-time players always approached with a baffy spoon (Fig. 4, A), so called because the stroke was baffed; *i. e.*, the club was brought down so that the face and sole of the club struck the ball and ground simultaneously. This threw the ball into the air with a great deal of under-spin, and consequently the fall was comparatively dead. It is to be understood that the wooden face of the baffy was very much laid back, and yet it had the actual sole of its brethren, the play club and long spoon. The mechanical principle is that of the hammer combined with the wedge, and it is entirely distinct from the hoe-like action of the ordinary lofting-iron.

In the case of putters there has been but little modification from original types. The wooden putters have had their heads shortened, and their lie is generally flatter. Balance is still their prime essential of usefulness. Monstrosities of numberless shapes have been launched upon the golfing world under the name of patent putters, but none of them has won public favor, with the possible exception of a well-known crook-necked patent. It is particularly in the holing-out department that the performer is of more account than his club.

A shaft is still a shaft in the golfing sense of the word. One inventor has endeavored to increase its efficiency by caning the grip-stock, after the fashion of a cricket bat, and steel cores have also been tried. In the "one-piece" driver there is no splicing of head to shaft, with a consequent loss of spring at the point of juncture. The club is fashioned from one piece of compressed hickory throughout, and the result is a noticeable gain in length of carry.

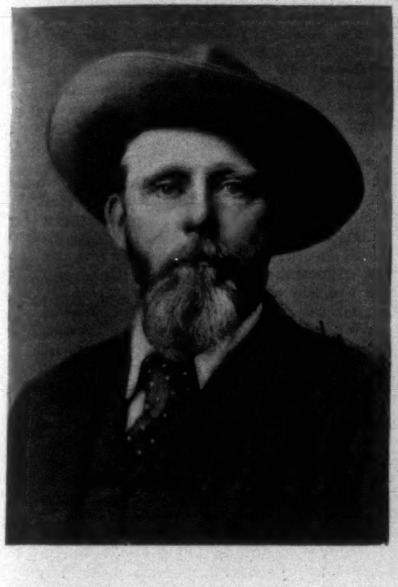
Minor details of construction, such as leather facing, compressed wood for heads, anatomical grips, etc., etc., have their use in the line of durability and of increased comfort to the player, but they involve no essential principles. New patents are being constantly brought out and old ideas revived. In the vast majority of cases the patent club is like the Yorkshireman's razors—only made to sell.

# THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF AFRICA (PAST AND PRESENT).

BY F. C. SELOUS.

If variety of species be considered of equal importance with the numbers of any one kind of game, neither Asia nor America could ever compare as a hunting-field with Africa.

In the early part of the present century the whole of the eastern and central portions of this great continent must have presented the appearance of one vast zoological garden, and there can be little doubt that a traveller from Abyssinia to Cape Town, a distance of some 4000 or 5000 miles, would have heard the roar of the lion in the immediate vicinity of his encampment on almost every night of his long journey. At this time Europeans had only obtained a footing on the extreme southern point of the country, and the natives, having no firearms, were able only to kill the wild game by means of traps and pitfalls, methods by which but a comparatively small number were destroyed. Thus it was not until about the commencement of the latter half of this century, when the European colonists in South Africa commenced to exchange their old muzzle-loading guns for breech-loading rifles, while at the same time firearms of all descriptions began to find their way through the medium of white traders into the hands of the natives, that the wild game of Africa was seriously attacked.



When in 1836 a large number of Dutch Boers abandoned their farms in the Cape Colony, and in order to escape from British rule trekked with their wives and their families, their flocks and their herds, into the wilderness beyond the great Orange River, they not only found the plains of what are now the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic teeming with innumerable herds of game, but they also left behind them immense numbers of wild animals in the old Cape Colony, notably on the undulating plains known as the Bontebok flats, and in the arid wastes of the Karoo.

In these regions, where now no game exists save a few spring-buck, the traveller Harris found great herds of blessbuck and black wildebeest, besides gemsbuck and hartebeest, while lions were still plentiful. Beyond the Orange River the same traveller and his immediate successors, such as Dr. Livingstone, Gordon-Cumming, Messrs. Oswell, Murray, Baldwin and others, found throughout South Africa such a variety and profusion of wild animal life as has never been equalled in any other part of the world except in other parts of the same continent. The undulating grassy plains of what are now the Orange Free State, the Transvaal Republic, and British Bechuanaland were

(Continued on page 988.)

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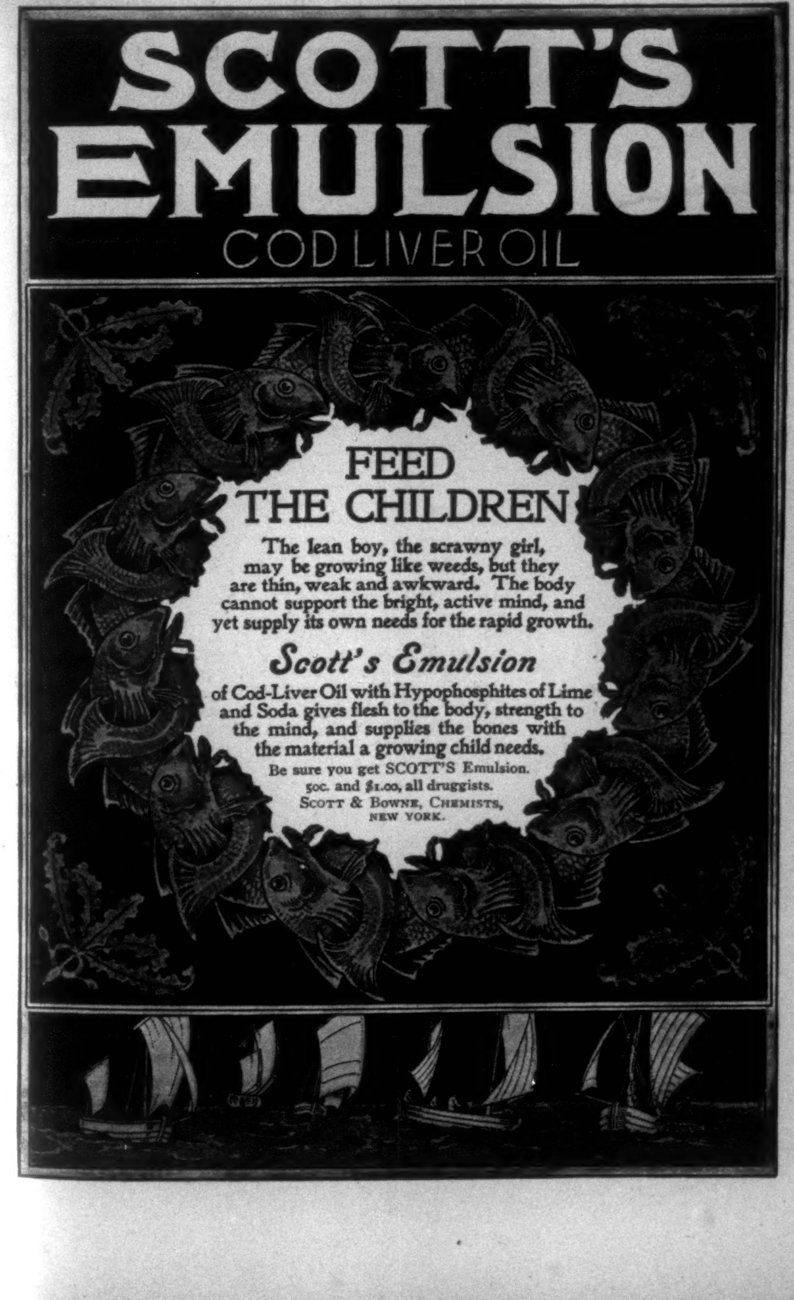

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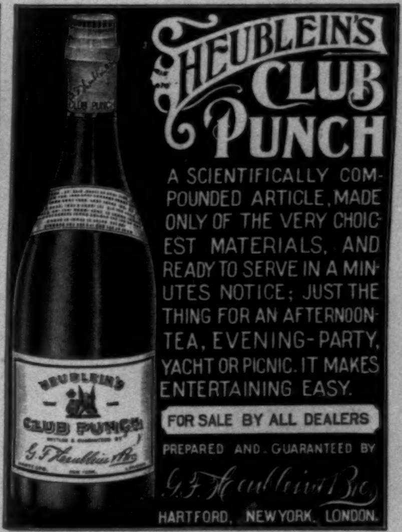

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"THEY ARE NOCTURNAL IN THEIR HABITS."

(*Continued from page 987.*)

black with commingled troops of millions of antelopes, of many different species, among which were present great herds of the beautifully striped Burchell's zebra, or his more soberly colored congener the quagga. These great masses of game were always closely attended by lions, leopards, chetahs, tiger-cats, hyenas, wild-dogs, and jackals, which long array of hungry carnivora was, however, unable to make any impression on their numbers, although the lions were often seen in parties of over a dozen together; and the Rev. Robert Moffat has left it on record that while travelling in what is now British Bechuanaland he once saw in one day nine different troops or families of these grand beasts. In the forests of the further interior, beyond the great plains, elephants roamed undisturbed in incredible numbers, while rhinoceroses of both the square-mouthed and the prehensile-lipped species were very abundant. The stately giraffe and several species of antelopes unknown on the southern plains also lent life and beauty to the forest-lands, while many others frequented the banks of the rivers, which again in their turn were full of hippopotami.

But at the present day, in those parts of southern Africa which have been opened up to civilization, only a poor remnant of these teeming herds exists. They have been destroyed and swept from the face of the earth by man; and in this work of destruction the European colonist has vied with and surpassed the native black; for whilst the latter killed for food and clothing, and but seldom left a carcass for the vultures and hyenas to feast upon, the former, urged on by greed of gain, shot down hundreds of thousands of beautiful animals indiscriminately and wastefully.

The same decade, say from 1874 to 1884, which witnessed the final destruction of the buffalo in North America, will always be remembered in South Africa as the period during which the remnants of the great herds of black wildebeests and blessbucks, which once roamed the plains of the Free State and the Transvaal in countless numbers, were finally annihilated, none being now left alive, with the exception of two small herds of the former which are carefully protected in the Free State, and a few larger herds of the latter, some in either state—all of which, I am happy to say, are doing well and increasing in numbers.

Yet, despite the terrible destruction of animal life between 1840 and 1880, there yet remained enormous areas of country in various parts of eastern and central Africa where wild animals might still be seen in the most astonishing profusion, both as regards numbers and variety of species. At that date (1880) all the rich hunting-grounds of eastern Africa, from Somaliland to Delagoa Bay, and the whole of Central Africa, which in many districts teemed with game, had been practically untouched by Europeans, and until quite recently no traveller in these regions ever failed to be struck with the great wealth of animal life which he constantly saw around him, whether in Somaliland or Gazaland, in Masailand in east central Africa, or the Garanganzi country in the west. But during the last ten years a fate has been meted out to the wild denizens of a large proportion of these regions as cruel as and more deadly than the thoughtless greed of man by which the South African plains were denuded some decades earlier in the world's history.

About ten years ago—I am not sure of the exact date—a fell disease broke out amongst the great herds of cattle possessed by the Masai in east central Africa. This disease, which has now been proved to have been rinderpest of the most virulent type, was probably introduced in some way through one of the East African ports, and probably came from southeastern Europe or western Asia, where the disease of rinderpest is, I have read, endemic. Be this as it may, the plague swept off all the Masai cattle, and caused the death of thousands of the natives through starvation and disease, as they grew no kind of grain, but had been accustomed to live entirely on the produce of their herds.

In Masailand innumerable herds of buffaloes, giraffes, Burchell's zebras, and antelope of many different species were wont to graze over the same plains on which the cattle fed, and from the cattle the rinderpest spread to the wild animals. Of the buffalo, as with the cattle, only one or two per cent. survived, and the carcasses of these grand animals lay strewn about the country in thousands. Giraffe, elands, and many other species of antelopes also suffered heavily, the Burchell's zebras alone, I believe, being entirely unaffected. From Masailand this cruel plague spread southwards, and sweeping slowly through the country, killing literally hundreds of millions of wild animals on its course, at length reached Matabeleland in February, 1895. In that country it practically carried off all the cattle (over 100,000 head), and then swept onwards, doing infinite damage wherever it passed, though happily it seems to have died out before reaching the British states of Cape Colony, Natal, and Zululand.* All the destruction wrought by man upon the varied and beautiful forms of animal life which in the course of countless ages have been evolved upon the earth pales before this ten years of ruthless, pitiless slaughter which has been inflicted upon Africa by an inexorable, incomprehensible fate.

And now it may be asked what is the present quality of Africa as a hunting-field? Well, in spite of the destruction wrought by man to the south of the Zambesi, and notwithstanding the awful plague of rinderpest, there are large areas of that enormous continent where more game can still be seen, and where the sportsman can yet secure a more varied collection of the spoils of the chase, than in any other part of the world.

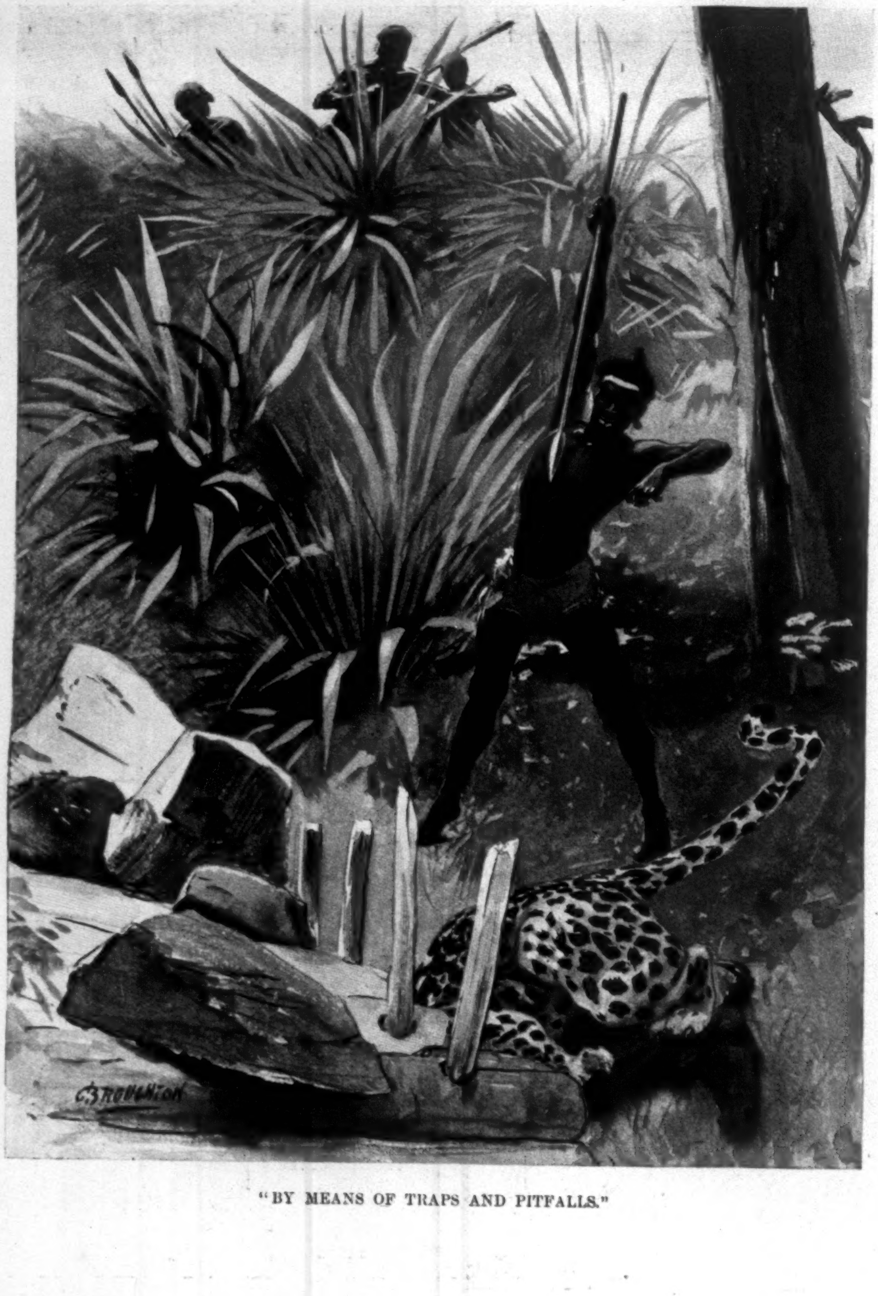
When the rinderpest swept southwards through east central Africa it carried its message of death and desolation steadily onwards till it reached the northern shores of Lake Nyassa, where it worked terrible destruction amongst the herds of the Wacondé cattle-owners. From this point, however, probably because immediately to the south there were neither cattle nor game, it turned westwards towards Lakes Bangweolo and Mwero, from whence it again turned southwards through the Mashukulumbwi country to the Zambesi, and after crossing, or having been carried across, that river, gradually extended its ravages to the European states of South Africa, as I have already related.

Up to the present moment the rich hunting-grounds of the Shiré and all the game-teeming lands lying between the lower Zambesi and the great Sabi River have not been touched by this pest.

I am not personally acquainted with the hunting-grounds of Nyassaland and the lower Shiré, having only passed by the mouth of that river on my way up the Zambesi, but I know a good deal as to its sporting capabilities, from the verbal communications of friends who have been there, and also from a study of the reports of Sir H. Johnston, Messrs. Sharpe and Crawshaye, and others. Elephants (which have not been affected by the rinderpest in any part of Africa), although their numbers have been much reduced of late years, are still fairly numerous in parts of Nyassaland, as are also hippopotami, especially on the lower course of the Shiré River. The great square-mouthed rhinoceros is not found in this part of Africa, nor, indeed, did it ever exist anywhere but in the countries to the south of the Zambesi; but the prehensile-lipped or black rhinoceros is to be met with throughout Nyassaland, though it is nowhere numerous. Of other game, buffaloes are the most abundant, and may still be seen in herds of upwards of one hundred together, whilst antelopes of many varieties are to be found in various parts of the territory, though they would not all be met with in any one small district.

In the neighborhood of the rivers water-buck, reed-buck, koodoo, bush-buck, and impala might be looked for, whilst in the north of Nyassaland the pookoo would also be found in great abundance, and with good fortune a specimen of the rare and handsome inyala might be obtained in the thickets bordering the Moanza River, which enters the Shiré on the right bank near the Murchison cataracts. In the forest country between the rivers sable antelopes and elands would be met with, and on the open downs blue wildebeests, Lichtenstein's hartebeests, and perhaps roan antelopes. Besides this long array of large and handsome animals, several smaller species might be added to the list, such as oribi, duiker, klipspringer, and one or two other diminutive antelopes, Burchell's zebras, two species of wild-boar—the wart-hog and the bush-pig—and nearly all the African carnivora, including the lion, leopard, chetah, red lynx, tiger-cat, gray cat, spotted hyena, hunting-dog, and two specimens of jackals.

Now let us take a district further south—that is, the country lying immediately north and south of the lower Pungwe River, which flows into the Indian Ocean at the Portuguese port of Beira. With this country I am well acquainted,



"BY MEANS OF TRAPS AND PITFALLS."

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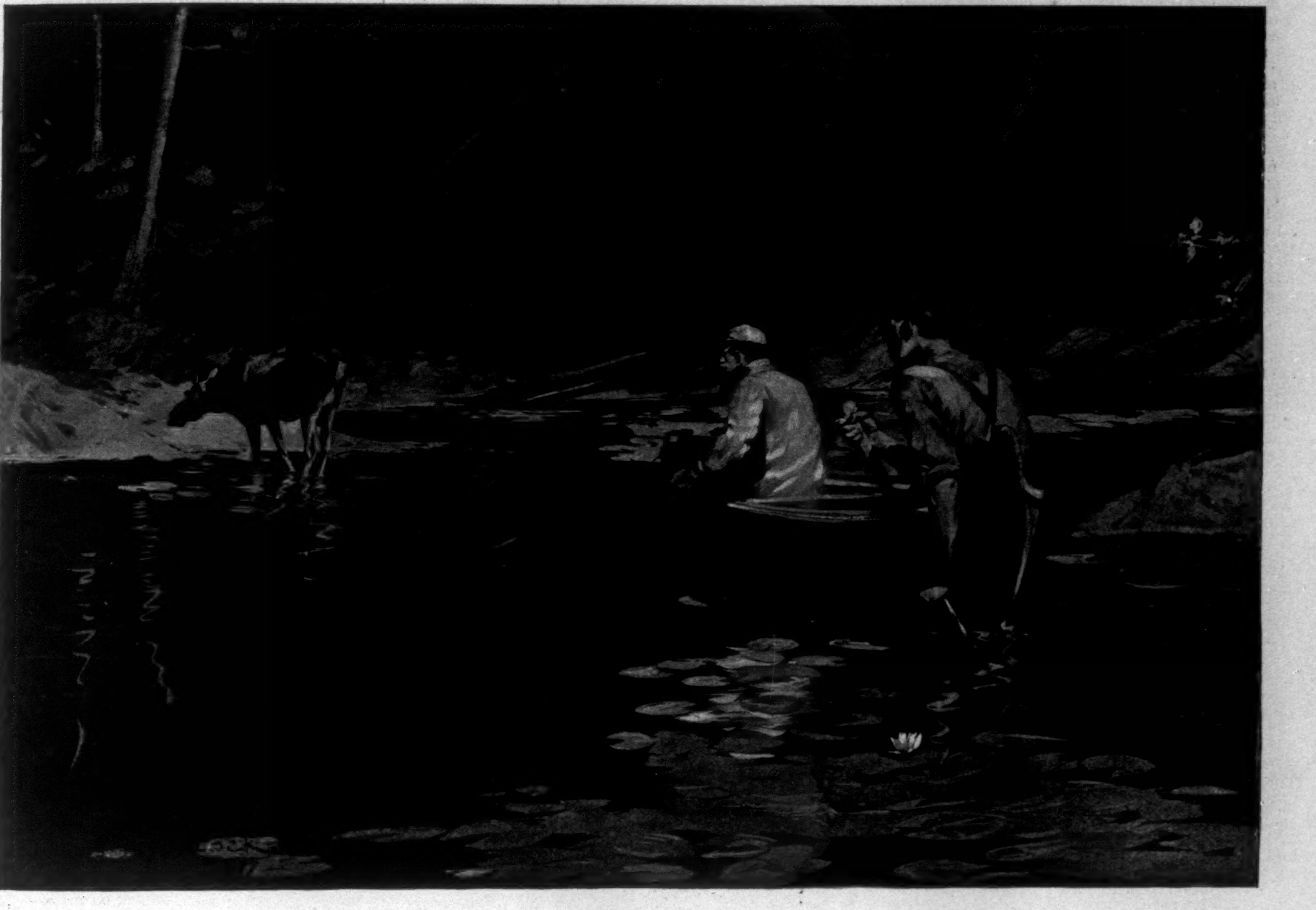
* Later accounts report that the plague is still spreading.—EDITOR.



HUNTING WITH A CAMERA—A SNAP-SHOT AT A MOOSE.—Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock.

and it is without doubt one of the finest hunting-fields in Africa or in the whole world at the present day, not only on account of the abundance of game that is to be met with there, but also because of its accessibility.

The game of the Pungwe district consists of elephants (in considerable numbers, though they are local and hard to find), an odd black rhinoceros, hippopotami, buffaloes, Burchell's zebras, wart-hogs, bush-pigs, blue wildebeests, Tsessebe antelopes, Lichtenstein's hartebeests, water-bucks, reed-bucks, impalas, bush-bucks, elands, sable antelopes, oribis, stein-bucks, duikers, and all the carnivora mentioned in the previous list of Nyassaland game. In 1891, and again in 1892, I saw enormous herds of game in this district, the most plentiful species being buffaloes, Burchell's zebras, blue wildebeests, and water-bucks. Lions are very numerous in this part of the country, and during six weeks which I spent there on a hunting trip in the latter part of 1892 I do not think there was one night on which they were not heard roaring round the camp, and on several occasions there were three and once four troops of them serenading at the same time. Yet, in spite of their numbers, lions are not met with in the Pungwe district as often as might be expected, the reason being that they are nocturnal in their habits, and have a lot of cover in the shape of long grass, reeds, and bush in which to hide during the daytime. During the trip in question, though I was continually hunting all day and every day, I only came across lions—three males together—on one occasion. One of these I shot, and I also killed a fine elephant bull, with tusks weighing 108 pounds the pair. Were lions, however, systematically hunted in the Pungwe country, as they have been of late years in Somaliland, I have no doubt that a large bag might be made.

It is only during three months of the year that a hunting trip can be successfully undertaken in this part of Africa, that is, from August 15 to November 15. After the latter date the rainy season sets in, and the country becomes very unhealthy until the following June, at which time hunting is almost out of the question, as the whole country is covered with grass eight, ten, and even twelve feet in height. In August this grass becomes dry enough to burn, and by the middle of the month a certain amount of ground will have been burnt clear, the game immediately flocking into such open spaces in search of the young sweet herbage which at once springs up. From this time until the rainy season sets in, which is generally during November, a hunter will be sure to enjoy himself. He will be able to kill any number of animals; but if he is a sportsman and not a butcher, he will leave the great mass of the game he is sure to see unmolested, and will only shoot those with fine heads. Although in the district of which I am speaking the sun is intensely hot during the best months for a shooting trip—that is, just before the rainy season sets in—yet the climate is fairly healthy, and I have never heard of a fatal case of fever occurring at this time of the year.

In the countries of which I have just been writing multitudes of game may still be met with, and scenes may to-day be witnessed which will recall the descriptions given by Harris and Gordon-Cumming of those portions of temperate South Africa through which they travelled some fifty or sixty years ago, which are now settled states, and in which game to-day is conspicuous by its absence. But besides these game-teeming regions there are still vast areas of country in southern Africa, both north and south of the Zambesi River, where large game was still fairly plentiful a year ago, but the present condition of which I do not know, as I have not yet ascertained to what extent they have been affected by the rinderpest. This fell disease has not, I believe, had the same effect upon the sable and roan antelopes, hartebeests, and water-bucks as it has had upon buffaloes, elands, and koodoos; and if this is the case, there will still be much game left in the northern parts of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, as well as in the Kalahari Desert, into which it is to be hoped that the disease has not penetrated, as that country is only a desert in the sense that it possesses no rivers, nor, indeed, any surface water but the short-lived pools which only hold water during the rainy season. But it is covered with forests and rich succulent grasses, and has hitherto been the home of a great variety of game, notably giraffe, eland, gemsbuck, blue wildebeests, hartebeests, spring-bucks, and duikers. All these animals, strange as it may seem, live for months at a time without drinking, obtaining all the fluid they require from wild melons, and a white tuber something like a turnip, but which is as full of water as an orange is of juice. These roots grow about a foot below the surface, and are smelt and scratched up by the desert game.

I have written concerning certain portions of Africa as a hunting-field at the present day. Of the whole of that vast continent I cannot speak, because I am only personally acquainted with the southern, south central, and southeastern districts, and also owing to the fact that the rinderpest has altered the conditions which prevailed until lately in many parts of the country. But still Somaliland and the countries to the south of Abyssinia have been untouched by this plague, and in all these parts game is to be found in great abundance and rich variety, whilst there must also be districts here and there throughout eastern and central Africa where the pachydermatous animals—elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami—which the rinderpest does not affect, must still be plentiful, and where a large number of the countless antelopes which once existed must still survive.

On the west, too, I know, from the verbal communications of friends who have been there, that game is fairly numerous in the neighborhood of the Cunene River, and from there northwards through the Portuguese province of Angola. Then come the dense equatorial forests, in which, though animal life is plentiful, hunting is difficult and unsatisfactory, because of the deadly climate and the density of the jungle. But further north, in Senegambia and on the upper course of the Niger, there lies a field still untouched by the European sportsman, but which would well repay a visit. Here might be found the great black-necked Derbian eland, never yet seen or shot by a European, and the almost equally unknown West African roan antelope; and here, too, would almost certainly be found some altogether unknown species.

Altogether, although neither I nor any other man can speak from personal knowledge of the entire country, yet I think I may safely affirm, from what I have actually seen, supplemented by what I have heard from reliable men, that the dark continent of Africa, with its ponderous elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and buffaloes, its wealth of animals of the antelope tribe, its stately giraffes and beautifully striped zebras, its dark-maned lions and stealthy spotted leopards, even now possesses hunting-grounds in which game exists in a variety and profusion almost beyond the dreams of a sportsman's avarice—hunting-grounds in which the modern European may to-day forget all the artificial conventionalities of civilized existence, and lead the free wild life of his prehistoric ancestors of palæolithic times, with this advantage over those ancient savages, that during his reversion to a savage state he will be armed with a modern rifle that would have made short work of cave-bears, sabre-toothed tigers, or any other pleistocene monsters, none of which have, alas! survived to gratify the modern hunter.

## THE CAMERA AS A PART OF THE SPORTSMAN'S EQUIPMENT.

The camera is of value by reason of its ability accurately to record events. The story written by the light on the sensitive photographic plate is held as an unimpeachable record of the object at which the camera was pointed. The life of the sportsman is made up of events more or less stirring and exciting, and while the average individual can only indulge his desire for the excitement of the chase for a short period each year, that period is one replete with interest and abounding in subjects for the camera. To the sportsman photography should and does particularly appeal. Perhaps in no other branch of pleasure-seeking is the camera at once so necessary and so welcome. The photographic sportsman is ever welcome in the camp. His little apparatus is far more deadly than the rifle, and the product of his "shooting" is of a more permanent nature. The camera gives to its devotees the power of preserving for all time an accurate record of the day's sport, of securing a series of pictures that will tell the story of the outing far more graphically and with greater truth than any words, and of studying the habits of animals and, incidentally, of men. There is an indescribable feeling of satisfaction in turning over the pages of an album of one's own records of pleasant days gone by, each page telling back its story of pleasure, toil, patience, and prowess. The game brought down by the gun is of the past; the old guide is a memory only; the camp was broken up years ago, but the photographs are there, an ever-pleasant reminder. The camera and the gun are boon companions, both necessary parts of the true sportsman's outfit.

The sportsman of a few years ago knew little or nothing of photography, save that bulky, expensive apparatus and intricate manipulation were its attributes. The "wet plate" held no attractions for him. The advent of the extremely rapid dry plate, capable of receiving an impression of a rifle-bullet in flight, caused the disappearance from general use of the dirty wet-plate process, and brought into existence the compact and portable hand-camera, with its instantaneous shutter. Under the old method photography by the sportsman was practically impossible; with modern apparatus and methods it is eminently practicable. The hand-camera of to-day is designed to occupy as little space as possible, is as light as is consistent with durability, and is exactly suited to all and any purposes to which the sportsman may find it necessary to apply it. Modern photographic methods make it possible to carry a practically unlimited supply of material in very small compass, and to defer the finishing up of the exposures until a favorable opportunity may present itself. The general simplifying of the few necessary manipulations, and the uniformly high quality of all materials used in photography, have so popularized it that the camera is found everywhere. A hand-camera of modern make, with film attachment, is capable of producing the very highest class of work, if the operator understands the conditions under which he must work to insure success, and fully appreciates the limitations of the camera.

The size of the picture is an important consideration, not because of the increase in bulk of the outfit, but by reason of the somewhat greater difficulty in the general working of a camera of large size. A camera making 5×7 or 8×10 pictures occupies but little space, and its weight is trifling, so that these factors will not be considered as militating against large work. It is a fact, however, that a large picture requires more careful focussing and more attention to technical details than a smaller one, and those who take up photography as a side issue should give this due consideration. A 4×5 picture is very satisfying as regards size, is moderate in expense, and presents but little difficulty in manipulation. The very small sizes of cameras, while yielding good work if properly handled, simply breed a desire for something larger. The size being decided upon, it must be borne in mind that a camera consists of three principal parts, each dependent on the others—lens, box, and holder. The camera proper is nothing but a light, tight box, designed to occupy as little space as possible. It carries the image-forming lens at one end and the image-receiving sensitive surface at the other, and is constructed so that the distance between lens and sensitive surface may be changed as desired. The lens and its shutter are the important factors in picture-making, but in modern hand-cameras these articles are of such high merit that it is almost unnecessary to allude to them, except to point out that the shutter should be of variable speed and that the lens should be easy of access. Too many amateurs use the shutter at the same speed the year round, and in many cases the lens is not working at its highest degree of efficiency because of dust or moisture on its surfaces. The comparatively new lenses, known as anastigmats, are without equal for work in the field, and where expense is not an all-important item such a lens should, if possible, be substituted for the one usually furnished with the camera. The shutter is a delicate piece of mechanism requiring protection from moisture and dust. These, indeed, are enemies to success, and the whole apparatus should be packed in a dust and water proof case fitted with lock and key. The carrying-cases supplied with modern cameras are very efficient, but should be supplemented by an outer covering of rubber cloth, similar to that ordinarily used for focussing-cloths, and adjusted so as to fasten at the bottom of the carrying-case. In this manner ingress of dust and moisture may be obviated. With a 4×5 folding hand-camera, anastigmat lens, and rapid, variable-speed shutter, the sportsman may consider himself well equipped for photography in the field.

The sensitive material is carried in plate or film holders, and these should be strongly made, perfectly light-tight, and of simple construction. The introduction of celluloid film as a substitute for glass may be looked upon as a great advance in the direction of portability and compactness. While it is true that the first films placed upon the market were decidedly inferior to the glass plates, it is also true that the increased demand for perfect films for use in the vitascope and similar instruments has resulted in the perfecting of sensitive rollable films to such an extent that they are now superior to glass for all purposes. Weight and size are reduced to a minimum, and an added advantage is the possibility of loading the film-holders in daylight, thus obviating the necessity of improvising a dark-room, and permitting the transmission of fresh or exposed film by mail. The film-holder should be thoroughly understood before it is purchased. Celluloid films, and, indeed, all sensitive materials, are very susceptible to moisture, and too many precautions cannot be taken to exclude all dampness. When purchased the roll of film is in a card-board case, and is sometimes wrapped with tin-foil. It is well in all cases to give the box of film an outer wrapping of tin-foil, and to rub down the edges with the thumb nail to ensure contact. When mailing films, the same precaution should be observed. Many cases of fogged films may be traced to the influence of moisture, but tin-foil will be found an easily applied preventive.

The finder on the camera is an important adjunct, too often carelessly adjusted. Its object is to indicate exactly what will be on the plate or film if the shutter is released. It should be marked to show precisely the same image as appears on the ground glass. The scale of distances should be tested before being accepted as accurate, and a pocket distance-measurer may prove of service.

The sportsman need not be deterred from taking up photography by imaginary difficulties of manipulation. He has overcome far greater problems, and a little application will reveal the principles on which success is based. It is, above all, essential to remember that it is he who makes the photograph; that the camera is simply a thing of wood, brass, and glass—a tool in his hands. Just as it is his intelligent manipulation of the gun that brings success in shooting, so is it his appreciation of the possibilities of the camera that will bring successful pictures. The ordinary still-life photographs and the scenes of camp life call for no particular expertness in the handling of the camera, but rather for an exercise of artistic ability in the matter of selection of subjects. Really rapid instantaneous work, however, involves a thorough knowledge of the camera, and no little ability in the whole gamut of operations, from point of view to development. The sportsman who takes to photography seriously, with a feeling that success with the camera is akin to success with the rifle, will find that the possibilities of the camera will develop as he progresses in his knowledge of the subject. One will find the impossible become possible, and will successfully attempt subjects that would hopelessly swamp his "press the button" brother. Not satisfied with the ordinary equipment, he will affix to his lens a telephotographic attachment and literally photograph through a telescope. With this instrument photographs may be made from great distances, having all the detail and size of pictures made in close proximity to the subject. Animals may be photographed without disturbing them, and much valuable data regarding their habits gathered. The true sportsman loves animals. The camera enables him to study them, and offers him the means of a series of permanent mementos of his trips. There is strong indication of the coming of the day when skill in shooting animals with the camera will rank as high in sporting circles as prowess with the gun.

FREDERICK J. HARRISON.

## MINERS' RIOT NEAR HAZLETON.

THE attention of the civilized world has been called, during the past fortnight, to a little village of four thousand inhabitants situated in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, at about the centre of the middle anthracite-coal fields. It was within the limits of this village of Lattimer that a mob of foreign miners were fired upon by Sheriff Martin's posse of about one hundred deputies during the afternoon of Friday, September 10. The sheriff had read the riot act on five separate occasions within four days; and as the mob of Slovaks, Polacks, and Italians entered Lattimer he ran forward alone, waving in his left hand a copy of the proclamation, and shouting aloud its provisions. The officer was about two or three hundred feet away from his deputies, when the mob reached him, surged around him, knocked out of his right hand the pistol he had drawn, and then threw him to the ground, kicking him and trampling upon him, until he rolled toward a ditch at the side of the road. During the few seconds in which Sheriff Martin was being disarmed and knocked down a large portion of the mob, screaming and shouting, rushed toward the deputies, who were lined up on private property owned by Calvin Pardee & Company, whose superintendent had demanded protection of the sheriff; and the rest of the mob, suddenly struck with fear, turned and ran for the nearest woods, several hundred yards distant. It was at this time—when one portion of the mob was rushing toward them and another portion was running away — that the deputies fired, killing or wounding fifty men.

Some of the events which followed have been told in the daily papers, but by far the most important of them are finding print for the first time in this article. Before they are considered, however, it will be necessary to sketch briefly some of the causes which led up to the strike and riot. Twenty years ago the middle anthracite-coal fields suffered from a strike of the miners, who then were for the most part Irishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, Germans, and a few Englishmen and native-born Americans. These men were so well organized that the operators found it impossible to force them to go to work; and after months of vain endeavor one or two of the operators sent abroad to Austria-Hungary and brought hither a large number of peasants, who were accustomed to work from daylight until dusk for a pittance, who were used to restraint on the part of government officials which would be deemed oppression in this country, and who came here very much as adventurers went to California in 1849—to remain for a few years, and then to go home with that which seemed to them a big fortune.

Work was gradually resumed at the mines, and the steamship companies awoke to the realization that in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean were millions of peasants who might be brought to this country in the steerage if they could be informed of conditions existing here. Every effort was made to increase this traffic, with the results already known to and deplored by every thoughtful American, no matter what his parentage. Year by year the immigrants decreased in the scale of intelligence, until those who have come here since 1890 are believed to be, in many thousands of cases, about three centuries behind Americans in their standard of living. They have existed more like beasts of the field than like human beings of the present time, and they have fought and killed one another as veritable savages. The exceptions, known as good citizens (self-respecting merchants, clergymen, etc.), are very few indeed. But it must be remembered that the foreigners have been compelled to purchase practically all their food and clothing at company stores, paying enormous prices, or else lose their work, and that too many justices of the peace and constables have bullied and oppressed them in every imaginable way. Considering the manner in which they have been treated, and their innate savagery, the only wonder is that these people from southeastern Europe so long confined their fighting and killing to themselves; for until recently they left English-speaking persons alone. At present in the middle coal-fields the foreigners outnumber the native miners about four or five to one, and although wages have been cut time and again, the strangers have been able to live and save money in almost every case, whereas the old hands have been gradually driven out. The immigrants never had any idea of striking in the anthracite region until five or six weeks ago, when one of several labor-agitators appeared and told them that they could get higher wages by refusing to work at present, and it is believed that this agitator intimated to the old hands—who were becoming more and more discouraged — that their only hope lay in having the foreigners frightened out of the country, since there is no law through which they could be expelled. At any rate, bodies of the foreigners, encouraged if not led in many cases by some of the more irresponsible of the old hands, commenced to march to and fro from one colliery to another, ordering men at work to join their ranks, and beating them if they declined. So reckless did these several mobs become that they impressed to their ranks travelling salesmen from New York and Philadelphia who were met driving along the roads, as well as clerks, mechanics, reporters, teamsters, and others who were pursuing their usual vocations.

On Tuesday, September 7, Sheriff Martin organized a posse of fifty-eight men, carefully chosen from among the residents of Hazleton and vicinity. These included at least one employé of a national bank, a trusted official of a great business concern, one or more young mining engineers, and others of like character, many of whom are college graduates. They were chosen by the sheriff with the utmost care, so that if trouble should ensue (as it did) none could say he had employed roughs, such as have been the cause of discussion in other labor disputes. Martin and his men on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday met mobs of marching strikers within a few miles of Hazleton, and read the riot act to them each day, and warned them that they must stop or take the consequences. And yet on Thursday the marching men impressed and beat those who declined to take part voluntarily in the marching, and looted houses of weapons and axes, with which they continued to menace various communities situated back in the mountains. On Friday, September 10, the sheriff and his posse met near West Hazleton a crowd estimated to contain about seven hundred marching foreigners. Whether these particular men had taken part in the riotous acts of the previous three days is not known, but it is known that when the sheriff commanded them to disperse and read his proclamation they pressed down upon him and his deputies so that the latter pushed them back with the stocks of their rifles. In at least one instance murder was attempted at this time by a striker, who tried to crush the skull of Mr. Ario P. Platt, of Hazleton, who was rescued by his son and some other of the deputies nearest to him. Utterly disregarding the sheriff's proclamation and the appeals of the deputies, who now realized fully the seriousness of their position, this mob rushed on toward Lattimer, four miles away, to force the miners there to cease working.

It is admitted that this mob of foreigners had no weapons other than penknives and one or two revolvers, and some of them have said since then that they were advised that if they were without arms the sheriff had no authority whatever to forbid them to march along the highway. As they started for Lattimer on foot, Martin and his deputies boarded a trolley-car, the motor of which was controlled by Mr. George Thompson, superintendent of the Lehigh Traction Company, who assumed the responsibility of transporting the officers of the law during the crisis which he felt had arrived. When the car reached Lattimer the deputies disembarked and took up their position on the Pardee property. Mr. Thompson was then in direct range of the guns, and of course backed his car around the nearest curve. He says that the firing could not possibly have lasted more than ninety seconds. Other witnesses corroborate this statement, and it is simply absurd to think that volley after volley was fired at the fleeing men, or that they were "picked off by sharp-shooters as they ran," as has been alleged by sensational newspapers. About fifty of the mob fell to the ground, dead or wounded. The rattle of musketry stopped instantly, and twenty of the deputies were detailed at once to care for the wounded, while the remaining seventy or eighty were massed to resist another possible attack. The fifty-eight deputies from Hazleton had been re-enforced by some forty who were stationed permanently at Lattimer. The only reporter present, Mr. William A. Evans, of the Hazleton *Sentinel*, ran to the nearest telephone and sent a message to his paper, and in less than half an hour a number of trolley-cars were on the scene, having been brought from Hazleton with surgeons and various assistants. Mr. Alvin Markle, president of the Traction Company, arrived on the first car, and personally superintended the conveying of dead and wounded to Hazleton. In some cases the dead were laid three deep, and then living wounded men were placed on top of them, in the first car that left the scene. It was a grewsome sight, but could not have been avoided, as Mr. Markle, at the suggestion of surgeons, decided to take the dying and the dead and the wounded with all possible speed to the nearest city. Thirty-nine of the wounded reached the Hazleton Hospital alive, whither Dr. H. W. Keller had summoned fifteen surgeons in addition to his usual staff to care for them. Twenty-two of the mob either were killed outright or were wounded fatally.

The excitement in Hazleton and in the surrounding towns Friday night was simply terrible. The streets were choked with men and women, who shrieked curses at the "bloody butchers," the "hired murderers," and "corporation assassins," as the deputies were called, and there is little doubt that if any of them had been found on the streets he would have met assault and perhaps death at the hands of the enraged populace. It is a fact, almost beyond belief, that within a few hours after the awful event at Lattimer irresponsible blatant politicians had seized the opportunity to further their hold upon the so-called "laboring-classes" by demanding the execution of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, and by speaking of the "bloody massacre" and of the "martyred dead."

For some reason news of the encounter at Lattimer travelled slowly through the country to the southward of Hazleton, and did not reach the mining-town of Macadoo until about nine o'clock at night; and then the report in that vicinity was to the effect that a large proportion of the English and American miners at Lattimer had started to murder all the foreign miners who could be found. Within an hour two to three thousand maddened foreigners were sweeping over the mountain roads, firing revolvers and guns into the air, and shrieking that they would kill every white man in Lattimer and burn the town. They intended to sack the gun-stores in Hazleton on their way —at least such was the report brought to Hazleton by a courier on horseback, who had escaped notice of the mob and had got ahead of them. He aroused a large number of gentlemen in Hazleton, who seized the weapons with which they had provided themselves since the riot began, and ran toward a prearranged rendezvous on Broad Street. In some cases families were sent into the cellars of their homes, and in others wives and elder daughters sat, guns in hand, at upper windows, ready to cover the retreat of husband and father should the men be driven by the mob from the corner by the Presbyterian Church, where it was decided to make a first stand. But fortunately the mob at Macadoo defeated its own purpose. In order to prevent the people of Hazleton from learning of its action, all telephone wires had been cut; and when a courier from Hazleton rode back toward Macadoo and told the on-coming rioters that regiments of the National Guard already were pouring into Hazleton, the statement could not be disproved, and of course the cowardly mob dispersed and ran to cover. Meanwhile the courier first mentioned had pushed on from Hazleton to Lattimer, and before midnight that town was literally deserted, with the exception of one Welshman, who staid in his house with his wife, who was too ill to be moved. All the other English-speaking people—men, women, and children—fled without stopping to dress. Through the woods and over the wild mountain roads they hurried, women and children as well as men, stumbling through briers and over rocks and logs in their bare feet, and facing the cold and dampness clad only in their night-clothes. Some who were too feeble for flight hid in shafts of the mines, and others buried themselves to the neck in the loose dirt of culm-piles. It was a night of terror indeed, and not until the sun was well up did any of the people return to Lattimer.

(*Continued on page 992.*)

# HOW CIGARETTES ARE MADE.

## MARVELS OF MECHANISM THAT TURN OUT THE DAINTY LITTLE PUFFS.

How readily we fall into the habit of talking about the big things and the little things of life! And yet, if you get down to facts, who shall say what is a little thing? Is it a rivet in a suspension bridge? Measured by inches, it may be; but by its effects, scarcely. If we peer into the great workshop of commerce with careless eyes we are vastly impressed with the huge fly-wheels, immense cranks, and the other big embodiments of resistless power, and pass over unnoticed some little bit of mechanism which, in the skill with which it is contrived and in the influence it exerts upon the whole, is just as important as any part.

It is one of the pleasures of a man who keeps his eyes open that he is continually coming upon some fresh surprise in connection with these so-called "little things." Some chance word in conversation, perhaps, sets him thinking about one of these little articles of commerce. He knows where he can buy it, what its price is, and can give you an opinion upon its merits; but when it comes to the question of how it finds its way on to the market, his knowledge can be summed up in Topsy's origin of species, "Specs it grow'd." Supposing he follows up the inquiry, he will very likely find that its popularity is not obtained by hoodwinking the public, by palming off on them the poorest quality they are tolerant enough to accept, but by giving them the very best they can desire—by educating the taste and continuing to satisfy it. He will find, also, that this little article is a big contributor to the welfare of the community, directly, by the taxes it pays, and indirectly by administering to the necessities and comfort of millions of people. And by this time he is prepared to regard the little thing as a very big thing.

It is just in this way that I have lately learned to look upon the cigarette. This modern life of ours, with its ceaseless struggle for existence, is a huge clock-whirl, in which the springs of human endeavor have a constant tendency to rush themselves to a standstill. Man to-day is as much in need of a sedative as the clock is. He finds it in a variety of ways; especially in recognizing the value of vacations, for which steamboats, railways, and bicycles offer increasing facilities. But for most men these are only occasional sedatives, while many are debarred altogether by their expense. For them the readiest, the cheapest, the most effectual sedative is a smoke.

What a change has taken place in the way of regarding smoking! We can, most of us, remember the time when it was considered a luxury and a sign of laziness. Now it is admitted by the medical faculty to be a necessity of modern life, the solace of the poor man as well as of the rich. The surest proof of the new point of view is the changed attitude of women of all classes towards it. They have got over their dislike of the smell of smoke; rather than lose some of the companionship of their male kind, they will permit smoking in their presence—a thing unheard of some years ago. They have discovered that under its soothing influence the overwrought brain disentangles itself of the snarls of business, and gradually smooths itself out to take a part in the common interests and delights of the home.

Is this toleration of our womankind a cause or an effect of the popularity of cigarettes? Possibly both; anyhow, the freshest and sweetest form of smoke is unquestionably the cigarette. There is nothing to offend the eye or the nostril at any stage, and it does not monopolize the smoker's attention as a pipe or cigar is apt to do; on the contrary, it invites to confidence and chat, it is the very dessert of smoking.

But the popularity of a thing is not only determined by its elegance, otherwise it would be confined to the few who have the leisure and opportunity to study the refinements of existence. Smoking is a necessity, and not only to the man who guides the threads of a great banking business, but to him who holds the reins of an ice-wagon; and when we see that men of all ranks and all kinds of labor are cigarette smokers, we need some stronger reason for this popularity. It is a very simple one. The American cigarette, cheap as it is—so cheap that it is within the reach of every man—is made of the very best tobacco on the market. There are cheap cigars, cheap pipe tobacco; but the poor man has discovered that the smallness of their price is due to the inferiority of their grade; while for the same money expended upon cigarettes he can get the best.

This is one of the marvels of modern commerce, which is the most truly democratic force in the world to-day—this combination of capital and labor, which is gradually solving the question of the equality of men. A visit to a cigarette factory not only explains—what the majority of smokers have discovered—the excellence of the cigarette, but opens one's eyes to the extraordinary conscientiousness and skill expended in the process of manufacturing.

All American cigarettes are made of "Bright Virginia," not only the best tobacco in the market, but the mildest. Frequent analyses, made in England as well as in America, for our cigarettes are equally popular over there, show that this tobacco contains only from one to one and a half per cent. of nicotine. The mildest Havana contains much more, while the best grades of domestic cigars reach as high as eight and a half per cent. It is in the red soil of Virginia and North Carolina that "Bright Virginia" grows, and only in the South is the climate suitable for maturing and warehousing the leaf. For this maturing is one of the sources of excellence. Three years are allowed it to ripen, to throw off its coarser qualities, and to acquire its delicate and subtle aroma.

The tobacco reaches the factory in hogsheads which contain from 800 to 1000 lbs. each. It is thrown out upon a travelling-blanket, something like that of a threshing-machine, at the end of which the leaves are caught in baskets and carried to the cutter. Here they pass between iron rollers, which compress them so that they offer a solid front to the shearing-knife, which cuts them into slender shreds. These are next put through long revolving cylinders, while blasts of hot air pass through the mass until it is fairly dry, after which the process is repeated in cold-air cylinders until the shreds are thoroughly cooled. Then they are packed in big round tubs and sent up to the cigarette-making machines on the floor above.

Up to this point we have been discussing the excellence, which is due to soil and climate, and to the judgment displayed in selection and blending. Now we come to the miracle of the matter, which makes it possible for the poor man to obtain that excellence at the price of ten for a nickel! Many years ago I remember going on the stage of St. James's Hall, London, and taking a hand at whist with Maskelyne & Cook's automaton whist-player. It was marvellous how he scooped in the tricks, but nothing like as marvellous as the way this automaton machine turns out cigarettes, and here there is no deception. Instead of a stock-faced figure in Turkish costume, we see a bright, happy-looking girl, perched up on a stool, sprinkling the shreds of tobacco on to an endless cloth and patting them with dainty finger-tips until the surface is smooth. All the while the golden layer is slipping from her and disappearing between rollers, to be caught by still defter fingers of steel, which scurry the shreds until every kink and knot is loosened out, and the tobacco passes between two wheels. The surfaces of these are grooved, and gather the tobacco into a continuous roll. A travelling tape is waiting for it and passes it on to a moving strip of paper. A moment later the mechanism clips the paper and, slipping it past a brush, which imparts a tiny quantity of starch, presses down the edge and sends it on, a continuous roll. A little farther on this shoots through a cutter and drops into a basket a shower of cigarettes.

In our admiration of these wonderful machines, so deft, rapid, and absolutely clean, we must not lose sight of the paper, which plays so important a part in the excellence of the cigarette. Manufacturing skill has reduced it as nearly as possible to nothing. If you will take a cigarette-paper, and another piece, no matter how fine, and light them and let them float through the air, you will realize what a cigarette-paper is. As well as being filmy and tough, it is completely combustible; and, moreover, analysis has proven that it is entirely free from all deleterious ingredients—that, in fact, it is nothing but the purest paper fibre.

After all, purity is the final test of excellence; and analyses made by chemists of unimpeachable authority have proved, not once or twice, but often, that only pure tobacco and pure paper are used in the American cigarette.

## Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 31st day of August, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
Comptroller's Office, September 2, 1897.

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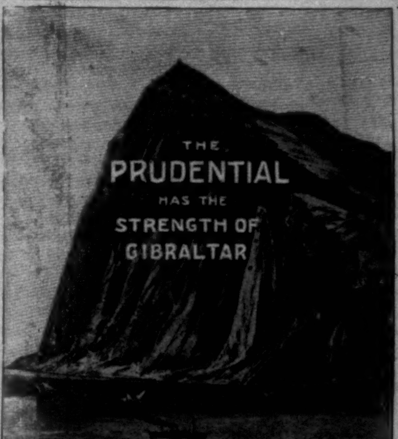

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*(Continued from page 990.)*

Governor Hastings ordered the Third Brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, together with two detachments of cavalry, to proceed to Hazleton, and his order was telegraphed shortly before midnight on Friday. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock Saturday morning the first of the transport trains came slowly into Hazleton, twenty picked guards, with loaded and bayoneted rifles, standing on the locomotive and examining the tracks for dynamite cartridges, which, it was feared, might have been placed thereupon. Thirteen hours after the Governor's order had been issued the entire brigade of 2800 men had reached Hazleton, and had reported for duty to Brigadier-General Gobin. This is said to be the most rapid mobilization of State troops in the history of the National Guard.

It is astonishing to relate that not merely were certain of the politicians and priests of various nationalities at Hazleton aroused to frenzied statements concerning the dispersal of the rioters at Lattimer, but that at least two of the Hazleton newspapers also did all in their power to inflame the community and arouse the spirit of anarchy.

In all probability the sheriff and his posse will be tried for murder or manslaughter, and the case bids fair to be one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal law in Pennsylvania. A few hours after the mob were dispersed at Lattimer, George H. Troutman, of Hazleton, was retained to defend the officers of the law, and associated with him will be John T. Lenahan, of Wilkesbarre, and George H. Ferris, of West Pittston, personal counsel for the sheriff. Announcement has not yet been made of the lawyers engaged to prosecute the deputies by the foreign priests and politicians and labor-agitators, who are not slow to seize upon such an opportunity; but it is worth noting that while the agitators and priests and politicians are preparing to prosecute, the responsible people of Hazleton are upholding the deputies, and also are subscribing money to assist those who were dependent upon the strikers killed and wounded.

The attempted interference by consular representatives of foreign governments will amount to nothing. They have not the slightest claim for indemnity.

HENRY EDWARD ROOD.

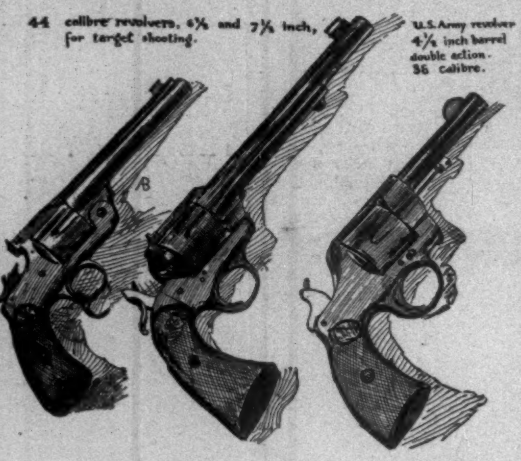
A. CRESSY MORRISON,
First Vice-President L. A. W.

# REVOLVER-SHOOTING.

THE country over, and one may say the world over, there are countless thousands who shoot the pistol and revolver fairly well. Great numbers of ordinarily good shots exist; but the extraordinarily good shot—the truly excellent marksman that shoots wellnigh unerringly—is but rarely found. Some such there are, however, and of those who stand in the front rank as amateur revolver-shots, in contradistinction to pistol-shots (a distinction chiefly dependent for its difference on the length of barrel), by far the greater number are residents of New York or Boston or Springfield—somewhere in the East, and not, as seems natural to suppose, in the South or the Wildly Woolly West, where shooting to kill is still somewhat commonly indulged in. Speaking generally, the reason for this is that, short arms offering, as distinctly they do, means to the end of playing a decidedly difficult game, those truly interested in it developed degrees of skill quite beyond that of and probably altogether unknown to men whose best shots are usually made at one another, and who, taking pride in this, have little or no interest in deliberate-aim shooting at very small targets or over long distances.

Some results got by individuals who belong strictly in the amateur class (a class the actually first-rate scratch-men of which number probably not more than twenty) are remarkable. The following records I have seen made, deliberate aim, at 12 yards in-doors, with 44-calibre revolver, 6½-inch barrel, round bullet, and 9 grains of black powder: Forty-two consecutive hits on three-quarter-inch bullets held pendent by a thread. Six ordinary playing-cards consecutively cut in two, they being so fixed that the edge only was presented. Five ordinary carpet-tacks consecutively hit (the head of which offers a mark of not more than one-quarter inch).

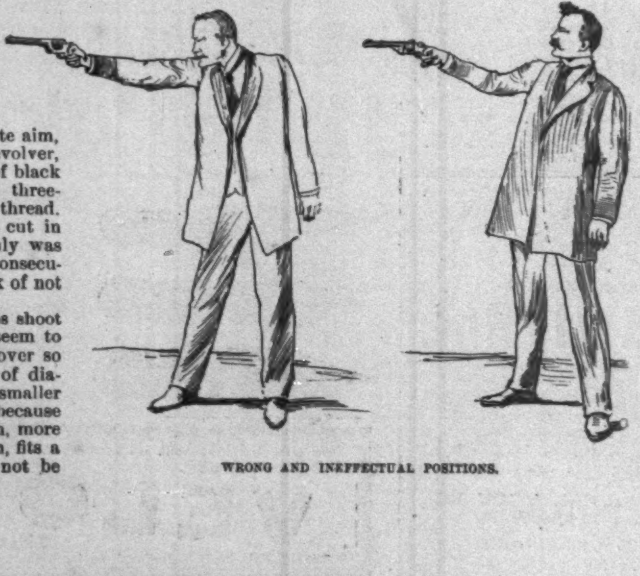
At 20 yards noted marksmen sometimes shoot at minute objects, and, with what must seem to the unskilled a most marvellous control over so short a gun, they frequently hit the ace of diamonds from an ordinary pack, or still smaller marks. But this cannot be recommended, because that prime essential good eyesight, which, more than any other one particular qualification, fits a man for fine deliberate-aim work, must not be abused. Abused it certainly will be by whomsoever strains at seeing things that are uncomfortably obscure. Far better shoot most carefully at what cannot be seen at all than fatigue the sight drawing a bead on what will soon or late appear to dance incessantly. For example, a tinned carpet-tack stuck in the centre of a yard square of white paper is not discernible at 20 yards; still, I have seen 5 of them so placed hit in 12 shots by a crack shot who happened to be especially able visually to measure distances. He, of course, saw nothing but the large flat square of white, and hit tacks one after another by shooting carefully for the centre of the paper, which, as suggested, he readily measured with his eye. This sort of thing, interesting though it may be as an odd performance, cannot properly be classed with deliberate-aim shooting for points on a thoroughly practicable target—a target readily seen, rightly computable, and which is for these reasons more nearly acceptable to all fair-minded shooters than anything that calls into play strangely peculiar ability. Such a target we have not; and although I am not in this instance requested to air individual notions, still may I venture to offer a proposition long current amongst amateur shots; it is this: Exact measurement made in a straight radial line from the true centre of the bull's-eye to the centre of the shot-hole constitutes distinctly the best possible method for determining which shot is nearest thereto, and by this means the aggregated excellence of long strings can be compared exactly.


44 calibre revolvers, 6¾ and 7½ inch, for target shooting.
U.S. Army revolver 4½ inch barrel double action. 38 calibre.

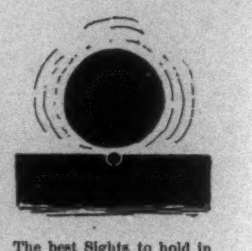
The opposite of this sane method found a striking example at the recent Sea Girt meeting, where a reduced military target, put up for contestants in the Military Revolver championship, was composed of an elliptical bull of captivating proportions counting 5, surrounded by a corresponding line, about a foot away, enclosing vast territory, any part of which counted 4; thus furnishing a target on which an altogether ordinary marksman could wander hither and yon, with 4 points to his credit every shot; and if he by a happy fluke managed so much as to nip the big bull, he would score 5 good points equally with a man whose shooting all lay very near the true centre.

Deliberate aim at 12 yards seems now to be a thing of the past, and we find that during the present decade most cracks have made their important published scores at 20 yards or further. Duelling in America was usually done at 12 yards, and to this fact doubtless should be ascribed the notion sometimes prevalent among pistol-shots that that particular distance was the right and proper one at which to demonstrate unusual skill. The comparatively recent departure from 12 in favor of 20 yards should by no means be taken as conclusive, however, for even to-day there is rather more interest attaching to 50 yards revolver practice than to 20; and bearing in mind the excellence of our best revolvers, which, when properly charged, shoot both hard and accurately up to 500 yards, we naturally view the 50-yards mark as but one of various ranges that will probably be steadily increased until the practical limit is finally reached.

The French distance, 16 metres, happened never to find favor with us, and although the typical Frenchman, in all his love of *gloire*, may feel quite averse to being told that he is by no means the best of shots, I beg to say, all his best shooting done during the past forty years has been surpassed by Americans. About twelve years ago M. Gastien Ranet, proprietor and son of a proprietor of the best known shooting-place in the world, sent to New York from Paris duplicates of twenty targets made in his galleries by famous pistol-shots during more than forty years. These duplicates were within two years thereafter all reduplicated, or better, by New York shooters with 44-calibre revolvers at the French distance, excepting alone one particular target of twelve consecutive shots within a 1¼-inch ring, and this was tied by the late Ira Paine for M. Ranet in his gallery, but not recorded by him because it so happened that Mr. Paine had fired a shot or two on the same target prior to beginning his 12-shot string.



WRONG AND INEFFECTUAL POSITIONS.

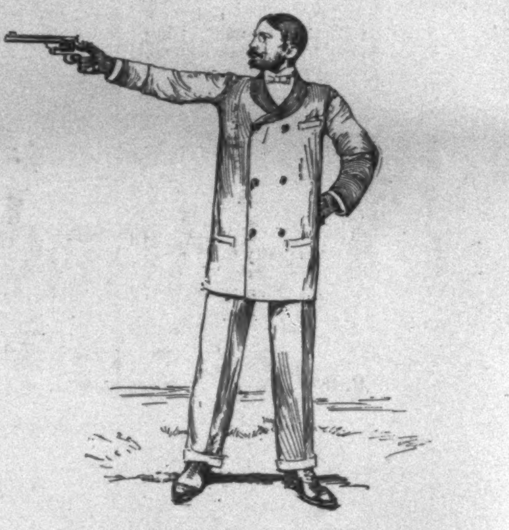


The best Sights to hold in Bull's-eye Shooting, because thereby the eyes of the Shooter are less fatigued than when the Black Bead is held in the Black Mark.

To the attainment of real excellence as a revolver-shot there is no royal road; likewise may it be truly said that that most fatuous of declarations which has for its everlasting refrain those tiresome words "hard work" has nothing soever to do with learning how. Intelligence that comes of nerve force and capability for learning where one's faults lie, in conjunction with that keen self-criticism, memory, and experimental tact which may be said to comprise the difference that exists between a knowing man and a noodle—these are a few of the real considerations involved; and unless those who have a leaning, and think they would ever so much like to shoot first-rate, find themselves awake in the way here generally suggested, they will make very little headway.

The points that can in cold ink be made clear are not many, and have nothing to do with the finer coachings that can only be thoroughly appreciated when seen practised with consequent astonishing results. Technicalities, literally, there are none; for were an attempt made to familiarize even the most particular practitioner with the various problems involved in the question of ammunition alone, nothing would result; both he and his instructor would soon be out of their depth, shooting would not gain a votary, and the ammunition people themselves would be brought to bear in mind nothing new of many things they already know fairly well but practise little. Nor would what may be termed a post-graduate on form be listened to by noteworthy shooters, who, in nineteen cases of every twenty, infinitely prefer to work out their own salvation.

Unquestionable general suggestions, however, are these: The revolver chosen should be of large calibre, and not less than six and a half inches in the barrel, exclusive of the cylinder. The lock action should be what is called single, so that the piece can be cocked, instead of vain efforts being made to shoot accurately with a self-cocking affair. The trigger-pull should be four or five pounds; in fact, heavier is still better, for the tendency to hope for the best and bang away that a very light trigger often increases comes to be materially corrected when one must hold hard to shoot straight. I have known shooters whose practice with light triggers improved their shooting so very little that they almost lost interest, and who were at the eleventh hour saved to the ranks of actually first-class shots through using a heavy pull—not infrequently eight pounds.



APPROVED POSITION IN WHICH, APPROXIMATELY, THE BEST DELIBERATE-AIM SHOOTING IS DONE.

The piece must be kept clean, and to this end a proper wiping and oiling of it should be done whenever it is fouled. All ammunition, too, must be oiled, greased, or somehow properly lubricated, because unlubricated bullets will tend to lead the barrel, spoil the shooting, and consequently discourage the shooter.

Positions vary, and that practically of the masters comes now and then to be questioned. Still, that wonderfully reliable shot, the late Chevalier Paine, adopted a position both easy and sensible, that, judging by the surprising results he attained, may well be considered worthy every shooter's most respectful consideration. Standing evenly balanced, his feet about fifteen inches apart, and in a line almost directly towards his target, the revolver was firmly grasped, the arm fully extended, and thus drawing sights steadily the trigger was pressed "through the shot"—*i. e.*, the piece was so controlled that the shooter did not flinch, but actually held his gun so well directed during that infinitesimal period elapsing between the letting go of the trigger and the discharge that he knew perfectly where the bullet should strike.

Those who come to appreciate this sterling fact learn to "call" their shots at all distances, for they are fully conscious of the precise aim of the piece when the bullet leaves it. Shooters soever who do not so learn need never be surprised if their shooting is irregular, and excellent only by accident; for there is nothing in the connection more determinedly important than constant exercise of that unmistakable consciousness by which the slightest variability is known to him who shoots with a ball weapon.

ALFRED BRENNAN.

## OUTFITTING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

*To the Editor "Harper's Weekly":*

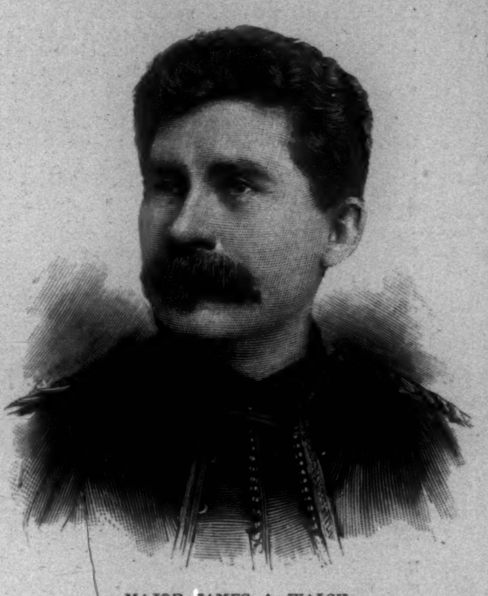
SIR,—In your issue of September 11, page 901, your special correspondent says: "Klondike River is in Canadian territory, and the laws that govern the Dominion apply as well to its remotest corner, and every miner's outfit that goes across the international line, whether from Circle City or from Chilkoot Pass, owes a duty. Why, then, should not Victoria and Vancouver do the business for Klondike, and thereby save the miners the duties?"

An answer to your correspondent's statement will be found in the following extract from a letter of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, addressed to the Seattle Chamber of Commerce on August 24, 1897. It is as follows:

> So far as relates to any measure of the Canadian government which bears heavily upon the emigrants in question, I have to advise you that this department is in receipt of a communication from the Department of State, enclosing a note from the British Chargé d'Affaires, in which it is stated that no special or unusual exactions have been made, and that the customs charges only those authorized by the ordinary revenue laws of Canada. He also states that *instructions have been issued exempting from duty* miners' blankets, personal clothing in use, and broken packages of provisions being used, also cooking-utensils in use, and one hundred pounds of food for the journey, charging ordinary customs duty only on excess.

From this it will be seen that a large per cent. of a miner's outfit is exempt from duty in Canada. Nearly seventy per cent. of all articles needed by a miner going to Alaska are not produced in Canada, but are exported from the United States to Canada, where they not only pay duty, but the profit of intermediate handlers. Further, it should be borne in mind that Dyea and Skagway, the two ports now in use, are on American soil, and that the Canadian line is not reached for some distance after leaving those ports for the passes. So that a person leaving Victoria with Canadian goods has to carry them through United States territory again. Still further, it may truthfully be said that there is a positive advantage for any intending Alaskan prospector in buying his goods on this side of the line, in the thorough familiarity with outfitting on the part of the Seattle merchants, who have, as your correspondent says, "practically monopolized the Alaskan outfitting business." This advantage is worth more to prospectors than—all other things being equal—any saving in duty can be; for upon the proper packing of his goods may, and often will, depend not only a prospector's successful journey, but also his life, and this knowledge can only be acquired by long experience, such as the Seattle merchants have had during the past ten years.

Respectfully yours, ERASTUS BRAINERD.



MAJOR JAMES A. WALSH,
Governor for the Klondike Region.

## A GOVERNOR FOR THE KLONDIKE.

IN view of the recent growth of the Klondike gold district, the Canadian government has just sent out a Governor in the person of Major James A. Walsh, who for many years has been the head of the Mounted Police of the Northwest, having virtually been the organizer of this semi-military frontier guard. Major Walsh's fame was won largely through his diplomatic and fearless dealings with the Indians while at Fort Walsh. The peaceful settlement of the Sitting Bull difficulties was accomplished by Major Walsh's prompt and sagacious actions, having, immediately after the massacre of Custer, ridden into Sitting Bull's camp and notified him that he could only remain upon Canadian soil so long as he obeyed the laws. It was due to Major Walsh's strategy that Sitting Bull and his three thousand warriors were prevailed upon to return to the United States. His bravery and success in skirmishes with the Indians of the Northwest have made him a hero in Canada. He received his education in the military and cavalry schools of the Dominion. The British ship *Quadra* takes Major Walsh and 130 picked men from his Mounted Police, embarking from Victoria on the 21st, and landing at Dyea, thence passing overland to Dawson City, where a semi-military government will be established.

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# AMATEVR · SPORT

**The moment is timely** for some final remarks on the very much discussed question of summer-nine hotel and resort baseball-playing. The season has brought me a great many letters touching the subject. Letters from sportsmen, thankful that the unhealthful practice is receiving needed exposure; letters from "summer-nine" players, protesting against being blacklisted; and letters from hotel-proprietors, calling attention to several differing varieties of summer baseball. Considering all its phases, this summer-resort baseball-playing is a complicated and a disturbing question.

I have one most interesting letter from the proprietor of a White Mountain hotel, who asserts his team has relied solely upon the hotel's regular employés—bell-boys, waiters, and clerks—to make up its regular nine, and urges the formation of an association by hotel men to forbid the playing of ostensible guests, who, under existing methods, are remunerated for their services by free board and lodging, and to protect hotel baseball from the stigma of professionalism which now rests upon it.

Here we have a most curious situation. In the list given me by this proprietor every member of the nine, with one exception, was a college man; four of them served as bell-boys, one as elevator-boy, one as clerk, two as waiters, one as a driver, and one as a hotel runner.

It is not easy to reconcile college-bred men with these positions.

**It is eminently unfair,** of course, that a waiter or a bell-boy who plays ball during his recreation hours for the pure sport of it should be classed as a professional, but the perplexing part of this question, as it is of all athletic questions of the day, is to distinguish between those members of hotel nines who are playing ball incidentally to their summer living and those who are playing bell-boy and waiter incidentally to their baseball living. There would be no question raised concerning the status of these summer-hotel nines had there not been organization on illegitimate lines. The manner of organizing resort nines is pretty well known to sportsmen.

College and school players are paid for their services one way or another. Some receive their board and lodging, some of the more skilful players receive money in addition to their board and lodging, and occasionally a man is paid cash at so much the game. Cash payments, however, are rarely found necessary, as the board and lodging are sufficient inducement to the average summer-resort ball-player. If the waiters or bell-boys of any given hotel choose to organize a ball nine and play the waiters and bell-boys of other hotel nines, fôr their own fun and the entertainment of the hotel guests, there is certainly no objection. It is something with which we have nothing to do.

**The world of college sport** is not interested in the amateur status of the average summer-hotel bell-boy. But the college world is interested in the summer-resort baseball-playing as it is presently conducted, because it is well aware that men, college men, are paid for their summer ball-playing by board and lodging, and because in most cases their employment in hotels as bell-boys or waiters is mere subterfuge. I would not pretend to pick from the "black list," herewith published, the names of those college men who have been employed at hotels because of their baseball prowess, and those who have been employed because of their agility in responding to the clerkly cry of "front."

### "SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called, is a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; wholly or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. An undergraduate who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to thereafter represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips,* Miner, Lauder, and Sedgwick (Brown); Bradley,* Altman,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette); Davis* (Wesleyan); Wadsworth, McDonald, and Clarkson (Yale); Scannell, A. Hayes, Haughton, Dean,* Stevenson,* and Paine* (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania); Foster and Boyden* (Amherst); Erikson (Allen School, Newton); Parks, Bean, Clarke and Hildreth (Tufts); Hafford (Somerville High); Wood (Arlington High); N. J. Gibbons* (Exeter); Folsom, Taber, Crolius, and Drew (Dartmouth); J. B. Gibbons (Colby); French* (Andover); Libbey (Bowdoin); and Fishel.

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of offenders against the ethics of healthful college sport we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

Perhaps there are some on this list who would have sought employment as bell-boys and waiters even though they had never seen a ball. But who is to be the judge?

It is a fact that summer-resort ball-playing is supported on a professional basis; that college men are given their board and lodging in return for their playing on baseball nines—and this is professionalism.

**It may seem unjust** to put all the summer-resort ball-players on the "black list," and very likely it does work so in some directions. But it has come to pass that an athlete is judged by his associations. Unfortunately there is no officially appointed athletic censor to pick out those hotel players who deserve to be blacklisted and those who do not. It is a case of the greatest good to the greatest number. All friends of college sport are united in condemning summer-resort ball-playing as now conducted, whether it be by hotels, or by clubs, or by individuals for the gate receipts. A college man who plays on any of these nines puts himself in a questionable light before the amateur-sport world, and he must not resent our suspicion of his status. He has the remedy in his own hands.

Sadly enough, the situation in sport is such that an athlete's word cannot be taken, and we must judge him by his associations. It is our only resource. What with the athlete who strives to make a living out of his athletic ability, and the hotel-proprietors and club-managers who endeavor to make profit out of that ability, we are obliged to draw hard and fast lines, which in occasional individual cases undoubtedly work injustice.

**This applies also to clubs.** Take for an instance the Newton Athletic Association near Boston. Here is a club which is made up almost entirely of college graduates of several years' standing. Most of them live within a few miles of the club. It hires a professional pitcher, and it takes in only enough gate-money to pay the expenses of visiting teams. No one believes, I am sure, that this club exploits a baseball team to make money. But there are other clubs with all the outward semblances of purity that pretend to as much cleanliness as the Newton club no doubt has, and yet that are in baseball purely and solely for the cash they can make out of it. If there is no hard and fast rule, who is to distinguish between these different kinds of clubs? It is true that a hard and fast rule will keep an undergraduate from playing on a club team, say like that of the Newton A. A., but, on the other hand, if there is no such rule, we lose control of him altogether during the vacation, and there is no knowing on what kind of a team he may play. Therefore the only safeguard we have is to prohibit undergraduates from playing on any nine that charges an entrance-fee, or that is supported by hotels or by aggregations of any description.

Unquestionably the undergraduate who receives his board and lodging in exchange for his ball-playing should be disqualified from thereafter representing his college in any branch of sport.

This does not stop summer-hotel baseball, however, which is certainly a very entertaining feature of the summer season, but it will protect boys against the comfortable though professional atmosphere of the present resort-baseball season. Let hotel nines be confined to *bona fide* bell-boys and waiters or other employés, and the disgrace of summer-resort baseball-playing will disappear.

**Hard and fast rules,** however, are for the present urgently needed, since this summer-nine playing is a serious menace to the health of college sport. Boys are readily attracted to the summer-resort play because it offers an opportunity of seeing the stirring life of a big and rather fashionable hotel, which in some cases contrasts sharply with quiet country homes; because there is practice and progress in the art in which they hope to gain proficiency and distinction in college; and because there are some applause and newspaper mention and veranda lionizing, which tickle unrestrained and youthful vanity.

To the youngster just out of his preparatory school or who has just entered college there is great danger in such an atmosphere.

And if schoolboys become tainted with professionalism, what may we expect from our college sport? It is most imperative that the purity of our preparatory schools be maintained. Too little heed is given this serious question by parents. Too few fathers realize that dishonesty in athletics at school or college is a very easy stepping-stone to dishonesty in the more serious affairs of life.

My study of this question has convinced me that the average American boy is all right at heart. He wants to see the best man win honestly, and believes unqualifiedly in a fair field and no favor; but he is human, and human nature is susceptible to temptation to a more or less impressionable degree.

**The men who are responsible** for the unwholesomeness in our sport, or, to particularize, who are responsible for the summer-resort nine ball-playing situation, are the hotel-keepers and the school principals and college faculties. We can hardly criticise the hotel-keeper; he is in business to make money, and the more attractive his hotel the more money he makes. He realizes that a team of college men, hired under the guise of bell-boys and waiters, lends a great deal more interest to the ball-playing than were the nine made up of regular bell-boys and waiters; therefore he hires the college men. It is his living, and we do not look for a revelation of the ethics of amateur sport in the average hotel-keeper. But the principals of the preparatory schools and the faculties of the colleges are in an entirely different position. The mental and moral well-being of the boys is consigned to their care, and they hold the key to the "summer-nine" situation.

It is entirely within the power, for example, of the Yale and Harvard faculties to declare, as those of Princeton and Pennsylvania have already done, as ineligible to any 'varsity team in any branch of athletics those men who play on "summer nines." It is equally within the power of the principals of our preparatory schools to forbid to school athletics such of their pupils as play on "summer nines." In most instances the faculties and the principals are either indifferent to the ethics of amateur sport or they care not to deprive their teams of the services of promising athletes, or they relax their vigilance, or they lack courage to stand resolutely opposed to the vicious. To guard the health of athletics is an arduous duty, but it is a most important one.

**When we find athletic impurity** in our preparatory schools there is indeed occasion for serious alarm. We have all known in an indefinite way that each season the college athletic procurer busily recruits the preparatory schools. There are legitimate and illegitimate ways of attracting boys to colleges, and too often we hear of the illegitimate being employed. The most drastic treatment is the only one to be used on such occasions.

It has recently come to my notice that M. W. Long, the quarter-mile runner, has put himself in the athletic market. I am aware of a letter asking for free tuition in exchange for attendance at a certain school. I am aware of other schools offering to give him free tuition. Here is a case that needs parental authority, and a father who will turn his son over his knee, and having spanked him soundly, publicly expose the school principals who are playing the contemptible rôle of tempters, and endeavoring to sully the boy's clean record. Here, too, is another illustration of the influence of training-tables and their environments. Long has been one of the New York Athletic Club's summer boarders, where he has been associated with other summer boarders, several of whom are thoroughly professional in instinct and spirit. If you throw a boy of sixteen or seventeen years into such company, what can be expected of him? We should advise Mr. Long, the father, to look to his boy's amateur status. Meanwhile we are watching the manœuvres of two New York preparatory schools in their endeavors to attach Long to their school free of all expense to himself or his father, and we shall expose the whole disgraceful negotiation if the necessary is forth-coming.

**The return of Schillo to Notre Dame** for his annual course in football calls to mind the culpable negligence of this university faculty, so notorious in its indifference as to create a suspicion of its connivance in the scandalous athletic shortcomings of the college. Schillo played on the team several years ago. He is to return, I believe, ostensibly to teach a class. If he is a *bona fide* member of the faculty, certainly he is ineligible to play on the football team as a student, and if there is no pretence to being a member of the faculty, then is he also ineligible, on the ground of having no student's status. In fact, he is ineligible from any view-point. Notre Dame has been so persistently unwholesome in its athletic methods that it merits a place on the black list with Georgetown, Holy Cross, Manhattan, and Fordham. The faculties at these colleges appear to be in entire sympathy with unhealthful methods, and until there is some evidence of improvement the five should be barred from games with other athleticly cleaner universities.

**Meadow Brook defeated Westchester** for the polo championship last Wednesday by 12 goals to 4¾, and, as the score shows, won the Association cup with greater ease than had any previous team. They had faster ponies, rode them harder, and played an infinitely better team game.

The Westchester combination was stronger Wednesday than it had been the previous Saturday when playing Rockaway. L. Waterbury had recovered from his sickness, and took his place at No. 2, while Cowdin replaced Beeckman at back. And with Stevens at No. 1, and J. M. Waterbury, Jr., at No. 3, the '97 Westchester combination was at its full strength. Considered individually, there was the material here for a very much better team than showed itself against Meadow Brook. A cleverer No. 1 than Stevens when he is at his best has probably not played polo in America, although it must be acknowledged that Eustis divided honors with him on Wednesday, if indeed he did not earn the major portion. Cowdin is one of our strongest players, although his style of game is not so effective against the new tactics of team-play in the game of several years ago. Indeed, on Wednesday Cowdin on several occasions was shut out of the game completely.

The Waterbury boys are among the most promising of the younger players; they are first-class players in embryo; they need very careful drilling in team-play and in the best principles of the game, which teach that position and consistency are the jewels of high-grade polo form. There were times on Wednesday when their work was very brilliant, but too much of the time and on most important occasions they were not in the game. The trouble with Westchester on Wednesday was their failure to play a team game. There were moments when they rallied in the first period, and again in the third period, and showed some good team-work, but for the greater part of the time they were not together. The fact of Cowdin's going to back position split up what team-play there had been between him and Stevens on the previous Saturday, and when Meadow Brook set their splendid team-work in motion they simply swept Westchester before them.

**Meadow Brook earned their victory** most brilliantly. Their team-play was not only first class, but it was of a very much advanced character. It was, in fact, a much higher class of team-play than that revealed by Stevens and Cowdin. Eustis was a hard-riding and a determined No. 1, who was rarely ridden off the ball and seldom missed it. He was superbly mounted, and so was Hitchcock. Indeed, the beautiful work of these two men largely accounted for Meadow Brook's success. They played into each other's hands most skilfully. Whitney was a serviceable and fairly accurate No. 3. Nichols played a strong game at back. Some of his stops and nearly all of his drives were timely, sharp, and accurate.

It was perfectly evident in the first period that the team-play of Meadow Brook was bound to wear down the more or less brilliant individual play of Westchester.

In the first period Meadow Brook made two goals, and Westchester made one goal and a safety. In the second period Meadow Brook swept Westchester from end to end of the field, making eight goals, while Westchester made but one. In the third period brilliant play by Westchester and an occasional glimpse of team-work resulted in their making three goals to Meadow Brook's two.

It was not as high-class polo as shown in the play for the championship of last year or the year before—there were too many misses—but the team-work revealed by Meadow Brook was the most effective we have ever seen.

**The possibilities of dishonesty** in pacing have at last become apparent to the Racing Board of the L.A.W., or, I should say, have become so notoriously obvious that the Racing Board is about to take official action. From the very beginning the practice of pacing has been opposed by all members of the L.A.W. who really have the health of the sport at heart and who have sense enough to see the course it must run. It is extraordinary that the officials of the L. A. W. have not before realized that to permit pacing is simply to establish for vicious professionals an easy and a most lucrative method of swindling.

It is pretty well known by those who have studied the situation that men who race for money use every means to win the purse. Naturally it would follow that the pacer should be approached by somebody interested in the race, and paid liberally for doing what he could to lose or win the event for a particular contestant. This has been found to be the case. It is conceded that the results of several races this year have been influenced by the unscrupulous conduct of the pacers; and there is no doubt that among that section of professionals who make pacing a business there are more ways of making money than one.

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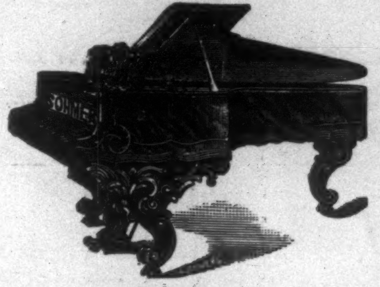

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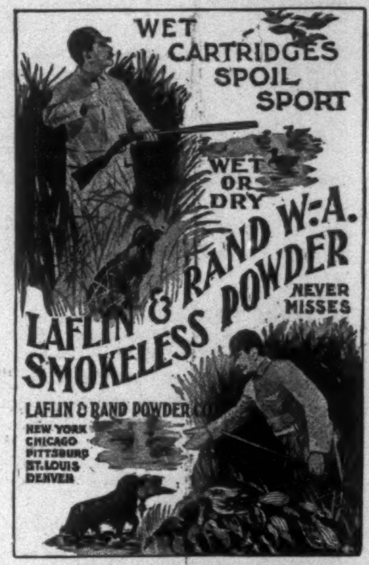

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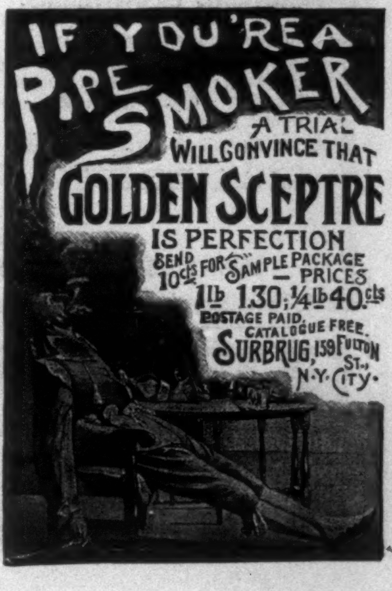
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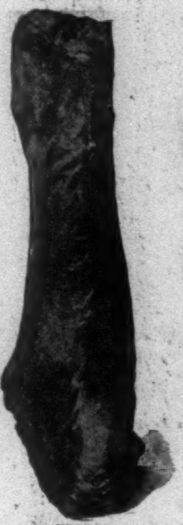

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